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HOW MRS. STOWE WROTE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

BY

HER SON, CHARLES EDWARD STOWE
AND HER GRANDSON, LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

AS a very little girl, Harriet Beecher Stowe had heard of the horrors of slavery from her aunt, Mary Hubbard, who had married a planter from the West Indies, but had been unable to live on her husband's plantation, because her health was undermined by the mental anguish that she suffered at the scenes of cruelty and wretchedness she was compelled to witness. She returned to the United States and made her home with the Beechers. Of her Mrs. Stowe writes: "What she saw and heard of slavery filled her with constant horror and loathing. I often heard her say that she frequently sat by her window in the tropical night, when all was still, and wished that the island might sink in the ocean, with all its sin and misery, and that she might sink with it." The effect of such expressions on the mind of a sensitive child like Harriet Beecher may well be imagined.

When Harriet was only twenty-one years old she went to live in Cincinnati, on the very borders of a slave State, and frequently visited Kentucky slave plantations, where she saw negro slavery in that mild and patriarchal form in which she pictures it in the opening chapters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the time the Beechers were living in Cincinnati, her brother Charles was nearly driven distracted by trying to appropriate to himself his father's Calvinistic theology, and by the study of Edwards on the will. Filled with fatalism and despair, he gave up all hope of ever being able to preach, left Cincinnati, and took a position as clerk in a wholesale commission house in New Orleans that did business with the Red River cotton plantations. It was from him that Mrs. Stowe obtained the character of Legree. No character in the whole book was drawn more exactly from life. The Rev. Charles Beecher, and a young Englishman who was his traveling companion, while on a Mississippi steamboat going from New Orleans to St. Louis, actually witnessed the scene where the Legree of real life showed his fist and boasted that it was "hard as iron knocking down niggers"; and that he "didn't bother with sick niggers, but worked his in with the crop."

The Flight of a Slave Woman

The scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which the Senator takes Eliza into his carriage, after her wild flight over the Ohio River on the floating ice, and carries her on a dark and stormy night to a place of safety, is a description of an event that took place in Mrs. Stowe's own Cincinnati household.

She had in her family, as a servant, a young woman whose little boy was the original of the "little Harry" of the story. One day she came to Mrs. Stowe in great distress, and told her that her old master was in the city looking for her, and might at any moment appear and drag

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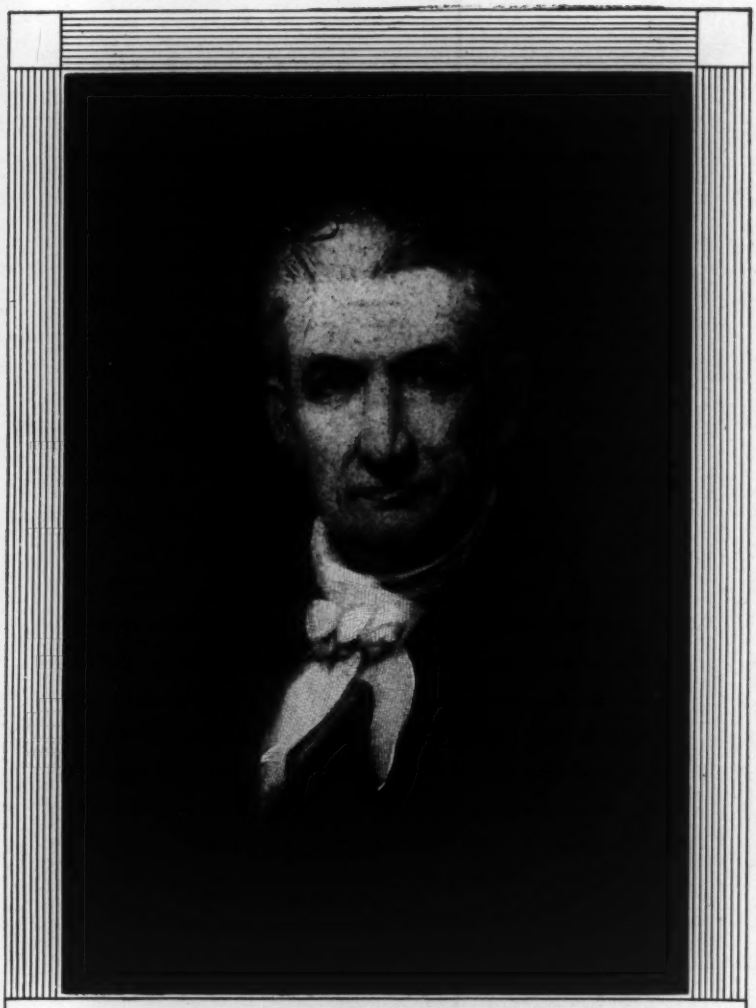


DR. LYMAN BEECHER
THE FATHER OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STOWE'S NIECE, MRS. JOHN C. DAY

her back to slavery. That very night, dark and stormy though it was, Professor Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, who was at that time a student in Lane Seminary, took the woman and her child in the family carriage over just such roads as are described in the book, and brought them to the lonely farm-house of a man named Van Zant, who ran one of the stations of the Underground Railroad. As they drove up to the house, Van Zant came out with a lighted candle in his hand, shielding the light from his eyes with his immense palm.

Professor Stowe sang out: "Are you the man who will shelter a poor woman and her child from slave-catchers?"

"I rather think I am," answered the big, honest fellow.

"I thought so," exclaimed Professor Stowe, helping the woman out of the carriage.

So character after character and scene after scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" might be traced back to the actual events and persons that inspired them years before the faintest notion of writing such a book had ever entered Mrs. Stowe's mind.

Hardships of Mrs. Stowe's Return to New England

It was early in the month of May of the year 1850 that Mrs. Stowe, on her way to Brunswick, Maine, reached the house of her brother, the Rev. Edward Beecher, in Boston. She was exhausted from the long journey, which she had

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

FROM A DRAWING BY RICHMOND, MADE IN 1853, WHILE MRS. STOWE WAS MAKING HER FIRST VISIT IN ENGLAND

Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. John C. Day

been compelled to make alone with the whole charge of children, accounts, and baggage, weary of pushing her way through hurrying crowds, looking out for trunks, and barg[illegible]ng with expressmen and hackmen. Yet in Bo[illegible]ton there was no rest for her. She had to buy furniture and household supplies and have them packed and ready for shipping by the Bath steamer, which she herself was to take the following week, as on the whole the easiest and cheapest way to reach Brunswick. She had to save in every imaginable way, and to keep a strict account of all

money expended. As a result she was able to write her husband, who was ill in Cincinnati, that the whole expense of the journey from Cincinnati to Brunswick would be only a trifle more than seventy-six dollars.

She found her brother Edward and his wife greatly agitated over the Fugitive-Slave Bill, which was at the time being debated in Congress. This law not only gave the slaveholder of the South the right to seek out and drag back into slavery any colored person that he claimed as his property, but commanded the people of the free States to assist in this pitiless business.

MRS. STOWE AND HER BROTHER, HENRY WARD BEECHER

Photograph made in 1875

On her arrival in Brunswick, Mrs. Stowe was treated to an instructive, if depressing, lesson in New England weather. She says:

"After a week of most incessant northeast storm, most discouraging and forlorn to the children, the sun has at length come out. . . . There is a fair wind blowing, and every prospect, therefore, that our goods will arrive from Boston, and that we shall be in our own house by next week."

In a letter written the following December to her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Beecher, we have this graphic picture of Mrs. Stowe's first months in Brunswick:

"Is it really true that snow is on the ground and Christmas coming, and I have not written unto thee, most dear sister? No, I don't believe it! I haven't been so naughty — it's all a mistake. Yes, written I must have,— and written I have, too,— in the night watches as I lay on my bed — such beautiful letters — I wish you had only gotten them; but by day it has been hurry, hurry, and drive, drive, drive! or else the calm of the sick-room, ever since last spring.

"I put off writing when your letter first came because I meant to write you a long letter — a full and complete one; and so the days slipped by, and became weeks, and then my little Charley came.*

"Sarah, when I look back, I wonder at myself, not that I forgot anything that I should remember, but that I have remembered anything. From the time that I left Cincinnati with my children to come forth to a country that I knew not of, almost to the present time, it has seemed that I could scarcely breathe, I was so pressed with care. . . . All day long running from one thing to another, as, for example, thus:

"'Mrs. Stowe, how shall I make this lounge, and what shall I cover the back with first?'

"*Mrs. Stowe.* 'With the coarse cotton in the closet.'

"*Woman.* 'Mrs. Stowe, there isn't any more soap to clean the windows. Where shall I get soap?'

"*Mrs. Stowe.* 'Here, Hattie, run up to the store and get two bars.'

"'There is a man below wants to see Mrs. Stowe about the cistern.'

"'Before you go down, Mrs. Stowe, show me how to cover this round end of the lounge.'

"'There's a man up from the station, and he says that there is a box that has come for Mrs. Stowe, and it's coming up to the house; will you come down and see about it?'

"'Mrs. Stowe, don't go till you have shown

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.

MRS. STOWE AND HER HUSBAND, PROFESSOR CALVIN STOWE

From a photograph taken in 1847, shortly before the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

*Her seventh and last child, Charles Edward, born July 8, 1850.

PROFESSOR STOWE AT ABOUT PORTY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE IN 1880

MRS. STOWE'S HUSBAND, PROFESSOR CALVIN STOWE, AND HER SON, CHARLES EDWARD, AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

the man how to nail the carpet in the corner. He's nailed it all crooked; what shall he do?'

"'The black thread is all used up; what shall I do about putting gimp on the back of that sofa?'

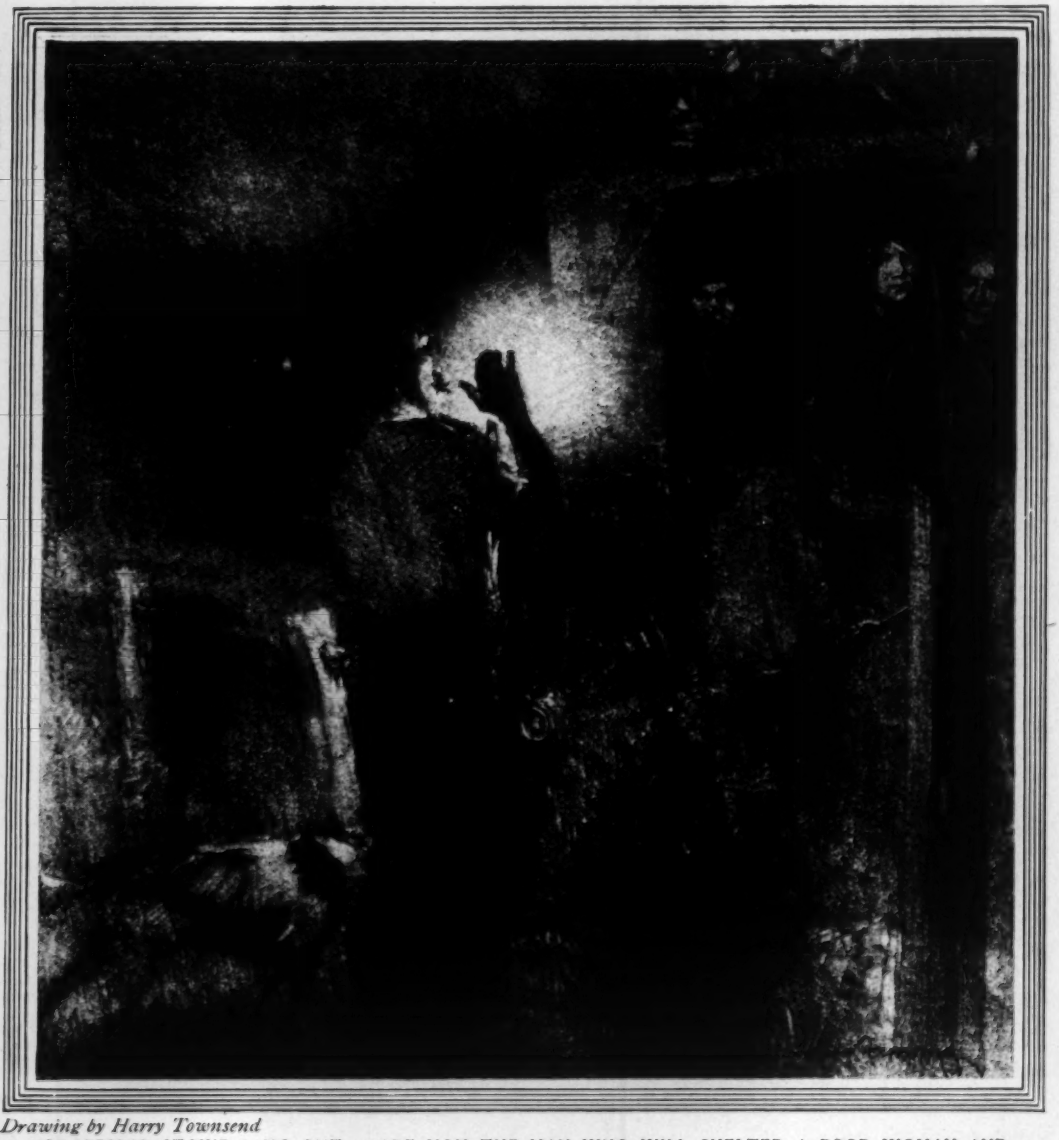
"'Mrs. Stowe, there is a man come with a lot of pails and tinware from Furbish; will you settle the bill now?'

"'Mrs. Stowe, here is a letter just come from Boston inclosing that bill of lading; the man wants to know what he shall do with the goods. If you will tell me what to say, I will answer the letter for you.'

"'Mrs. Stowe, the meat-man is at the door. Hadn't we better get a little beef-steak or something for dinner?'

"Then comes a letter from my husband, saying that he is sick abed, and all but dead; don't ever expect to see his family again; wants to know how I shall manage in case I am left a widow; knows that we shall get in debt and never get out; wonders at my courage; thinks that I am very sanguine; warns me to be prudent, as there won't be much to live on in case of his death, etc., etc., etc. I read the letter, and poke it into the stove, and proceed. . . .

"Some of my adventures were quite funny; as, for example: I had in my kitchen elect no sink, cistern, or any other water privileges, so I bought at the cotton factory two of the great hogsheads that they bring oil in, which here in Brunswick are often used for cisterns, and had them brought up in triumph to my yard, and was congratulating myself on my energy, when, lo and behold! it was discovered that there was no cellar door except the one in the kitchen,



Drawing by Harry Townsend

"PROFESSOR STOWE SANG OUT: 'ARE YOU THE MAN WHO WILL SHELTER A POOR WOMAN AND HER CHILD FROM SLAVE-CATCHERS?'"

which was truly a strait and narrow way down a long flight of stairs. Hereupon, as saith John Bunyan, 'I fell into a muse'— how to get my cisterns into my cellar. In the days of chivalry I might have got me a knight to make me a breach through the foundation walls; but that was not to be thought of now, and my oil hogsheads standing disconsolately in the yard seemed to reflect no great credit on my foresight. In this strait, I fell upon a real honest Yankee cooper, whom I besought, for the reputation of his craft and mine, to take my hogsheads in pieces, and carry them down in staves, and set them up again, which the worthy man actually accomplished in one fair summer forenoon, to the great astonishment of us Yankees. When my man came to put up the pump, he stared very hard to see my hogsheads thus translated and standing as innocently and quietly as could be in the cellar. Then I told him in a very quiet and mild way how I got them taken to pieces and put together again, just as if I had been always in the habit of doing such things.

"Professor Smith came down and looked very hard at them, and then said, 'Well, nothing can beat a wilful woman!'

"In all my moving and fussing Mr. Titcomb has been my right-hand man. This same John Titcomb, my very good friend, is a character peculiar to Yankeedom. He is part-owner and landlord of the house I rent, and connected by birth with all the best families in town — a man

of real intelligence and good education, a great reader, and quite a thinker. . . . Whenever a screw was loose, a nail to be driven, a lock to be mended, a pane of glass to be set,— and these cases were manifold,— he was always on hand. My sink, however, was no fancy job, and I believe that nothing but a very particular friendship would have moved him to undertake it. How many times I have entered his shop, and seated myself in one of the old rocking-chairs, and talked first of the news of the day, the railroad, the last proceedings in Congress, the probabilities about the millennium, and thus brought the conversation by little and little round to my sink; because, till the sink was done, the pump could not be put up, and we couldn't have any rain water. Sometimes my courage quite failed me to introduce the subject, and I would talk of everything else, turn and get out of the shop, and then come back, as if a thought had just struck my mind, and say:

"'Mr. Titcomb, about that sink?'

"'Yes, ma'am; I was thinking about going down street this afternoon to look out stuff for it.'

"'Yes, sir, if you would be good enough to get it done as soon as possible; we are in great need of it.'

"'I think there's no hurry. I believe we are going to have a dry time now, so that you could not catch any water, and you won't need the pump at present.'

"These negotiations extended from the first of June to the first of July, and at last my sink was completed, as also was a new house-spout, concerning which I had divers communings with Deacon Dunning of the Baptist church.

"Also, during this time, good Mrs. Mitchell and myself made two sofas, or lounges, a barrel-chair, divers bedspreads, pillow-cases, pillows, bolsters, mattresses; we painted rooms; we re-varnished furniture; we — what *didn't* we do?

"Then came Mr. Stowe, and then came the eighth of July, and my little Charley. I was really glad for an excuse to lie in bed, for I was full tired, I can assure you. Well, I was what folks call very comfortable for two weeks, when my nurse had to leave me.

"During this time I have employed my leisure hours in making up my engagements with newspaper editors. I have written more than anybody or I myself would have thought to be possible. I have taught an hour a day in our school, and I have read two hours every evening to the children. The children study English history in school, and I am reading Scott's historical novels with them in their order. To-night I finish 'The Abbot,' and shall begin 'Kenilworth' next week. Yet I am constantly pursued and haunted by the idea that I don't do anything.

"Since I began this note, I have been called off at least a dozen times: once for the fish-man, to buy codfish; once to see a man who had brought me some barrels of apples; once to see a book-agent; then to Mrs. Upham's to see about a drawing I promised to make for her; then to nurse the baby; then into the kitchen to make a chowder for dinner; and now I am at it again, for nothing but deadly determination enables me ever to write; it is rowing against wind and tide."

While all this was going on in Brunswick, her brother's family in Boston were consumed with righteous indignation over the workings of the Fugitive-Slave Law.

Mrs. Stowe received letter after letter from Mrs. Edward Beecher and other friends, picturing the heartrending scenes that were the inevitable results of the enforcement of this inhuman law. Cities were better adapted than the country to the work of capturing escaped slaves, and Boston, called the "Cradle of Liberty," opened her doors to slave-hunters.

Mrs. Edward Beecher, writing of this period to Mrs. Stowe's youngest son, says:

"I had been nourishing an anti-slavery spirit since Lovejoy was murdered for publishing in his paper articles against slavery and intemperance, when our home was in Illinois. These terrible things that were going on in Boston were well calculated to rouse up this spirit. 'What can I do?' I thought. 'Not much myself, but I know one who can.' So I wrote several letters to your mother, telling her of the various heart-rending events caused by the enforcement of the Fugitive-Slave Law. I remember distinctly saying in one of them: 'Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is!'"

"God Helping Me, I Will Write!"

A daughter of Mrs. Stowe well remembered her whole life long the scene in the little parlor in Brunswick when this letter was received and read. Mrs. Stowe read it aloud to the assembled family, and when she came to the words, "I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is," rising from her chair and crushing the letter in her hand, she exclaimed, with an expression on her face that stamped itself permanently on the minds of her children:

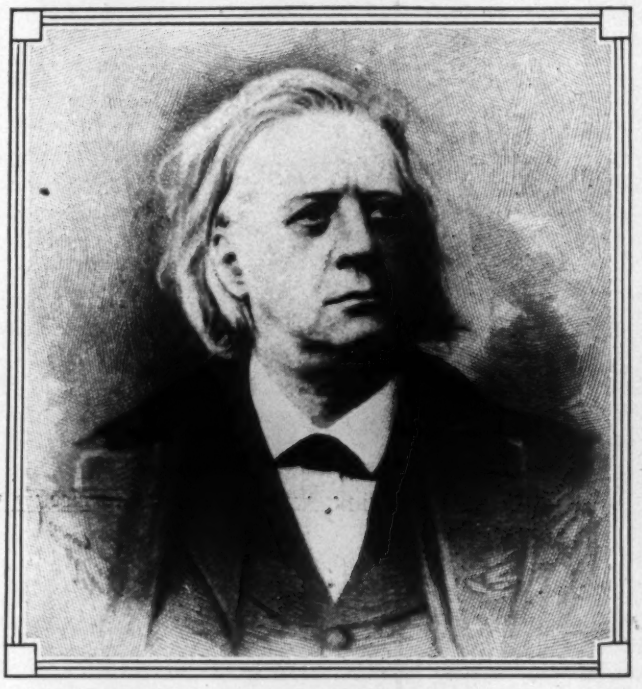
"God helping me, I will write something. I will if I live!"

This purpose, though then definitely formed, could not be immediately carried out. In a letter written in the month of December, 1850, she refers to the matter in a way that shows how it weighed upon her mind:

"Tell sister Katy that I thank her for her letter, and will answer it. As long as the baby sleeps with me nights, I can't do much at anything; but I will do it at last. I will write that thing, if I live!

"What are folks in general saying about the slave law, and the stand taken by Boston ministers in general, except Edward?

"To me it is incredible, amazing, mournful! I feel that I should be willing to sink with it, were all this sin and misery to sink in the sea. . . . I wish father would come on to Boston and preach on the Fugitive-Slave Law, as he once preached on the slave trade, when I was a little girl in Litchfield. I sobbed aloud in one pew, and Mrs. Judge Reeve in another. I wish some Martin Luther would arise to set this community right."



MRS. STOWE'S BROTHER, HENRY WARD BEECHER, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FIVE, WHEN HE MADE HIS LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND

At this time Mrs. Stowe was not an Abolitionist, nor did she ever become one after the Garrisonian type. She remembered hearing her father say about Garrison and Wendell Phillips that they were like men that would burn their houses down to get rid of the rats. She was virtually in sympathy with her father on the subject of slavery, and had unlimited confidence in his judgment.

Expected "Uncle Tom" to Please the South

She wished to be more than fair to the South. She intended to be generous. She made two of Uncle Tom's three masters men of good character, amiable, kind, and generous. She tried to show that the fault was not with the Southern people, but with the system. A friend of hers, who had many friends in the South, wrote to her: "Your book is going to be the great pacificator; it will unite North and South." Mrs. Stowe did not expect that the Abolitionists would be satisfied with the story, but she confidently expected that it would be favorably received in the South. Great was her surprise, then, when from the whole South arose a storm of abuse, while the Abolitionists received her with open arms. Mr. Garrison wrote: "Since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has been published, all the defenders of slavery have let me alone and are spending their strength in abusing you."

It was in the winter of 1850 that she wrote to her husband, who was in Cincinnati, giving a vivid picture of her life in the old wind-swept castle of a house in Brunswick:

"Sunday night I rather watched than slept. The wind howled, and the house rocked, just as our old Litchfield house used to do. . . . I am projecting a sketch for the *Era* on the capacity of liberated blacks to take care of themselves. Can't you find out for me how much Willie Watson has paid for the liberation of his friends? Get any items of that kind that you can pick up in Cincinnati. . . .

"When I have a headache, and feel sick, as I do to-day, there is actually not a place in the house where I can lie down and take a nap without being disturbed. Overhead is the schoolroom; next door is the dining-room, and the girls practise there two hours a day on the piano. If I lock my door and lie down, some one is sure to be rattling the latch before two minutes have passed. . . .

"There is no doubt in my mind that our expenses this year will come two hundred dollars, if not three, beyond our salary. We shall be

able to come through notwithstanding; but I don't want to feel obliged to work as hard every year as I have this. I can earn four hundred dollars a year by writing; but I don't want to feel that I must, when weary with teaching the children, and tending the baby, and buying provisions, and mending dresses, and darning stockings, sit down and write a piece for some paper." that the editor of the *Era* was overstocked with contributors and would not want my services another year, and, lo, he sends me one hundred dollars, and ever so many good words with it. Our income this year will be seventeen hundred dollars in all, and hope to bring our expenses within thirteen hundred."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT THE TIME SHE WAS WRITING "POGANUC PEOPLE," HER LAST SERIAL NOVEL

Again she writes:

"Ever since we left Cincinnati to come here, the good hand of God has been visibly guiding our way. Through what difficulties have we been brought! Though we knew not where means were to come from, yet means have been furnished at every step of the way, and in every time of need. I was just, in some discouragement with regard to my writing, thinking

About the last of January, 1850, she went to Boston to visit her brother Edward, and there she met, for the first time, the Rev. Joshua Hensen. She heard his story of his escape from slavery. He remembered seeing his own father lying on the ground, bruised, bloody, and dying from the blows of a white overseer, because, mere slave and "nigger" that he was, he had pretended that the mother of his children was

his wife, and had tried to defend her from an indecent assault that this same overseer had attempted on her person. What struck her most forcibly in Hensen's story was the sweet Christian spirit of the man, as manifested even when he spoke of injuries calculated to rouse a human being to a frenzy of vindictive revengefulness.

Writing "The Death of Uncle Tom"

Shortly after this visit to Boston, Mrs. Stowe was seated in her pew in the college church at Brunswick during the communion service. She was alone with her children, her husband having gone away to deliver a course of lectures. Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture scroll, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom seemed to pass before her. At the same time, the words of Jesus were sounding in her ears: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

That Sunday afternoon she went to her room, locked the door, and wrote out, substantially as it appears in the published editions, the chapter called "The Death of Uncle Tom." As sufficient paper was not at hand, she wrote a large part of it in pencil on some brown-paper bags in which groceries had been delivered. It seemed to her as if what she wrote was blown through her mind as with the rushing of a mighty wind. In the evening she gathered her little family about her and read them what she had written. Her two little boys of ten and twelve burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh, mama, slavery is the most cruel thing in the world!" This was the beginning of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was not apparently conscious of what she had done, nor did she immediately consider making use of the fragment she had written.

Her mind was apparently so absorbed by pressing domestic duties that what she had written was laid at one side and for the time forgotten. She did not even show it to her husband, on his return from his lecture trip. One day she found him dissolved in tears over the bits of brown-paper bags on which she had written the first words of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Largely at his suggestion, she determined to write a serial story, the climax of which was to be the death of Uncle Tom. Some weeks slipped by before she wrote the first instalment of the proposed novel. In the meantime she had written to Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, an Abolition paper published in Washington, D. C., that she contemplated a serial story under the title, "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly," and asking if it would be acceptable to the *Era*.

Hoped She'd Get a New Silk Dress Out of the Book

Neither Mrs. Stowe nor her husband had the remotest idea of the unique power and interest of the story that was being written. Nor, indeed, did it dawn upon either of them until after the publication of the first edition in book form. Professor Stowe was a very emotional man, and was accustomed to water his wife's literary efforts quite liberally with his tears; so the fact that he had wept over the bits of brown paper had for them no unusual portent. As to pecuniary gain, he often expressed the hope that she would make money enough by the story to buy a new silk dress.

It was a jolly, rollicking household in Brunswick, and Mrs. Stowe was herself full of fun. It was during the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that there occurred the following incident characteristic of the family life. Professor Stowe was at heart one of the most genial of men; but, being of an exceedingly nervous temperament, he was liable to go off at half cock on the slightest provocation, and become for the time being unpleasantly peppery. One day he bought a dozen eggs to set under a brooding hen, with a view to producing an unusually fine lot of chickens. Without disclosing his purpose, he hid the eggs, as he thought securely, in the wood-shed. One of the children discovered them, and bore them in triumph into the house. Mrs. Stowe was on the point of sending to the store for eggs, and, looking upon this discovery as providential, took them and had them cooked. When the Professor returned from one of his lectures, he felt himself the most abused of men when he sought his eggs and found them not, and vented his wrath upon his innocent household in a form at once dramatic and picturesque. Then off he went to another lecture, in a forbidding frame of mind.

"Pa's mad!" observed one of the children.

"I tell you what we'll do, children. When he comes back to dinner, we will make him laugh and he'll get all over it!" said Mrs. Stowe, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. The Professor returned, and found the dinner on the table, ready and waiting, but not one of the family visible. While speculating on this unusual state of affairs, he heard a very human imitation of the cackling of hens proceeding from the wood-shed. It made up in vigor what it lacked in genuineness. On investigation, he found his wife and all the children, and even Rover, the dog, perched on a beam, after the manner peculiar to hens. He burst into laughter, and they all trooped into the house and had a very jolly time at dinner.

THE STOWE COTTAGE AT MANDARIN, FLORIDA
IN THE FOREGROUND ARE SHOWN HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, SEATED ON THE TRUNK OF A TREE, HER HUSBAND, PROFESSOR STOWE, MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER, AND MISS ELIZA STOWE

Letters to Fred Douglass

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" began as a serial in the *National Era* June 5, 1851, and in July of the same year Mrs. Stowe wrote as follows to Frederick Douglass:

"You may perhaps have noticed in your editorial readings a series of articles that I am furnishing for the *Era*, under the title of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly.'

"In the course of my story the scene will fall upon a cotton plantation. I am very desirous, therefore, to gain information from one who has been an actual laborer on one, and it occurred to me that in the circle of your acquaintance there might be one who would be able to communicate to me such information as I desire."

Then, after a vigorous defense of churches and ministers whom Douglass had assailed, she continues:

"I am a minister's daughter, and a minister's wife, and I have had six brothers in the ministry (one is in heaven); I certainly ought to know something of the feelings of ministers on this subject.

"I was a child in 1820, when the Missouri question was agitated, and one of the strongest and deepest impressions on my mind was that made by my father's sermons and prayers, and the anguish of his soul for the poor slave at that time. I remember his preaching drawing tears down the hardest faces of the old farmers of his congregation.

"I remember his prayers, morning and evening, in the family, for 'poor oppressed, bleeding Africa,' that the time of her deliverance might come; prayers offered with strong crying and tears, prayers that indelibly impressed my heart, and made me, what I am, the enemy of all slavery."

Mulatto Cook Told Mrs. Stowe About Life "Down the River"

In a letter written to Mrs. Follen in February, 1853, after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe throws additional light on the way in which that Cabin was built out of the sorrows and experiences of her own life. Speaking of her life in Cincinnati, she writes:

"A number of poor families settled in our vicinity, from whom we could occasionally ob-

tain domestic service. About a dozen families of liberated slaves were among the number, and they became my favorite resort in cases of emergency. My cook, Eliza Buck, was a regular epitome of slave life in herself — fat, gentle, easy, loving and lovable, always calling my very modest house and door-yard 'The Place,' as if it had been a plantation with seven hundred hands on it. She had lived through the whole sad story of a Virginia-raised slave's life. In her youth she must have been a very handsome mulatto girl. Her voice was sweet, and her manners refined and agreeable. She was raised in a good family as a nurse and seamstress. When the family became embarrassed, she was suddenly sold on to a plantation in Louisiana. She has often told me how, without any warning, she was suddenly forced into a carriage, and saw her little mistress screaming and stretching her arms from a window toward her as she was driven away. She has told me of scenes on the Louisiana plantation, and she has often been out at night by stealth, ministering to poor slaves who had been mangled and lacerated by the lash. Then she was sold into Kentucky, and her last master was the father of all her children. On this point she always maintained a delicacy and reserve that seemed to me remarkable. She always called him her husband, and it was not till after she had lived with me some years that I discovered the real nature of the connection.

"I shall never forget how sorry I felt for her, nor my feelings at her humble apology, 'You know, Mrs. Stowe, slave women cannot help themselves.' She had two very pretty quadroon daughters, with her hair and eyes — interesting children, whom I instructed in the family school with my own children. Time would fail to tell you all that I learned incidentally of the slave system in the history of various slaves who came into my family, and of the Underground Railway, which, I may say, ran through our house."

The Strength of the Book from Her Own Suffering

Later in this same letter she connects intimately the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with her own griefs and bereavements. "I have been the mother of seven children, the most beautiful and most loved of whom lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed and at his grave that I learned what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn away from her. In these depths of sorrow, which seemed to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain. There were circumstances about his death of such peculiar bitterness, of what seemed almost cruel suffering, that I felt that I could never be consoled for it, unless this crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others. I allude to this here, for I have often felt that much that is in that book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer. It has left now, I trust, no trace on my mind except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children."

Such is Mrs. Stowe's own account of where and how she gained the material and the inspiration for writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The book was written mostly in Brunswick, Maine. Some of the chapters were written in Boston, while she was visiting her brother, Edward Beecher, and part of the concluding chapter in Andover. Begun as a serial in the *National Era*, June 5, 1851, and announced to run for but three months, it was not completed till April 1, 1852, and was published in book form March 20 of the same year.

John P. Jewett, a young publisher of Boston, made overtures for the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in book form long before it was finished as a serial in the *National Era*. The contract was finally signed March 13, 1852. Not long before this, Mr. Jewett wrote Mrs. Stowe, expressing the fear that she was making the story too long for one volume. He reminded her that the subject was unpopular, and that, while one short volume might possibly sell, two volumes might prove a fatal obstacle to the success of the book. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that she could not stop it till it was done.

Family Lawyer Predicted Small Sale

Mr. Jewett offered her either ten per cent on all sales, or half profits, with half the risk in case the venture proved unprofitable. Professor and Mrs. Stowe had for their business adviser Mr. Philip Greeley, who had formerly been Collector of the Port of Boston and was then a member of Congress. On this matter, without reading the story, he strongly advised them to accept the ten per cent on all sales, and to take no risk whatever in the enterprise. He reasoned that the subject was very unpopular, and that a book written by a woman could not be expected to have a very large sale in any case. Dr. Stowe took the first copy of the first edition to the railroad station and put it into Mr. Greeley's hands just as he was leaving for Washington. Greeley

was a sedate and self-contained man — a characteristically unemotional New Englander. Afterward he wrote to Professor Stowe that he began the book shortly after the train pulled out of the station, and that as he read he began to cry. He was humiliated. He had never before shed tears over a novel, still less over the work of a woman. Once he had begun it, he could not stop reading, nor could he keep the tears back as he read. Consequently, on reaching Springfield, he left the train and went to a hotel, took a room, and sat up till he finished the book in the early hours of the morning.

II

One apparently trivial incident in Mrs. Stowe's life plowed itself so deeply into her memory that it left an enduring impression. It was at the time when she, with her five little children, was making her way alone from Cincinnati to Brunswick. Unconscionably early one morning she found herself at a railroad station where she must wait three weary hours for the next train. She sat on her baggage, her children grouped about her, looking, according to her own testimony, extremely shabby and disconsolate. In this attitude she was discovered by a brisk and self-important little station-agent, who evidently regarded her with suspicion as an undesirable citizen, and questioned her with extreme asperity of manner as to where she came from and whither she was going. When she had answered quietly and briefly, the peremptory little functionary strode away and left her with an unreasonable but keen consciousness of her own insignificance. This was Harriet Beecher Stowe two years before the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That this brisk little watch-dog of respectability felt called upon to bark at her struck her sense of humor, and she often told of it with a twinkle in her eye.

The Apostle Paul himself could not have had a keener sense of his own weakness according to the flesh than had Mrs. Stowe. "So you want to know something about what sort of a woman I am!" she wrote Mrs. Follen, immediately after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Well, if this is any object, you shall have statistics free of charge. To begin, then, I am a little bit of a woman, somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now." This was the Harriet Beecher Stowe that the aggressive little station-master found sitting on her luggage with her five children about her in the dim and misty dawn of an April morning in the year 1850.

300,000 Copies Sold within the First Year

Looking back on that time more than thirty years afterward, she writes:

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was published March 20, 1852. The despondency of the author as to whether anybody would read or attend to her appeal was soon dispelled. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and over three hundred thousand within a year, and eight power presses running day and night were barely able to keep pace with the demand for it. It was read everywhere, apparently, and by everybody, and she soon began to hear echoes of sympathy from all over the land. The indignation, the pity, the distress, that had long weighed upon her soul seemed to pass off from her and into the readers of the book."

It was like the kindling of a mighty conflagration, that swept all before it, and even crossed the broad ocean, till it seemed as if the whole world scarcely thought or talked of anything else. Then multitudes began to ask who had done this thing. And, lo, when the dust of this mighty commotion had settled to earth, there stood outlined against the great light "a little bit of a woman about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff." That was Harriet Beecher Stowe. Like the noise of mighty winds, like the rushing of the waters, there arose from the earth a tumult of human voices. There was the voice of weeping, and the cry of those who said, "Can nothing be done to banish this accursed thing off the face of the earth?" Then followed the outburst of rage, hatred, and defiance. There came to Mrs. Stowe letters "so curiously compounded of blasphemy, cruelty, and obscenity that their like could only be expressed by John Bunyan's account of the speech of Apollyon: 'He spake as a dragon.'"

Let us hear again what Mrs. Stowe herself said:

"For a time, after it ["Uncle Tom's Cabin"] was issued, it seemed to go by acclamation. From quarters most unexpected, from all political parties, came a most unbroken chorus of approbation. I was very much surprised, for I knew the explosive nature of the subject. It was not till the sale had run to over a hundred thousand copies that reaction began, and the reaction was led off by the London *Times*. Instantly, as by a preconcerted signal, all papers of a certain class began to abuse; and some who had at first issued articles entirely commendatory now issued others equally depreciatory. Religious papers, notably the New York *Observer*, came out and denounced the book as

Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

THE HOUSE IN BRUNSWICK, MAINE, WHERE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN

anti-Christian, anti-evangelical, resorting even to personal slander of the author as a means of diverting attention from the work.

"My book . . . is as much under an interdict in some parts of the South as the Bible in Italy. It is not allowed in the book-stores, and the greater part of the people hear of it and me only through grossly caricatured representations in the papers, with garbled extracts from the book.

"A cousin residing in Georgia this winter says that the prejudice against me is so strong that she dares not have my name appear on the outside of her letters, and that very amiable and excellent people have asked her if such as I could be received into reputable society at the North.

Book Roused a Storm of Feeling Abroad

"The storm of feeling that the book raises in Italy, Germany, and France is all good, though truly 'tis painful for us Americans to bear."

Within a year the obscure little woman had become a figure of international importance. Not only had her book been universally read, but it had been taken so seriously as to become a great political and moral force in the world.

How was she herself affected by this dazzlingly sudden transition from the quiet obscurity in which she had hitherto passed her days to this prodigious fame? One might almost say that she was not affected at all! As Mrs. Fields has most truly said, in the "Life and Letters": "The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her, if possible, less self-conscious."

As her renown flowed in upon her from without, it was constantly met by that deeper and stronger tide which welled up from the deeps of her own soul. Professor Stowe had at this time accepted a chair at the Andover Theological Seminary in Massachusetts. She writes to him from Andover, speaking of the home that they are to have there:

"It seems almost too good to be true, that we are to have such a house, in such a beautiful place, and to live here among all these agreeable people, where everybody seems to love you so much, and think so much of you.

"I am almost afraid to accept it, and should not, did I not see the Hand that gives it all, and know that it is both firm and true.

"He knows if it is best for us, and His blessing addeth no sorrow therewith. I cannot describe to you the constant undercurrent of love and joy and peace ever flowing through my soul. I am so happy — so blessed!"

It was this undercurrent of love, joy, and peace that, about this time, found expression in that hymn by which Mrs. Stowe is per-

haps as favorably known as by anything she wrote:

Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee,
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee.

One month after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she wrote to her husband: "It is not fame nor praise that contents me. I seem never to have needed love so much as now. I long to hear you say how much you love me."

There could be no truer picture of her inner life than she herself has given in that restful hymn:

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

So this woman, whose name was on every tongue, whose words were being translated into nearly every language and read in every land, lived in the midst of it all, hid as in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Reception in England

Not many months after the book was published, Professor and Mrs. Stowe accepted the invitation of the friends of the cause of emancipation in England to visit that country as their guest. When they landed at Liverpool, Mrs. Stowe was astonished to find a crowd waiting at the pier — so little had it ever dawned upon her that she was a person of importance. "I had an early opportunity of making an acquaintance with my English brethren; for, much to my astonishment, I found quite a crowd on the wharf, and we walked up to our carriage through a long lane of people, bowing, and looking very glad to see us." She left Liverpool "with a heart a little tremulous and excited by the vibration of an atmosphere of universal sympathy and kindness." At Locherbie it is with a strange kind of thrill "she hears her name inquired for in the Scottish accent. Men, women, and children are gathered, and hand after hand is presented with the hearty greeting, 'Ye're welcome to Scotland.'"

Of the many kindnesses offered her that she could not accept or return, she says: "For all these kindnesses what could I give in return? There was scarce time for even a grateful thought on each. People have often said to me that it must have been an exceeding bore. For my part, I could not think of regarding it so. It only oppressed me with an unutterable sadness." She writes of her visit to the Edinburgh Cathedral: "As I saw the way to the cathedral blocked up by a throng of people that had come out to see me, I could not help saying, 'What went ye out for to see: a reed shaken with the wind?' In fact, I was so worn out that I could hardly walk through the building. The next morning I was so ill as to need a physician." Everywhere her life is a constant fight with physical exhaustion. She consoles herself with the reflection: "Everybody seems to understand how good-for-nothing I am; and yet, with all this consideration, I have been obliged to keep my room and bed for a good part of the time. Of the multitudes that have called, I have seen scarcely any." She reflects in this connection, "What a convenience in sight-seeing it would be if one could have a relay of bodies, as of clothes, and slip from one into the other."

People Walked Many Miles to See Her

Nothing pleased her so much as the sympathy and appreciation everywhere shown by the working-people. She speaks with genuine pleasure of putting her hand "into the great prairie of a palm" of one of the Duke of Argyle's farmers who had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and walked many miles to shake the hand of the author. She writes of the journey through Scotland:

"We rode through several villages after this, and were met everywhere with a warm welcome. What pleased me was that it was not mainly from the literary, or the rich, or the great, but the plain, common people. The butcher came out of his stall, and the baker from his shop, the miller dusty with flour, the blooming, comely young mother with her baby in her arms, all smiling and bowing, with that hearty, intelligent, friendly look, as if they knew we should be glad to see them."

Of her multitudinous engagements on this tour, which she had ingenuously looked forward to as a vacation, she writes: "As to all engagements, I am in a state of happy acquiescence, having resigned myself as a very tame lion into the hands of my keepers. Whenever the time comes for me to try to do anything, I try to behave myself as well as I can, which, as Dr. Young says, is all that an angel could do under the same circumstances." To find herself in the company of very distinguished people excites her sense of humor, and she laughs to herself: "Oh, isn't this funny, to see poor little me with all the great ones of the earth?" She writes to her husband from London about a concert at Stafford House: "The next day from my last letter came off Miss Greenfield's concert, of which I send a card. *You see in what company*

they have put your poor little wife! Funny — isn't it? Well, the Hons. and the Right Hons. all were there, and I sat by Lord Carlisle."

Reception by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland

The most notable event in which Mrs. Stowe was the central figure, during this her first visit to England, was the reception given her by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House, on the occasion when Lord Shaftesbury presented to her, in behalf of the ladies of England, an address of welcome and appreciation. When the reports of this Stafford House meeting reached America, Calhoun remarked that its chief significance lay in the fact that it would make Abolitionism fashionable.

After a partial rest in Paris, where she escaped publicity through some strategy, she went to Switzerland, where her presence became generally known, in spite of precautions, and she was hailed everywhere as *Madame Bessbare*. It was Scotland over again. All had read her book, and their enthusiasm seemed boundless. "Oh, Madame, do write another! Remember, our winter nights here are very long!" entreated the peasants in an Alpine village.

Mrs. James T. Fields of Boston, who was much associated with Mrs. Stowe at this time, in her book, "Authors and Friends," gives the following incident illustrative of Mrs. Stowe's wide popularity:

"It was my good fortune to be in Mrs. Stowe's company once, in Rome, when she came unexpectedly face to face with an exhibition of the general feeling of reverence and gratitude toward her. We had gone together to the rooms of the brothers Castellani, the world-famous workers in gold. The collection of antique gems and the beautiful reproductions of them were new to us. Mrs. Stowe was full of enthusiasm, and we lingered long over the wonderful things that the brothers brought forward to show. Among them was the head of an Egyptian slave, carved in black onyx. It was an admirable work of art, and, while we were enjoying it, one of them said to Mrs. Stowe: 'Madame, we know what you have been to the poor slave. We ourselves are but poor slaves still in Italy. You feel for us; will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?' She took the jewel in silence; but, when we looked for some response, her eyes were filled with tears, and it was impossible for her to speak."

Mrs. Stowe finally returned to England, whence she wrote, as she left for home: "Thus, almost sadly, as a child might leave its home, I left the shores of kind, strong old England — the mother of us all."

Enormous Sale of "Dred"

On reaching home, she plunged into the thick of the Kansas and Nebraska struggle. She could think of nothing but slavery, and planned a story to be elaborated out of the material gathered in fashioning the "Key" for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In "Dred" the didactic purpose is even more pronounced than in "Uncle Tom." Yet the book made a profound sensation in its day. Crossing again to England to secure a copyright, Mrs. Stowe wrote to her husband at Andover:

"'Dred' is selling over here wonderfully. Low says that, with all the means at his command, he has not been able to meet the demand. He sold fifty thousand in two weeks, and probably will sell as many more." And later she adds: "One hundred thousand copies of 'Dred' sold in four weeks! After that, who cares what critics say? . . . It goes everywhere, is read everywhere, and Mr. Low says that he puts the hundred and twenty-fifth thousand to press confidently. The fact that many good judges like it better than 'Uncle Tom' is success enough!"

A little later she wrote from Paris:

"It is wonderful that people here do not seem to get over 'Uncle Tom' a bit. The impression seems fresh as if just published. How often have they said, 'That book has revived the gospel among the poor of France; it has done more than all the books we have published put together. It has gone among *les ouvriers*, among the poor of Faubourg St. Antoine, and nobody knows how many have been led to Christ by it.' Is not this blessed, my dear husband? Is it not worth all the suffering of writing it?"

Mrs. Stowe's Eldest Son Drowned

Mrs. Stowe returned from this second trip to Europe to meet the supreme sorrow of her life — the death of her eldest son, Henry Stowe. One beautiful summer day in the year 1857, while swimming in the Connecticut River near Hanover, New Hampshire, where he was a student in Dartmouth College, he was seized with a cramp. He threw his arms about a classmate who tried to save him, and both sank together. As they rose to the surface, the friend cried out, "You're drowning me, Henry!" Immediately he relaxed his grasp, and sank to rise no more.

His mother was away on a visit when a telegram summoned her home. His classmates had

just arrived with his body. As she looked upon his strong, peaceful young face, it was impossible for her to realize that her voice, which had ever had such power over him, could never now recall him. As she wrote to the Duchess of Sutherland, whom she and Henry had visited together only a few months before: "There had always been such union, such peculiar tenderness, between us. I had had such power always to call up answering feelings to my own, that it seemed impossible that he could be unmoved at my grief." No one had understood her as he had. No one had treated her with such constant and chivalrous tenderness. Her strange lapses of memory often excited outbursts of nervous irritability from other members of the family, but never from him. "A dreadful faintness of sorrow" came over her at times. As she went about the house, the pictures of which he was fond, the presents she had bought him, the photographs she was to show him, all pierced her heart. She writes that she would have been glad, "like the woman in the St. Bernard, to lie down with her arms around the wayside cross, and sleep away into a brighter scene."

"Henry's fair, sweet face looks down upon me now and then from out a cloud, and I feel again all the bitterness of the eternal 'No!' which says that I must never, never in this life see that face, and lean on that arm, hear that voice."

She wrote from Hanover, where she was visiting shortly after Henry's death:

"A poor, deaf old slave woman, who has still five children in bondage, came to comfort me. 'Bear up, dear soul,' she said; 'you must bear it, for the Lord loves ye.' She went on to say: 'Sunday is a heavy day to me, 'cause I can't work, an' I can't hear preachin', an' can't read, so I can't keep my mind off my poor children. Some on 'em the blessed Master's got, and they's safe; but oh, the're five I don't know where they are.'

"What are our mother sorrows to this?" exclaims Mrs. Stowe. "I shall try to search out and redeem these children. . . . Every sorrow I have, every lesson on the sacredness of family love, makes me the more determined to resist to the last this dreadful evil that makes so many mothers so much deeper mourners than I ever can be."

In November, 1862, Mrs. Stowe accepted an invitation to visit Washington and attend the great Thanksgiving dinner provided for the thousands of fugitive slaves who had flocked to the city. It was then she had her interview with Lincoln.* In telling of this interview afterward, Mrs. Stowe dwelt particularly on the rustic pleasantry with which that great man received her. She was introduced into a cozy room where the President was seated before an open fire, for the day was damp and chilly. It was Mr. Seward who introduced her, and Mr. Lincoln rose awkwardly from his chair, saying, "Why, Mrs. Stowe, right glad to see you!" Then, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, he said: "So you're the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war! Sit down, please!" he added, as he seated himself once more before the fire, meditatively warming his immense hands over the smoldering embers by first extending the palms, and then turning his wrists so that the grateful warmth reached the backs of his hands. The first thing he said was: "I do love an open fire. I always had one to home."

*Mr. Charles Edward Stowe, one of the authors of this article, accompanied his mother on this visit to Lincoln, and remembers the occasion distinctly.

THE MONUMENT TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND HENRY WARD BEECHER, IN LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT, THEIR BIRTHPLACE

"THE OULD LAD"

BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

I MIND meself a wee boy wi' no plain talk,
An' standin' not the height o' two peats;
There was things meself consated 'or the time that I could walk,
An' who's to tell when wit an' childer meets?
'Twas the daisies down in the low grass,
The stars high up in the skies,
The first I knowed of a mother's face
Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
Och, och!
The kind love in her eyes.

I went the way of other lads that's neither good nor bad,
An' still, d'ye see, a lad has far to go;
But the things meself consated when I wasn't sick nor sad,
They're aisy told, an' little use to know.
'Twas whiles a boat on the say beyont,
An' whiles a girl on the shore,
An' whiles a scrape o' the fiddle-strings,
Or maybe an odd thing more,
In troth!
Maybe an odd thing more.

A man, they say, in spite of all, is betther for a wife,
In-undher this ould roof I live me lone;
I never seen the woman yet I wanted all me life,
An' I never made me pillow on a stone.
'Tis "fancy buys the ribbon" an' all,
An' fancy sticks to the young;
But a man of his years can do wi' a pipe,
Can smoke an' hould his tongue,
D'ye mind,
Smoke an' hould his tongue.

Ye see me now an ould man, his work near done—
Sure the hair upon me head's gone white;
But the things meself consated 'or the time that I could run,
They're the nearest to me heart this night.
Just the daisies down in the low grass,
The stars high up in the skies,
The first I knowed of a mother's face
Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
Och, och!
The kind love in her eyes.

King Grub

by George Hyde Preston

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

SHIFTY PETE lay stretched on the floor of the cabin where Lem Flane's blow had landed him.

"I'll learn you to fill yourself up with grub on the quiet, after we agreed to go short so as to make it last out!" exclaimed Flane. "Now, get up."

Pete slowly rose to his feet. His eyes glowed like a tiger's. He clenched his fists and then unclenched them helplessly. Lem was too big.

"I suppose you ain't never took nothing on the quiet," he said sullenly.

"Well, maybe I have and maybe I haven't," returned Flane; "but I ain't never took anything from a pardner of mine yet, if that is what you mean."

"We ain't pardners to hurt," sneered Pete.

"That's right, too," agreed Flane. "I wouldn't never have took up with a little runt like you, except you was the only human I knowed who was wishful to come up this far north of the Circle and see what was in the ground."

"Well, there ain't nothing," muttered Pete bitterly. "I was a fool."

"Like enough," assented Flane. "But we've got to get back down to the Koyukuk again, just the same. And we ain't going to, if you eat up all the grub before we start," he added savagely. "It's going to be a hard pull anyway, seeing as we lost all our dogs but one, when they went into that air-hole down on the big creek."

"The time you drove them into it," injected Pete spitefully.

"What's the use of raking that up?" demanded Flane. "I didn't know the air-hole was there, did I? And, anyway, I saved the grub and one dog."

Pete muttered something.

Flane stretched his big limbs, with a careless laugh.

"Now, look here, Pete, it ain't no use our jawing and pulling apart. We two are alone up here in this far-off frozen place, tied together tighter than man and wife; and we've got to stay by the grub and pull together till we get out, just the same as if we liked it."

Shifty Pete looked up with furtive eyes at big, selfish, domineering Lem Flane, and sourly acquiesced.

It was the outgrowth of necessity. It was the philosophy of the North. Everything — quarrels, blows, hatreds — had to give way, be put aside, in the face of the grim struggle for existence.

"Now, look here, Pete," went on Flane calmly. "If you take any more than your share of grub again, I'll kill you. I ain't got no use for you anyhow, but if you act halfway square we'll get along all right enough till we make it back to Bettles, down there on the river, and right then we quit! Understand?"

Pete nodded impassively.

"Now, here is the program," declared Flane, in his domineering voice. "We ain't got grub enough to risk staying any longer. In the morning we will shovel out the dirt that's thawed by the fire we put in the drift this afternoon. We will give it that one more chance to show up something, and then we'll pull our freight. We ought to make it back to the river in two weeks — and we'll get there hungry, too," he added grimly. "We have stayed 'most too long already, hunting for something that ain't here, and we've got to travel hard to make the grub last out."

It grew colder in the night, and the cabin was a long time warming up the next morning. Pete shivered and kept the stove crammed full of crackling wood. Flane looked at him contemptuously. "I guess you are more at home in Arizony, Pete, than in Alaska," he commented, as they put on their fur caps and mittens and started out.

The drift that they were working in was some distance from the cabin, around a bend in the creek, and hidden by a clump of timber.

Flane walked in the lead. As they went along, he looked across the desolate fields of snow.

"There is miles of it to travel before we are out of this," he muttered.

As they clambered down the hole and entered the drift, he said: "We'll just shovel the gravel behind us, Pete, and then we'll take a pan from bed rock as far in as we can get, and see what's in it."

After they had finished their work, they came blinking back into the daylight, Flane carrying a pan of gravel on his arm.

"I bet there ain't nothing in it," grumbled Pete.

"You never can tell," returned Flane. "We'll know more about it after we have panned it out. What makes you limp?" he asked. "What's the matter with you?"

"A rock fell on my foot in the drift,' answered Pete. "It ain't nothing. I'll put some Pain-Killer on it."

As they rounded the bend in the creek, Flane stopped dead still in his tracks and stared.

"What's that smoke?" he cried. "Where is the cabin? By heaven, it's burned down!"

The pan of gravel dropped from his arm and clattered noisily on the trail.

The two men raced forward. In a moment they were standing beside the still burning ruins of the cabin.

"The grub!" The words came through Pete's white lips almost in a whisper, as if he feared to speak them, even to think them.

"It's in there!" returned Flane. "Burnt to ashes! Every bit of it!"

Pete began pulling madly at the ruins.

"Quit that," snarled Flane. "Can't you see that everything is burnt up? Nothing could stand that heat. Even the guns are in there somewhere, with the stocks burnt off and the barrels twisted up. You heated up the cabin good and plenty this morning, you infernal fool!" he ejaculated fiercely. "I hope you are warm enough now!"

"What will we do?" quavered Pete.

"Do!" snapped Flane. "We'll start for the Koyukuk right now!"

"What will we eat?"

"Eat! How do I know? What will we eat if we stay here? It's lucky I hung our snowshoes on the tree there, instead of putting them in the cabin. We've got them to go on, anyway, and they say the strings make good eating at a pinch. I ain't never tried them — yet."

Pete looked around hopelessly; then his eyes brightened. "There is the dog," he said, pointing.

"What good is he?" growled Flane. "There is nothing to pull."

"He is good to eat!"

"Sure!" cried Flane. "You ain't such a darn fool, after all. We'll let him follow us on the hoof, as they say down in Arizony, till — till — till we need him. Come on. Every minute counts now! It ain't no trouble to get ready, because we ain't got nothing to get ready. Here is my ax sticking in this chopping-block. That's lucky! Your'n was in the cabin. I'll break trail. Come on!"

All the rest of the day, and far into the moonlit night, the two men traveled steadily on, hardly exchanging a word, the dog following in their snowshoe trail, a gaunt shadow in the rear.

At last they stopped and camped for a few hours — a very few, for their need to get on was desperate. Without food and without guns, theirs was a race with starvation.

The Arctic spring was beginning, and the

intense cold of winter was over; but the nights were still bitter, and the men were stiff and hungry. The dog huddled about the fire with them.

"I wish that Pain-Killer wasn't burnt up," grumbled Pete fretfully. "I'd like to put some on my foot."

The next march was a long one, Flane setting the pace relentlessly, hour after hour. Pete fell behind at times, and Flane heard him groan.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Why don't you keep up?"

"It's my foot," answered Pete; "it hurts."

"This ain't no time for a sore foot," returned Flane harshly. "If you can't travel fast you're a dead man."

"It ain't nothing," declared Pete, catching up. "It ain't nothing," he repeated, as if trying to reassure himself.

When they halted for rest that night, their faces were gaunt with hunger. Pete looked at the dog, who was sniffing about in a vain search for food, and stretched out his hand.

"No — not yet," cut in Flane. "Wait till we're hungrier. Let him carry himself for a while. It's easier."

The two men took turns keeping up the fire during the short hours they dared spare themselves for rest. The hungry dog prowled about and howled dismally.

Flane was ready to start first. "Come on, Pete!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Are you going to take a week to fix on them snowshoes?"

"Go ahead; I'm coming. It's my foot — it's swelled up some; but I'm coming."

Flane started out at the killing pace of the day before. Pete followed him for a time, limping desperately, beads of perspiration starting on his face. Suddenly he sank down on the trail, with a groan.

Flane turned upon him savagely. "What's the matter with you? What are you sitting down for?"

Pete mumbled something.

"What's the matter with you?" yelled Flane, in a sudden fury.

"It's my foot, Lem," said Pete, as if confessing a fault. "Just give me a little time. It's stiff-like, and it burns — like fire."

Flane's face was set in hard lines. "There ain't no time to give you. We've just got to get on. You know that."

"Yes, I know," answered Pete, struggling to his feet. He took a few steps, and sank down again.

He looked up at Flane with a dumb horror in his face.

"I can't make it, Lem," he said, at last.

Flane stared down at him with somber eyes.

"Just take a look at my foot, Lem," went on Pete, hastily beginning to untie his moccasin. "Maybe you can tell what's the matter with it."

"I don't want to look at it," returned Flane gruffly. "I ain't no doctor. Well, all right, go ahead," he added, in answer to Pete's look of entreaty. "But I can't do nothing."

Pete pulled off his moccasin and the thick stockings under it, and put out his swollen foot.

Flane ran his hand over it.

Pete winced with pain.

"It looks like one of the small bones might be broke," said Flane shortly, and again he regarded Pete with somber, speculative eyes. Then he turned away and called to the dog.

"What are you going to do, Lem?" asked Pete.

"Kill the dog. I'll give you the biggest half."

Pete began to tremble.

"Lem, you ain't going to ——"

Flane turned abruptly away, and called loudly:

"Here, Mukluk! Here, Mukluk!"

The dog came up sniffing for the expected food; but, as Flane reached for him, he sprang away with a suspicious yelp, and ran back along the snowshoe trail they had left behind them. Flane followed after him, alternately cursing and cajoling.

Pete sat and watched them fixedly until they disappeared behind some trees. Then he looked at his foot and muttered to himself. He was shivering like a man with the ague.

It was a long time before Flane came back, and he came without the dog. "I couldn't catch him; he's gone," he said shortly. "We have lost him. I reckon he has gone back to where he was fed last — back to where the cabin was."

Pete said nothing.

Flane looked at him, and moved restlessly. "How many matches have you got, Pete?" he asked.

Pete shook his head. "Not any."

Flane took a box from his pocket, and began separating the matches into two piles.

"What are you doing, Lem?"

"Can't you see?" demanded Flane irritably. "I'm dividing up the matches. Don't you want none?"

"Lem, you — you ain't going to leave me?"

Pete was shaking again.

"Do you think that I am going to sit here and

starve without making a run for it?" demanded Flane. "What good would that do you? You can't travel, and I can't carry you. I'll leave you the ax."

Pete searched vainly for some sign of relenting in his partner's grim face, and then, at the supreme moment, something like dignity came into his own.

"There sure ain't no use of your starving, Lem, without a run for your money," he said quietly. "If you make it out, tell the boys ——"

"I won't tell the boys nothing," broke in Flane, with sudden fierceness. Then he slowly got to his feet. "If you can travel, come on," he said thickly. "If you can't, it's tough, but it's no fault of mine. I'm off. So long."

"So long," returned Pete.

That was all.

Flane walked rapidly away, and disappeared without turning his head.

Pete impassively watched him go. There was nothing to do about it. Then he looked down at his foot. "I wish I had some Pain-Killer to rub on it," he muttered complainingly. "Then maybe I could get a show to make it back to the river, like Lem, before I ——"

He stopped with a shiver.

"My God! Have I got to starve here without no show?" he cried desperately. "I won't never do it. I've got to travel someway, if it kills me. I can't stand it to starve! I can't! But what will I do?" he muttered, burying his face in his hands.

As if in answer, he heard a whine close beside him. He turned abruptly.

It was the dog. He had come back!

The man's eyes glittered. His pinched face became suddenly cunning.

"Here, Mukluk, come here!" he called, carelessly snapping his fingers.

The dog waved his bushy tail, and looked at the man with expectant, greedy eyes; but when Pete edged a little closer, he backed away, growling.

Pete made a sudden rush for him. The dog bounded out of reach, and Pete sank down on the snow, weak with the pain of his foot.

"I've got to get him — I've got to get him!" Pete muttered. "And I can't," he ended, with a half sob.

Next he tried strategy. He remained perfectly still, hoping that the dog would grow careless and come within reach. But the animal refused to be tempted, and kept moving farther away.

Pete watched his motions in an agony of apprehension. What if he went away again, and stayed!

The dog was now circling around one of the clumps of small trees that dotted the snow-covered plain, sniffing the air.

"He is trying to make himself believe that he smells something to eat," Pete muttered, with a sour smile. "And that's all the good it will do him!"

Suddenly the dog ran in among the trees, and Pete heard him give a succession of sharp yelps. Then he came out, still yelping, and, to Pete's amazement, ran straight up to him; but when Pete pounced upon him desperately, the dog slipped away from under his hands, and darted back into the clump, still yelping.

"Maybe he has treed something!" exclaimed Pete, crawling painfully after him through the snow — walking was torture now.

When the dog saw him coming, he began to leap into the air at something high above his head among the trees.

Pete looked up.

"A cache!" he screamed. "Grub!"

Pete sprang to his feet, never feeling the pain, and rushed at his salvation.

There, on a platform raised high up on poles, under a snow-covered canvas, the outline of bags showed.

Pete climbed one of the supports like a madman, and, tearing off the canvas, seized something from the pile, and slid with it to the ground in an ecstasy of haste.

"Bacon!" he cried, tearing furiously at it with his teeth.

The dog pawed him, and whined.

Pete opened his knife, cut off a big chunk, and threw it into the jaws of the famished animal.

Man and dog, side by side, gnawed at the frozen meat.

Finally the man was satisfied. He looked up. "Good, ain't it, Mukluk?" he grinned.

The dog snarled, bolted the last of his hunk, and ran his quick tongue over his jaws.

"Now we'll see what more there is in the cache," said Pete, climbing up again — more slowly this time.

"Lord, how my foot hurts!" he groaned, as he pulled himself on to the platform and began rummaging.

"Bacon! Flour! Beans!" Each word was a shrill cry of triumph. Then Pete's eyes fixed themselves on the mark on the bags.

"That's his mark!" ejaculated Pete. "They belongs to Sandy Walsh, the feller his pardner was hauling back to Bettles, sick, when we passed them on our way up here last fall. They said they cached some grub when they turned back. Well, Sandy won't want it this season; and I guess he won't never want it,

"PETE BEGAN PULLING MADLY AT THE RUINS"

"PETE FOLLOWED HIM FOR A TIME, LIMPING DESPERATELY"

by the way he looked," continued Peter reflectively. "He was sure pretty nigh his finish when I see him."

Throwing a sack of flour and a frying-pan he had found down into the snow, Pete slid down after them.

"Lord, the luck of it!" he exclaimed. "And Lem hitting the trail with nothing in his belly. And going on and on till he drops. For he ain't going to make it. No man could. There's enough for Lem, too," he went on meditatively, looking up at the cache. "Well, it's his own lookout. He deserted me, and we was pardners. He took the best chance — the same as I would," he added candidly, after a pause. "And he left me the ax, and he needed the ax bad. That was mighty white of Lem. I wouldn't never done it, I guess."

He looked up again at the cache. Then, as if in answer to a question, he muttered: "How can I? I can't travel till my foot gets well. I ain't got no way of catching him."

The dog was eyeing the unfinished piece of bacon which Pete had stuck in the crotch of a tree out of his reach.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Pete. "Mukluk could, if I only knew how to make him. I couldn't write Lem no message to come back, because I ain't much on the write."

Then his eyes fell on the bacon.

"I could wrap that up in a sack, and tie it on Mukluk. Lem would sure know that there was more where that came from, and make tracks back. I'll try it on," he nodded to himself.

He wrapped up the bacon in a sack he got from the cache.

"Come here, Mukluk," he called.

The dog came up to him quite confidently now, and Pete tied the bacon across his back.

"Now, Mukluk," said Pete, limping with the dog to where Lem's snowshoe tracks led away south. "See that trail? Go on, now, and find Lem! Fetch him, Mukluk, fetch him! Good dog! Mush, now!"

Pete pushed Mukluk forward along the trail as he spoke; but the dog, suddenly grown suspicious again, turned in his tracks and bolted off in the opposite direction.

"Here, Mukluk, come back!" called Pete. "I ain't going to hurt you."

The dog had disappeared.

"Curse the brute!" ejaculated Pete. "I done my best to help you, Lem," he muttered fretfully. "I can't go after you; I can't travel. And you starving to death, and plenty right here for the asking! Mukluk, for God's sake, come back!" he cried.

"'I'VE GOT TO GET HIM — I'VE GOT TO GET HIM!'"

His voice broke with weakness, and he sat there, head bowed, in bitter dejection.

"Hello, Pete!"

The voice seemed to come from away off. Pete raised his head, and stared as if he saw a ghost.

Before him stood Lem Flane, his cheeks sunken, his eyes like those of a famished animal.

"Lem! What brought you back?"

"Because we is pardners," answered Flane. "I traveled fast, but all the time I see you laying here crippled up and starving all alone — and me, your pardner, deserting you. And, if I got out, I knew I would always see you as long as I lived. I ain't got no liking for you, Pete; I ain't pretending any. But you is my pardner. I couldn't get away from that. I ain't never deserted a pardner before — so I come back to travel the same road as you. I guess it won't take long."

For a moment Shifty Pete couldn't speak. Then he gulped over his words. "Lem, I couldn't travel — I tried to make Mukluk go and bring you back. I tied a piece of bacon on him for a message, but the cussed dog ran the other way; he ain't come back yet. I was waiting for him. I done my best, Lem — honest."

"Bacon!" ejaculated Flane. "Pete, you're loco! I suppose that's the way we'll both get soon," he muttered, half to himself.

"Bacon! And beans! And flour!" shrieked Pete hysterically. "Me and Mukluk found a cache! There the brute is now," he cried, pointing down the trail, "coming back with the bacon still tied to him! Ask him! Come on, Lem! Come on, quick!"

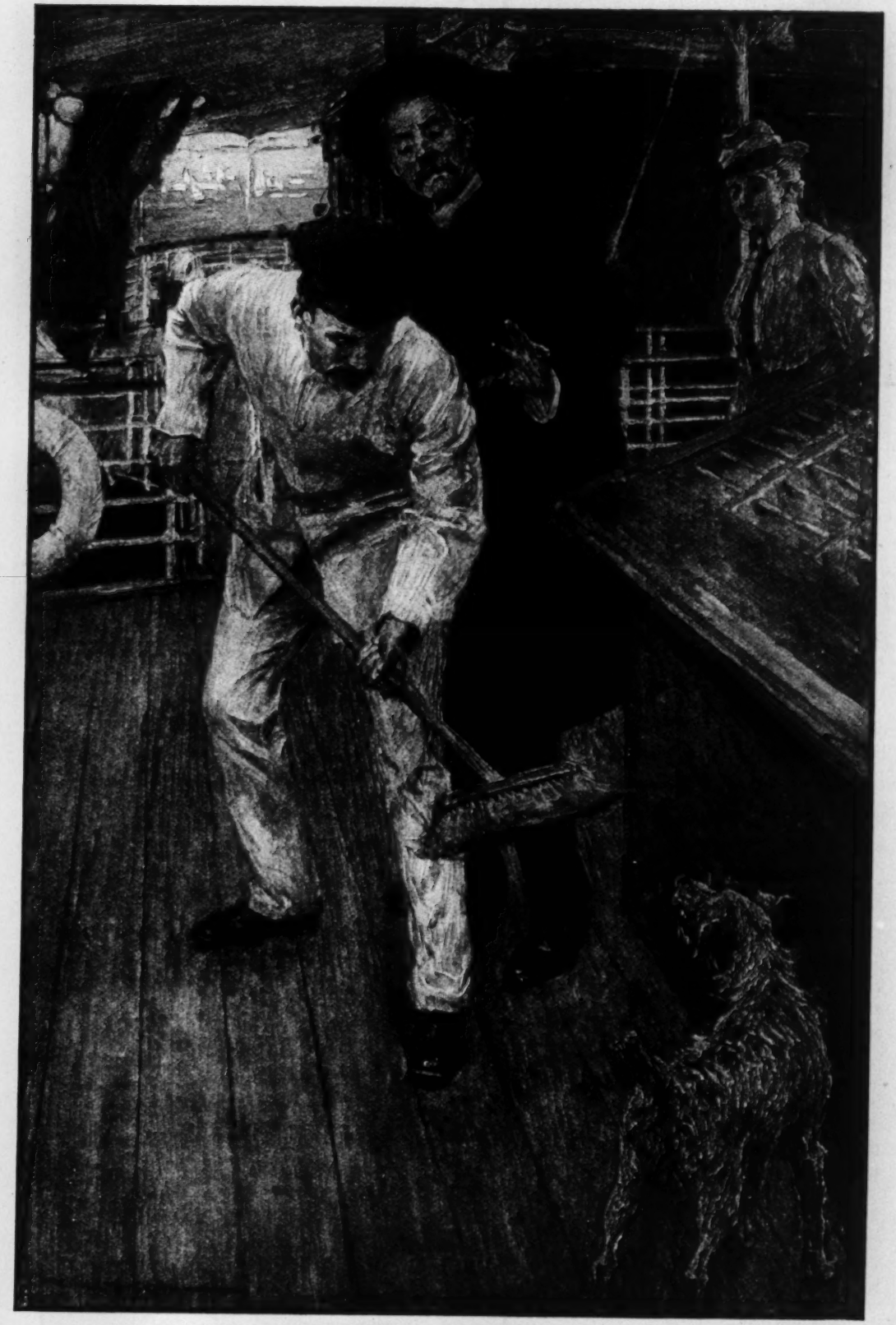
And half dragging, half leaning on Flane, Pete limped with him over to the clump of trees and pointed to the cache. And then, before Flane could make a move, he climbed up and threw a side of bacon straight down into Flane's arms.

Flane gazed at it with ravenous eyes; but, before he took the first mouthful, he looked up at Pete and said solemnly:

"Pete, I didn't guess you right. You're a pardner — and a gentleman."

Pete grinned.

"That makes my foot feel good," he said.



"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY HAVING A DANGEROUS BRUTE LIKE THIS ABOUT TO ANNOY PASSENGERS?'"

The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

A Dog and Unclean

Illustrated by William Hatherell

THE little Jaffa steamer splashed out past the tall statue of Lesseps, which stands at the seaward end of the western pier of Port Said, and lifted her bows to the roll of the free water of the Mediterranean. At the after rail two people watched the roofs and masts slide back into the morning haze. One was the Englishwoman, Miss Gregory, at whose coming on board all hands had stopped to stare, for the sheer quality of her. Fifty years of age, or thereabouts, she had the suave and secure presence of one whose place in the world has never been in doubt; her voice, a little high, with an urgent tone in it, was full of authority. The other was the Rev. Daniel Blake, on his way back to a mission station on the edge of a Syrian desert. He leaned with both elbows on the rail, gazing somberly.

The land was astern of them when Miss Gregory spoke. The harbor works were stretched upon the water like some elaborate toy, and behind them the feverish town stood glowing under the sun. She was an inveterate maker of acquaintances — it is the modern short cut to adventure. She turned to Mr. Blake pleasantly, and pointed across the widening water to the picture that dwindled as they watched.

"A wonderful thing to see, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Eh?" Mr. Blake came out of his preoccupation with a start, and looked at her sourly. He was a man of her own age, gaunt and gray, with a worn, unhappy face. He had traveled to Port Said from his mission in Syria to greet a brother missionary passing through on his way to China, and the evil town, with its dreary elaboration of vice, had scared and saddened him. As he watched it sink back into the distance, his eyes were dark with a vision of judgment.

"What did you say?" he asked harshly.

"I said it was a wonderful thing to see," repeated Miss Gregory. "That statue, you know — a fine idea, that. One needs to be French to finish a breakwater with a statue."

He was staring at her, while she spoke, with a sort of hostile intentness. She was as strange to his experience as anything he had seen in Port Said. He had lived too long among his heathen to know her type, and he resented her manner of being serenely at home in a wide and active world. A touch of color rose in his cheeks.

"No doubt there were people who admired Sodom and Gomorrah, too," he retorted suddenly, casting the words in her face almost violently. She lifted her eyebrows in astonishment; for the moment, his meaning was not clear.

"Oh," she said then, and smiled good-humoredly. "Yes, one lady *did* look back at them, didn't she?"

Mr. Blake made a noise remotely resembling a snarl, and turned on his heel forthwith. He took the only way he knew of giving her what he considered a fit answer: his narrow back was rigid with wrath as he went striding forward.

At the top of the ladder Mr. Blake halted. The long deck was empty, save for a dog that lay across his path and, at the sight of him, lifted a slow head and growled. The missionary gave ground at once. He had lived too long among his debased Mohammedans and Jews to be at ease with dogs, in any case; he could not resist the impression that the taint of uncleanness was upon them. He started to walk round the animal; but it rose to its feet with a low rumble of menace that made him back against the bulkhead.

"Good dog," he said anxiously. "Get down, you brute!"

It was a dog of middle size, tawny and rough in the coat; it showed him eyes of a tender, melancholy brown and a handsome set of teeth. When he made a movement to edge away, it wrinkled its nose to the shape of sheer viciousness; its growl was ferocity made vocal. Mr. Blake poised his left foot for a kick.

"Good old fellow, then," he begged agonizedly. "Good old boy!"

The good old fellow appeared to be clearing for action, when Mr. Blake's desperate eyes, roving for the means of rescue, caught sight of a white jacket.

"Steward!" he called raspingly. "Steward!"

"Sir?"

The shrewd Cockney steward saw how matters stood, and came running with a broom. The dog, still growling, backed into the scupper, and there stood to his arms, as it were, ready to resume the engagement. Mr. Blake put his left foot down with relief, and turned upon the steward.

"What do you mean by having a dangerous brute like this about to annoy passengers?" he demanded. "It's an outrage!"

"Don't belong to us, sir," said the steward. "Seems sort o' lost, don't it?"

"Do you mean to say its owner is not on board?" inquired Mr. Blake.

The dog growled again at the sound of his voice, and the steward stood with his broom ready to repel an attack.

"I saw 'im," explained the steward, "when we was castin' orf from the wharf; but no one don't seem to own 'im. Lost 'is master ashore, I should think, and strayed aboard of us in the night."

"The cur!" said Mr. Blake, with heat. "It meant to bite. It's some wretched mongrel from the town — a pariah dog."

A cool voice at his elbow interrupted him. "Oh, no," it said, with quiet decision. "It's not a mongrel, by any means."

It was the serene Englishwoman again; Mr. Blake leaned toward her with a scowl.

"Your dog, Madam?" he demanded in his harshest tones.

"No," she answered, gazing at him coolly, while the dog, with his teeth still showing, eyed the three of them watchfully.

"Of course, sir," said the steward suddenly, in a brisk and obliging manner,—"of course, if nobody don't own 'im, we can 'eave 'im overboard, seein' 'e's dangerous."

"Dangerous!" snapped Mr. Blake. "He tried to bite me, I tell you."

"Yes, sir," agreed the steward. "Then over 'e goes."

Miss Gregory interrupted with swift authority. "Nothing of the kind," she said. "The dog's not dangerous; he's unhappy."

"Those curs —" began Mr. Blake, but she cut him short.

"Man," she said, "did you ever see a cur with a coat like that? He's an Irish terrier — a beauty. Poor old fellow, then!"

The dog still had his hairy lips withdrawn from his most impressive teeth. But Miss Gregory had owned and loved dogs from her childhood. She paid attention to neither his shrinking nor his threats, but stooped deliberately and put a slow, expert hand on the rough head. Mr. Blake made a motion to stop her. It was not alone the danger of her being bitten, but the sight of a clean English lady fondling a dog was unpleasant to him. He watched her uncomfortably, while the steward stood by, leaning upon his broom, agreeable to any arrangement that might be concluded. Miss Gregory's hands stroked the restless head, while she talked unceasingly in the low, reassuring tone that dogs know. The beast was tense with suspicion — the world that had gulfed his master from sight might be full of plausible traitors; but she made no mistakes. The feel of her hands, practised in caresses, was balm to him. He surrendered suddenly, letting go his hostile breath in a sigh, and crowded close to her knee. He was ownerless no longer; he knew the dependence on a human being which is the religion of a good dog.

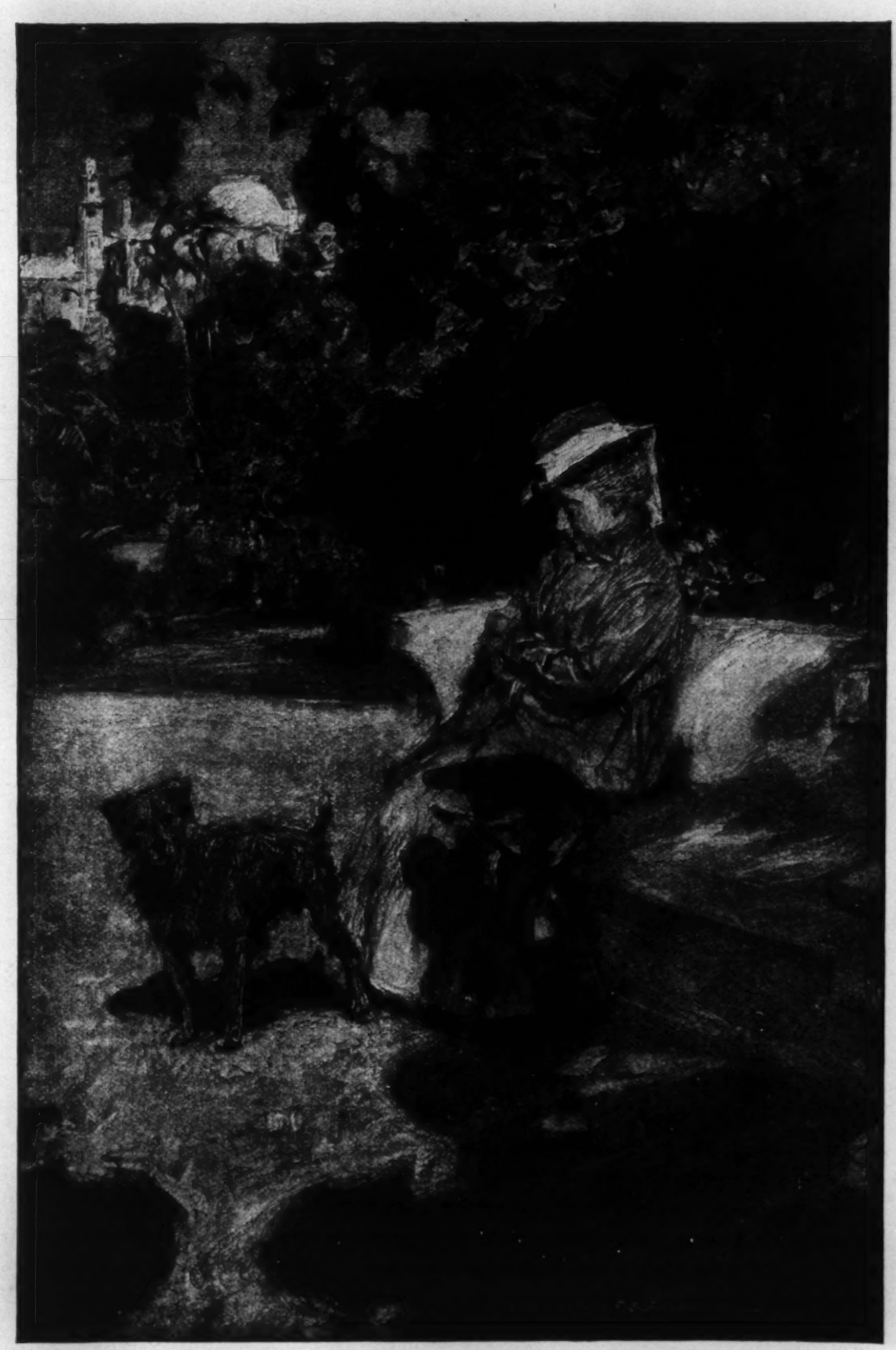
"You see?" said Miss Gregory over her shoulder.

Mr. Blake snorted; he knew too little about dogs to appreciate the art of the victory that he had just witnessed.

"So long as he does not annoy me," he said, "he may remain. You will be responsible for him, Madam?"

"Thank you so much," said Miss Gregory pleasantly, and rose to her feet as he strode off, his arms swinging and his whole ungainly figure eloquent of his disapproval.

The steward loitered. "Fine 'and you've got



"TWICE OR THRICE DURING THE NIGHT THE DOG RAISED HIS WISE HEAD AT THE APPROACH OF FOOTSTEPS"

with a dorg, mum," he remarked, with a finger to his cap-brim.

Miss Gregory nodded. "Bring some biscuits to my cabin," she directed. "He's hungry."

The dog was watching her with his soft, devoted eyes. The word biscuit evidently had some meaning for him. He was prepared to understand her completely.

"Come along, old fellow," said Miss Gregory. "Let's see if you can eat something. It's a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you."

The dog followed at her heel, with his short stump of a tail erect, restored to his double capacity of man's champion and slave.

He makes fewest mistakes who registers fewest judgments. In her diary that evening, as she sat on the edge of her bunk, with the calm dog alert at her feet, Miss Gregory entered her reflections on the subject of Mr. Blake. "A man like a hedgehog," she wrote, "partaking of the characters of both hedge and hog. If it were not for his manners, I should have judged him poor and aging and disappointed; as it is, I put his appearance down to dyspepsia. To meet him is not to enrich one's experience."

As she wrote, Mr. Blake lay in the dark on the other side of the bulkhead, thinking unhappily of the events of the day. He was a man of narrowly defined powers, and they were not of the kind to earn him consideration in the highways of the earth. Here and there, in the dark places of heathendom, his name had honor. Years ago, when the field of his labors had been Morocco, he had lain three months in a pestilent prison, awaiting death by torture. Each day of that period he had preached his valiant gospel to his fellow prisoners; and when, at length, the unexpected release came for him, he had walked forth into the sunlight at the head of a dozen converts. But his vicissitudes, his sufferings and his triumphs, had given him no dignity. His manner resembled his clothes. Both were ill-devised and uncomfortable, and both hid the raw material of martyrdom. Wide-eyed in the gloom of his cabin, he heard Miss Gregory drop an occasional word to the dog; she spoke with an accent of companionship that smote him like a revelation.

"What is it?" he asked himself again and again. "What is it that other people have which I lack? What is it?"

Miss Gregory and he met next morning on the wharf at Jaffa. He was anxious to be agreeable, but did not know how. He would have given much for the trick of pleasant triviality — to nod, to say some insignificant, friendly thing. This was his purpose. The effect fell some degrees short of the intention. Miss Gregory, looking up suddenly, saw his eyes fixed upon her with what she took to be the cold glee of malice. She was having trouble with the officials about the dog, and prepared to snub him at once.

"Er — not bitten anybody, I suppose?" was Mr. Blake's effort at small talk. He had not heard the yell of the steward a few minutes before, when he had trodden on the dog's paw and been dealt with promptly.

"Nobody to speak of," replied Miss Gregory. "Anyhow, it's too late to throw him overboard now."

Mr. Blake's constrained smile faded, and Miss Gregory forgot his existence as another official arrived to bring his black mustache and red fez to bear on the situation. She took a seat on one of her trunks, crossed her ankles, and prepared to insist upon her own way. At her side, the dog sat on his haunches, grave and unperturbed; his melancholy eyes strayed over the wharf in sad detachment.

The officer bent his faculties to an inspection of the animal.

"Yours?" he asked Miss Gregory suddenly.

"Oh, no," replied Miss Gregory. "I don't even know his name. He's lost."

"Lost," repeated the officer thoughtfully, and flashed his eyes at her. "Ah! He shall be shot."

"I'd rather he wasn't," said Miss Gregory placidly. She was fairly sure of her man; she had been in the Levant before. The hand that rested in her jacket pocket came forth in the most casual manner in the world, and the Turk had a glimpse of crumpled blue paper in the palm of it. His round, swarthy face took on a look of abstraction; he gazed past her at the road from the wharf.

"If he follows you," he said in dull tones, "how can we shoot? It is not safe."

Miss Gregory permitted herself a little smile; it always happened like that with her, and she was content.

"I see," she said. "Thank you." She rose to her feet and nodded an acknowledgment of his bow. Beside her, the expectant dog stood up and eyed the pair of them intelligently.

It was here that Miss Gregory made her mistake. Instead of passing the money with proper discretion into the official palm, she laid it on the trunk, smiled, and walked away. The officer smiled likewise, made her another bow, and reached for his reward. At the same instant the dog, misunderstanding the matter completely, took him reproachfully by the lower leg and held on.

At the fat officer's howl, Miss Gregory started back. She was just in time to see a spirited action-picture dissolve into its ingredients. The fat officer hopped on his unbitten leg and shouted broken phrases in four tongues, and

everybody threw things at the dog and looked at the money on the ground.

"Pat," called Miss Gregory. "Pat! Here, boy."

She judged it was useless to offer compensation; the blood of the dog was what the stout officer required. A species of gendarme was already running up with his short sword drawn, and the dog, having caught sight of him, was preparing for further conquests. At her cry, he looked toward her reluctantly. She made frantic gestures of summons and invitation, and began to run, still calling. He hesitated; the row was altogether too promising to lose, but his honor was in his service of her. He followed, bounding.

For a while there was pursuit; but it dwindled quickly, and Miss Gregory, breathless and afflicted with a stitch in her side, dropped to walking pace in an intricacy of narrow uphill streets. The dog danced about her gleefully. Miss Gregory spoke to him remonstratingly.

"This Donnybrook Fair kind of thing is all very well in its way, my friend," she said. "But in the meantime our luggage is at the customs; and what about a hotel?"

He cocked a soft eye at her with a laughable suggestion of shrewdness, and waited for her next move. Things were simple enough for him. Where she went he would go too, unquestioning and content, ready to support or defend at need. Loyalty was his trade.

"Very well," said Miss Gregory. "You're obliging, even if you are not helpful. We'll see what we can do."

The Orient Hotel in those days looked out upon the street through a tall arched door, and within it the courtyard was roofed over to be a spacious lounging-place for the hotel's frequenters. Miss Gregory summoned her most formal demeanor as she turned in, with the dog soberly at heel.

From the palm-screened office at the farther end of the courtyard, Aristide saw her arrival, and came forward to meet her, the most pliant, most accomplished of *maîtres d'hôtel*. He bowed before her, while she set forth her needs — a good room, a rug for the dog, porters to go forthwith for her luggage, and *café au lait*.

"Direc'ly, Madame," he assured her, with his air of having received distinguished favors. "Madame will take ze café first? Madame will have it here?"

He drew out a chair for her at a small table, and Miss Gregory turned toward it, and saw, seated at a little table close at hand, her acquaintance of the steamer, the Rev. Daniel Blake. At sight of her he started. He had been a witness of the tragedy by the water-side, when law and order had been made the prey of a dog; and he found it astonishing that she should turn up thus, trim and unperturbed, with the spoils of victory walking visibly behind her. He gave her his hard, inexpressive stare, which looked so hostile and was yet nothing but an evidence of slow wits, and as she returned it he caught at his manners and made her a bow. It was rather funny to watch, and Miss Gregory was interested. She failed to notice that the dog, whose memory of Mr. Blake was not less accurate than hers, was interested too.

Mr. Blake's conscience had smitten him at the moment of her flight from the wharf. No honest man lacks the seeds of chivalry, however he may lack the art of it. Too late he began to perceive that he had lost an opportunity. He might have tripped up the man with the sword, and so made a diversion in her favor. He chafed at the suspicion that he was doomed forever to stand in the background of these vivacious transactions, to be a mere spectator and critic. He hesitated a moment, and rose awkwardly to go across to her. His mind floundered painfully, seeking for a friendly thing to say.

"Well," said Miss Gregory, before he had found it, drawing off her gloves in a leisurely fashion, "you see, we're not overboard yet, either of us."

"No," said Mr. Blake uneasily. "No; not yet."

He had meant merely to agree with her; it was none of his doing that the words sounded like a veiled threat. He came closer.

"Do you mind if I sit at your table?" he asked, with sudden humility, and laid his hand on the edge of it.

It was the sign for which the dog was waiting, the token he had set himself to recognize. With the smooth celerity of a piece of machinery, he opened a flank attack at once. The table was between Mr. Blake and Miss Gregory, so that she could not see what was happening to that gentleman's right calf, and for a moment she thought that sudden madness had seized him. He made a strange noise between a scream and a grunt, and leaped backward.

"What on earth —" began Miss Gregory, half rising, and then she saw. "Oh, Pat, you beast! Come here at once, sir."

The deluded Pat had a strip of black cloth in his teeth; he flaunted it vaingloriously, the while he moved exultantly before Mr. Blake with a motion like a mechanical rocking-horse and feinted for another opening.

"Call him off!" cried Mr. Blake frantically. "I'm badly bitten. Call him off — he's coming again!"

From all about the courtyard came noises of

disorder. There were shouting and the drum of feet, and Aristide came through the throng as a scythe goes through rank grass.

"Oh, scanda-al!" he gritted between clenched teeth, and his dexterous kick took Pat a little abaft the beam and hoisted him a dozen feet in the direction of the archway and the inhospitality of the street. It was all in Aristide's best masterly manner — his demonstration of the great hidden truth that an innkeeper may be a paladin. He stood and watched the stumpy tail vanish, and came slowly back again, fingering his white tie into order.

"A doctor, sir?" he asked of Mr. Blake, who was examining his wounds in the midst of a group of sympathizers.

"No," said Mr. Blake shortly. His injuries were, after all, not severe. There was just blood enough to look ugly when seen through the torn rent in the black trousers; but Mr. Blake, at his worst and crudest, was never a man to make a profit of an attitude.

"I'm all right," he said harshly, and rose to his feet.

"Glad it's no worse," said Miss Gregory at his side, and he turned to meet her unembarrassed eyes.

"Er — the — er — dog's gone, eh?" he inquired heavily.

She smiled. "Yes; he's overboard, as far as you're concerned," she said. It seemed she could not forget that word; he reddened uncomfortably.

"So it only remains to pay for the damage and go after him," she added tranquilly. His woebegone look struck her suddenly. "I really am very sorry, Mr. Blake," she concluded. "Anything I can do ——"

Her glance at the torn garments was significant, and her purse was in her hand. He wondered why the proper, easy thing to say was so hard to find.

"Thank you, no," he answered, and Miss Gregory turned away to the expectant Aristide. That truly great man was as placid as she; he never allowed passion to complicate finance. The settlement was so satisfactory that he even felt a certain compunction for kicking Pat.

Miss Gregory passed the day in looking for Pat. Jaffa was not a city of imposing proportions, but one could not imagine a place better adapted for losing a dog. The little streets were linked in all directions by a mesh of alleys and byways; when he was driven from the hotel, he had the choice of a score of ways to go. And it was a little alarming to find how quickly his fame had spread. At a little café where she lunched and made inquiries ("Has any one seen a red dog?" she asked), they knew all about the scene on the quay, and were politely but obviously a little nervous of Miss Gregory. No, they explained; they had not seen any dog of that remarkable hue, and their manner of saying it suggested a hope that they never would. In the afternoon she took occasion to visit two other hotels, to secure accommodation for the night, and found that the tale of Pat's deeds at the Orient had got there first. At both there were smiling, deferential managers on the model of Aristide. They had excellent rooms at her disposal, charming, exceptional rooms. "But, Madame — excoose. Ve do not receive dogs, *hein?* Eet is ze rule." To each of them Miss Gregory showed first a grim countenance and then a broad back. She saw a good deal of Jaffa that day.

The moon was high over the white and crowded town ere her quest ended, at the corner of a little open garden where there were seats around a fountain. As she neared it, there came into view a dog of the town, a lean, ragged gutter-hound, comprising in his single unshapely person half a dozen uncleanly breeds. He was moving at top speed, too urgent to be elsewhere even to snarl as he went. He crossed her path like a hairy comet, and vanished in the nearest shadows. And after him, with all the joy of the chase eloquent in his gait, came another dog. Miss Gregory stopped short.

"Pat!" she cried. "Pat, you brute."

Pat slid to a standstill, and welcomed her with a wild bark. He spun about her crazily.

"Oh, Pat," said Miss Gregory. "A well-bred dog like you, too! You'll come to a bad end, my friend. But I'm glad to see you, all the same."

"Wuff!" observed Pat happily. He liked being talked to. Life, for him, was full of fights and other fine things; but service was best — to adore, to obey, to sacrifice. He went with her to one of the seats.

Miss Gregory sat down with a sigh of relief, for she was a tired woman.

"Thanks to you, my exuberant friend, there's no roof for us to-night," she said to the waiting dog. "So we must see it out here."

She leaned back and yawned, in no wise disturbed or unhappy. For Miss Gregory a bed was a mere piece of furniture; for most people it is a symbol. The night air was not yet bitter with chill, and she felt she could sleep. Pat, agreeable to her mood, fidgeted uncertainly for a minute or two, and then coiled down upon her foot. The big white moon stood over them benignly. Across the hushed streets the sea made its slumberous murmur. Pat put a paw across his nose lazily, and Miss Gregory slept.

Twice or thrice during the night the dog raised

"SHE WATCHED THEM DEPART, EACH OBVIOUSLY NERVOUS AND ILL AT EASE"

his wise head at the approach of footsteps. There came a patrolling policeman, belted and armed; there came also men who prowled cautiously. Miss Gregory did not hear them. One who came close heard the low rumble of the dog's growl, hesitated, and slunk away. Pat was on duty, the duty he understood. Let Miss Gregory be pilot in the strange complexity of man's world, and he would trust her utterly; but when that curious tangle subsided and things became plain and primitive, he would take command and not fail her.

Day was pale overhead when he woke her by rising from her foot. She had slept the night through, and returned to wakefulness to see Pat rampant, gardant, and making preparations to give Mr. Blake further cause for complaint. The missionary had halted about twenty paces away, with one of the long seats between him and the dog. In one hand he carried a loop of bright steel chain; Miss Gregory gave it a stare of unworthy suspicion.

"Good morning," she said. "Is that chain intended for Pat, here?"

"Yes," he said. "Will you hold him, please? I want to speak to you."

Miss Gregory laid her hand on Pat's collar. "Down, boy," she ordered. "I warn you that if you try to snatch him I'll let him go," she called.

Mr. Blake came across to her with his quick, shambling stride.

"Been out all night?" he asked abruptly.

Miss Gregory was leaning back with her knees crossed, at her ease, self-possessed, cruelly scrutinizing him.

"Yes," she answered.

"I thought so," he said.

"Indeed." Miss Gregory saw that the man was painfully embarrassed, and compunction stirred in her. "Why?" she demanded.

"I inquired at the hotels," he said. "And then — your luggage. It was brought to the Orient. It is there still."

"I see," said Miss Gregory. "So you inquired at the hotels, did you? Sit down, Mr. Blake. Now, why did you inquire?"

The gaunt, gray man had his eyes fixed on the ground. It was as if he were confessing some crime. The starch was out of him.

"You're fond of dogs?" he asked inconsequently.

"Well, yes," said Miss Gregory, surprised.

"I'm not," he went on; "I don't like them — I'm afraid of them. So — I wondered."

He paused. Miss Gregory did not speak.

"I wondered," he repeated. "The dog seemed to have a claim on you. When he saw you, he knew you were his friend, just as he knew I was not. And you were. I don't understand, even yet — quite. Is it only because you are kind to dogs?"

He stopped for an answer. Miss Gregory bent her mind to the matter.

"No," she answered thoughtfully. "It wasn't only that, since you ask. You see, the dog and I have much the same views of life and behavior."

"Eh?" He glanced round, fearful that she spoke in jest; her face reassured him.

"I'm afraid it sounds rather mad," said Miss Gregory; "but think it out. Both of us stand by those who need our help; we're not down on the weak and lonely; we're decently clean in our manners; and we can both take care of ourselves. Really, I'm not joking. A decent human being and a decent dog have a lot in common."

Mr. Blake nodded his head at each point she mentioned. He did not answer her at once.

"I think," he said at last, "that, if I were to be burned at the stake for the glory of my Master, I could do my part with credit. That is what I think, and once I was very near it. But if His cause depended on my being able to say a light, pleasant thing to a chance-met stranger — well, thank God, it doesn't. But ——"

"What?" asked Miss Gregory gently.

Mr. Blake sat up. He turned his grizzled face to her. It was seamed with the suns and storms of many deserts and darkened with a multitude of griefs. He was of her own age, but old already, void of humor and incapable of power. But for the moment he was exalted.

"Your ill-conditioned brute has bitten me once and frightened me twice," he said, with a sudden vivacity. "While you keep him you'll never get into a hotel. To-day I leave on my way to my mission; give the beast to me."

Miss Gregory hesitated. "Really?" she asked. "You want him?"

He held up the chain for her to see. "I brought it in the hope that you would give him," he said. "You call him Pat, eh? St. Patrick was a missionary — and he could bite, too. Pat, come here."

Pat held back. He was not an effusive dog, but he fell to abject licking of Miss Gregory's hand.

"Pat," said Miss Gregory, "be good."

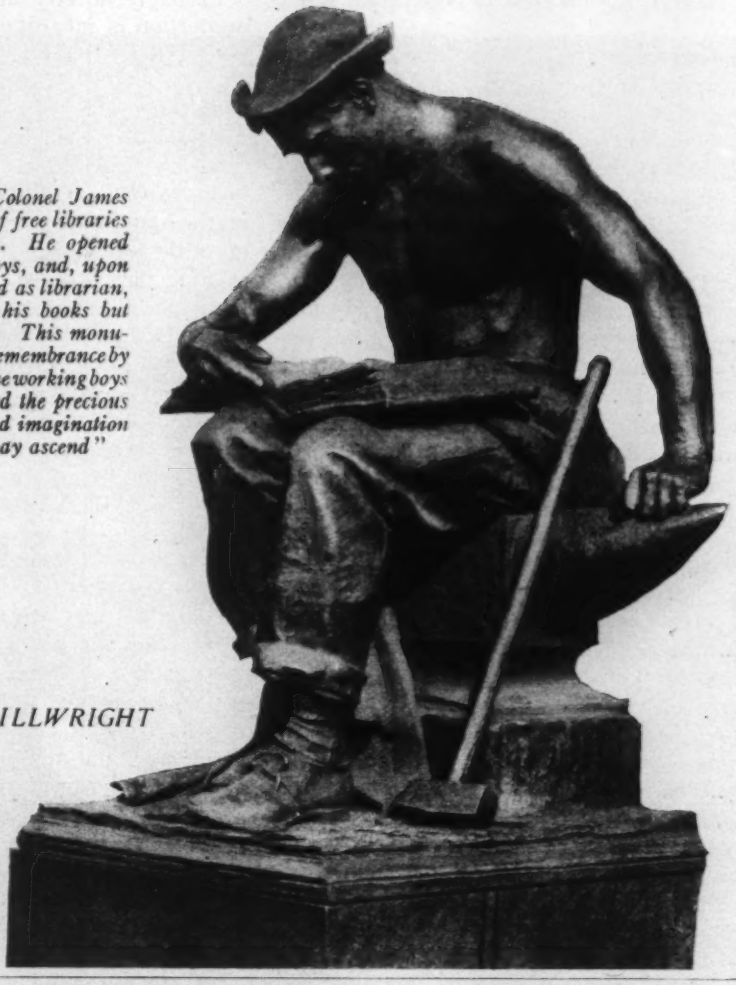
"Come, Pat," said Mr. Blake. "We're both awkward in company; we ought to get on."

Miss Gregory took his hand heartily.

"My dear man," she said, "I'm an old fool myself. Go, now, because I'm half afraid I'm going to cry. And God bless you, both of you."

She did not cry. She even smiled as she watched them depart, each obviously nervous and ill at ease. Mr. Blake held the chain at arm's length, and Pat walked with drooping tail.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Gregory, as they passed the street-end and vanished from her sight. "My diary. I must tear that page out before I forget it."



"TO the memory of Colonel James Anderson, founder of free libraries in western Pennsylvania. He opened his library to working boys, and, upon Saturday afternoons, acted as librarian, thus dedicating not only his books but himself to the noble work. This monument is erected in grateful remembrance by Andrew Carnegie, one of the working boys to whom were thus opened the precious treasures of knowledge and imagination through which youth may ascend"

THE YOUNG MILLWRIGHT

JOHN A. BRASHEAR OF PITTSBURGH

WHOSE INSTRUMENTS OF PRECISION HAVE MADE POSSIBLE MANY IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMY

BY EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER

IF there is any one thing in which this present age of ours is supreme, that thing is precision. We suspend business every day to telegraph observatory time to every city, and if that time is wrong by a single second, somebody has to explain. We triangulate a whole State, and the error is within the span of a man's hand. Our balances do not merely weigh a hair — they tell the difference in weight between a thick hair and a thin one. From measuring the speed of thought, we have advanced to measuring the different reaction times of different men. We have measured the heat of the moon's rays, and the humidity of Mars. We are, above all things, certain. Where our fathers estimated, we *know*.

We know because of our tool- and instrument-makers. They give us our clocks, chronographs, calipers, verniers, gauges, micrometers, graduates, thermometers, thermographs, our dividing-engines, microtomes, microscopes, range-finders, defraction gratings, telescopes, spectroscopes, balances. Without such instruments, science would be no more. Without

their makers, the progress of civilization would stop.

Instrument-making, like other exacting professions, demands certain special gifts — among them, great manual dexterity, infinite patience, a love of precision for its own sake. The few really great instrument-makers have at least approximated to genius. Of one of those, John A. Brashear of Pittsburgh, the foremost now living in the United States, I shall here give some account.

Western Pennsylvania sixty or seventy years ago was full of amateur astronomers. In fact, everywhere, during the first half of the last century, astronomy was the most popular of all the sciences, the one branch of natural science which every intelligent person was supposed to know something about, and every educated person to have studied in school. Among these amateurs was one Squire Wampler, who had picked up a good piece of glass in the wreck of the great fire which nearly wiped out Pittsburgh in 1845, ground himself a telescope lens, and not having great earthly possessions, had taken to traveling about the country, exhibiting the wonders of the heavens through his instrument, at five cents a look.

Squire Wampler probably did no more far-reaching act in all his life than when, in 1848, he brought his telescope to a little town on the Monongahela fifty miles south of Pittsburgh, and gave to John A. Brashear his first peep through a glass. The future astronomer was then a lad of eight. His maternal grandfather was Nathaniel Smith, a watchmaker by trade, and a most versatile and dexterous workman in a day when everything had to be wrought by hand. He was also a man of uncommon intelligence and capacity, and he had built one of the first telegraph instruments west of the Alleghenies. He made a companion of the boy, taught him the names of the stars and constellations by the time he was ten, and remained his friend and counselor until the grandson was a man grown.

Brashear and His Young Wife Make Their First Telescope

John A. Brashear himself grew up in Brownsville, where he was born, and picked up what education he could in the common schools. The man who now holds honorary degrees from so many universities never saw the inside of a college when he was a boy. As a lad he learned the trade of pattern-making. Soon afterward he fell in love with Phoebe Stewart, and married her; and at twenty-two found himself established, apparently for life, as a millwright in a Pittsburgh rolling-mill.

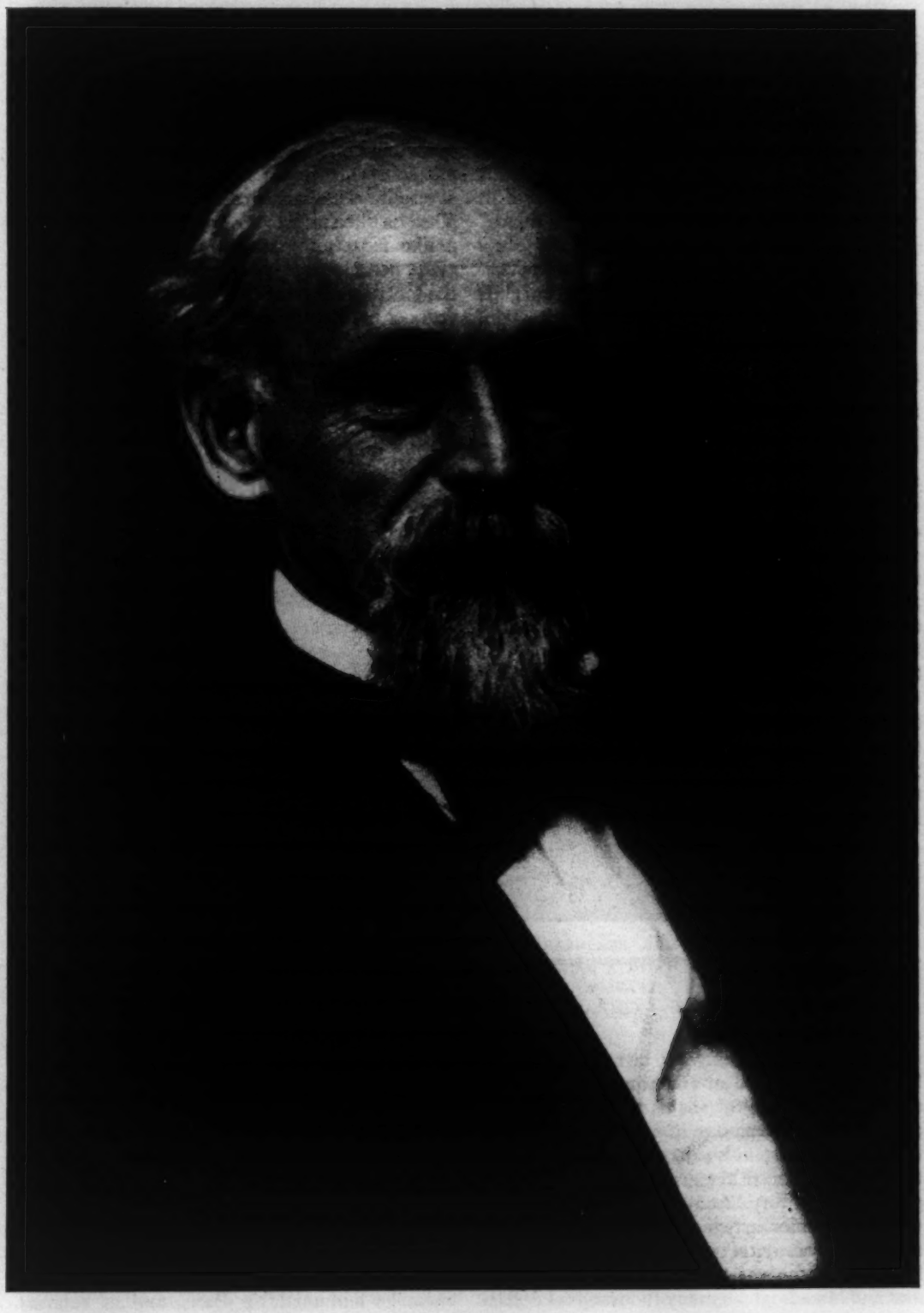
Probably no city in the world has a larger proportion of inhabitants than Pittsburgh who believe that the day is given to man to do two days' work in. The Brashears built them a little house with their own hands, for they were the kind of people who are willing to do anything to help along. The husband took his books to the mill, and dug away at physics and mathematics on the street-cars. The wife kept up with him in her duties at home. In the evening they worked and studied together at their special hobby, astronomy.

The fact that the Brashears had no money to buy a telescope was no permanent obstacle — they went to work to make one instead. They set up a little shop, with a tiny engine and a a lathe. Together they made the tubes and ground the lenses, husband and wife working side by side, she hardly less deft than he. Every evening, after his ten-hour grind at the rolling-mill was over, John Brashear hurried up the hill to his home on the South Side, to find his shop in order, the engine cleaned and oiled, with steam up, ready for the evening's work. First came a wash up, with very careful attention to his hands and nails, for lens-grinding is delicate work and some particle of dust or grime from the mills might have fallen on the polisher and ruined the glass. He used even resolutely to wash his hair every night, no matter how tired he was, to avoid any risk of this kind. Then, supper over, he ground and polished and tested till midnight, till one, till two o'clock in the morning; then a hurried tumble into bed, a few hours' sleep, and up, when the five-o'clock whistle blew, for another day's toil at the mill, and another happy evening in the little shop.

They Ground for Three Years on One Lens

Three years they spent on their first five-inch glass. When it was nearly done, Brashear, then a man past thirty, wrapped the precious object in a red bandanna handkerchief, and carried it across the river and up the hill to the Allegheny Observatory, to get the advice of Langley, who was then director, as to the final corrections to be made upon the glass. When at last the telescope was done, he and his wife set it up in the attic of their little house, and, having cut a hole in the roof, invited their friends and neighbors in to have a look at the planet Saturn.

But the Brashears were ambitious: having a five-inch glass, they now aspired to a twelve. Up to this time, the largest telescopes had always been of the reflecting type, in which a concave parabolic mirror takes the place of a con-



JOHN A. BRASHEAR

vex and concave lens; and for various practical reasons the Brashears chose this form, grinding and polishing the reflecting surface on a heavy glass plate, and planning to coat the face with a film of silver, after a method then just invented.

It took two years to do the grinding, polishing, and correcting. Then came the silvering. They warmed the glass to make it ready for the metal film — and the glass broke.

It was a pretty discouraged man who went to his work in the rolling-mill next day. "Never mind," said the gallant wife; "we'll make the next one better"; and, when Brashear came home that evening, he found the steam up, and a new piece of glass in the lathe, ready for him to begin work again.

What can a man not do who has such a wife! This time the grinding and silvering went through to completion. The amateur observatory boasted a telescope as large as those of some famous observatories. Mr. Brashear has always said that the larger share of the credit for any success that has come to him belongs to his wife. She was never discouraged, even under the darkest disappointments, and always gave him help at the time when he most needed it.

MRS. BRASHEAR AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-ONE
FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN DURING THE YEARS WHEN THEY WERE BUILDING THEIR COTTAGE AND THEIR FIRST WORKSHOP

After Twenty-one Years of Drudgery Brashear Gets Out of the Rolling-Mill

This proved to be the turning-point in Brashear's career. The mirrors of a telescope have to be resilvered every few months; and the amateur instrument-maker soon became so skilful at this that Langley, appreciating the advantage of having this sort of work done almost at his doors, soon began to intrust Brashear with the instruments of the Allegheny Observatory. At about the same time, certain astronomical articles that Brashear wrote for the local papers attracted the attention of Mr. William Thaw, who was a patron of the observatory and had already given many thousands of dollars toward furthering Langley's work there. He too saw the advantage to the institution of having a competent instrument-maker close at hand, and he advanced Brashear the necessary capital to move to Allegheny and set up a shop there.

In the meantime, Brashear's purely scientific work had begun to attract attention, especially a detailed study of one of the moon's craters, Plato, which was part of an investigation carried on simultaneously by many observers all over the world, under the direction of a committee of the Royal Astronomical Society, to determine whether there are any changes taking place on the surface of our satellite. Brashear, unlike most amateur astronomers, had never made his telescope a diversion or a toy; it was the tool of serious investigation. The reward of years of hard study came, at last, in the form of an appointment in the University of Western Pennsylvania, of which the Allegheny Observatory was a department. In the university and the optical shop, Brashear, after twenty-one years in the rolling-mill, was free to follow the work he loved.

Brashear and Langley

Langley, who had been at the Allegheny Observatory almost since its foundation in 1859, had from the beginning made it famous throughout the world by his studies of the sun. He had invented a marvelously delicate instrument, the bolometer, and about 1880 was engaged in studying the sun's heat rays — the same sort of ray that the Martians, in Mr. Wells' tale, used in a search-light to set on fire distant cities and shrivel up whole armies of earth-folk. This work of Langley's, of the greatest theoretical importance, is likely to have much practical value also.

Oddly enough, these powerful heat rays do not pass easily through glass; so that Langley had to make his lenses and prisms of rock salt. These he had made in Paris, and as soon as their surfaces became dim from moisture, back they went to Paris again to be repolished. The journey took weeks, while not infrequently, in

spite of hermetically sealed cases, the apparatus would come back as useless as it went out.

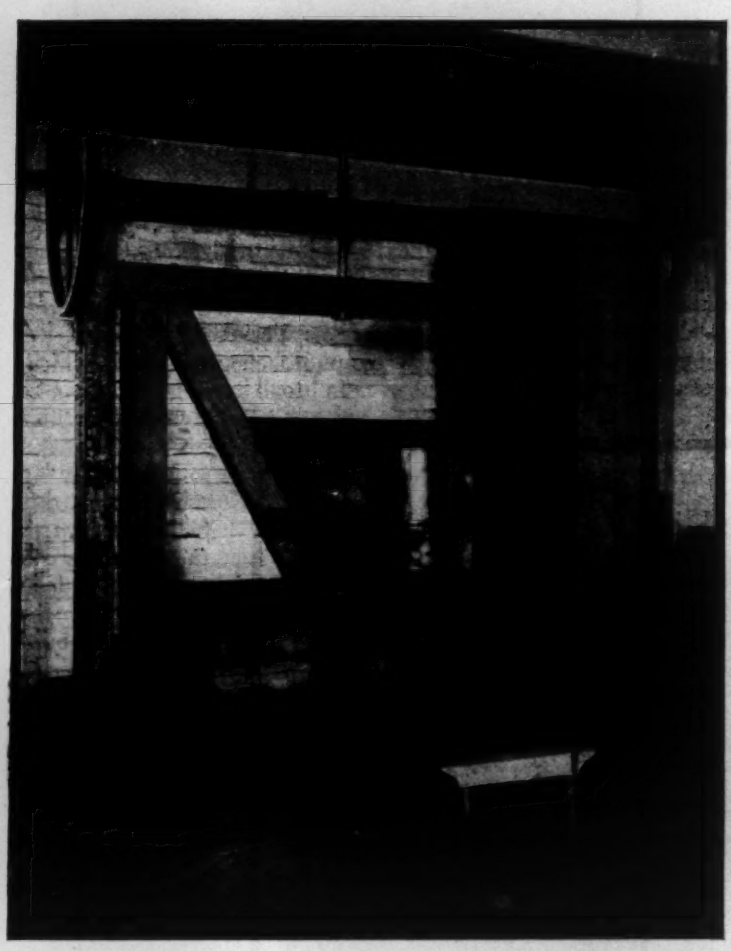
Langley, in desperation at the delays, let Brashear try his hand at this work. Almost at once he reached the standard of the Paris opticians. Soon he surpassed it. In time he was making lenses and prisms of salt, of a quality comparable with those of the best optical glass. He devised new methods; he imported some extraordinary salt crystals from the mines of Poland; and whereas before Brashear's day the largest salt prisms were two inches on a side, and a three-inch prism was absolutely beyond possibility, he, in a few years, ran the size up to five and a half inches; while Langley and his staff, instead of having to wait two months for their apparatus to come back from Paris, sent it off after breakfast and got it back by noon. With the rock-salt lenses and prisms, and by the use of the bolometer, Langley also discovered that it was not the light rays that come from the sun that make life possible upon the earth, but the dark radiations or long waves that are conserved by the earth's atmosphere, thus conserving the heat as a blanket conserves the heat of the body on a cold winter night. From this classic research he gave us the axiom that, given a proper atmosphere to conserve the longer waves from the sun, any planet in the solar system may in time be fit for organic life.

MRS. BRASHEAR AS A GIRL
FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN AT BROWNSVILLE JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

The modern scientific man, especially the modern student of astronomy or physics, is almost at the mercy of his instrument-maker. The day has gone when a clock and a telescope equipped an observatory. Nowadays, each institution has its special field of work, and its special equipment of expensive and delicate instruments. Each new discovery, of late years, has meant that somebody has devised and somebody built a new piece of apparatus.

Some of Brashear's Wonderful Instruments

The scientific world was quick to recognize that in John A. Brashear it had an instrument-maker of great ingenuity and skill. Pickering of Harvard needed a large prism of quartz — and got one which is still the largest in the world. Hale, director of the Yerkes Observatory, devised his spectro-photoheliograph, with which, at any time, even in broad daylight, more can be seen of the sun's surface than used to be got by an eclipse expedition half way round the world. Brashear assisted in working out the design, and built the instrument, as well as the optical parts of another like it for Deslandres in Paris. The great Mills spectroscope at the Lick Observatory was designed and constructed in his workshop. With this instrument Campbell made out the drift of the solar system through space. Brashear, too, made the instrument with which Lowell's assistant at Flagstaff claims to have found water vapor in the atmosphere of the planet Mars, and so has made an important contribution to Lowell's contention that a race of civilized beings inhabits our neighboring world. With still another of Brashear's spectroscopes, Keeler, who succeeded Langley at the Allegheny Observatory, by a series of spectro-photographic studies of wonderful delicacy, proved, in 1895, that the inner portions of Saturn's rings are traveling faster than the outer, and that the rings are therefore not continuous bodies of any sort, but are swarms of meteorites, each one going its own gait. With a Brash-



TESTING APPARATUS FOR DETECTING ERRORS OF CURVATURE IN THE LENSES COMPOSING AN OBJECT-GLASS. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN BY FLASHLIGHT, AS THE APPARATUS IS KEPT IN AN UNDERGROUND APARTMENT TO EXCLUDE LIGHT AND AIR-CURRENTS AND SECURE AN UNVARYING TEMPERATURE

ear instrument, also, Keeler made some of the first accurate measurements of the radical velocities of binary stars, on the principle that a star coming toward the earth will have its light waves slightly shifted toward the blue end of the spectrum, and the light waves of a star receding from the earth will be slightly shifted toward the red — just as the pitch of a locomotive's whistle changes as it moves toward the hearer or away from him.

The astronomical photographic telescope has been developed in the Brashear workshop to a degree of efficiency not dreamed of in the earlier days of astronomical photography. Bond of Cambridge, who was, perhaps, the first to take photographs of the stars, expressed the hope that eventually it would be possible to secure stars of the seventh magnitude on the photographic plate. So great has been the development in this direction that stars of the seventeenth magnitude have been taken, which are twenty-five times fainter than those of the seventh magnitude. The magnificent work of Barnard in America and of Dr. Wolf in Germany has been epoch-making in character. The beautiful star fields of Barnard, with their rifts and lanes, have opened new vistas in the stellar universe; and Wolf has discovered two hundred new minor planets revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter — both men having done their great work with astronomical cameras made at the "little workshop on the hill."

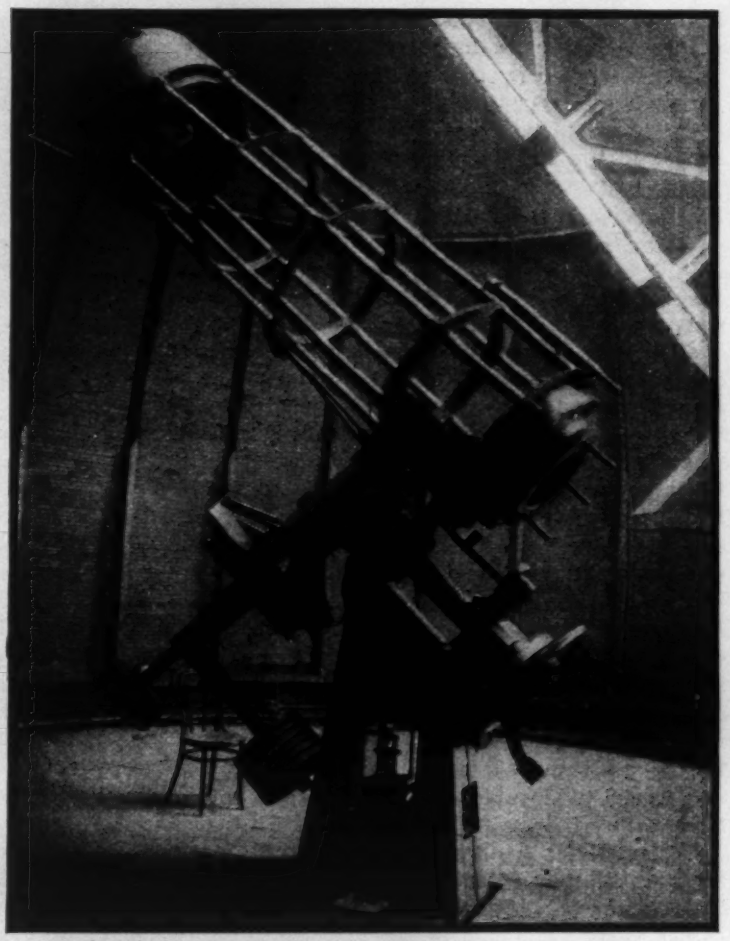
In fact, there have been in America, in the present generation, but few really great makers of optical instruments, except the late Alvan Clark & Sons* of Cambridge, who have made many of the world's best telescopes, and John A. Brashear, who has made the astronomical spectroscopes and cameras. Each, to be sure, has covered the entire field. To recount, in full, the work of either would be to give a history of the "new astronomy"; without the work of both, that history could not have been what it is.

Mirrors that Show New Lines in the Spectrum

Among the famous products of the Brashear shop are the plates made for the famous "ruled gratings" devised by the late Dr. Rowland of Johns Hopkins. The simplest of these ruled gratings are flat mirrors, about the size of a large shaving-glass, with a band of fine scratches down the middle. They do not look remarkable in any way, but they are among the most delicate optical instruments made, and they are now used everywhere for spectroscopic work instead of prisms. One of these mirrors breaks up a ray of sunlight into a spectrum of great length, shows new bands that were not known to

* Now continued by Mr. Carl Lundin.

be there before, and gives an absolutely faithful diagram; whereas the prism always falsified by crowding the lines at one end of the spectrum. The mirrors, or plates, on which the rulings are scratched, are made of tin and copper. They are much more brittle than the most delicate glass, and on this account they are extremely difficult to handle and shape. Then, they must be absolutely flat; there must not be, anywhere on the surface, a variation of one millionth of an inch.



A THIRTY-INCH CASSEGRAIN REFLECTING TELESCOPE, DESIGNED FOR USE WITH A LARGE SPECTROGRAPH TO STUDY THE PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL CONSTITUTION OF THE STARS AND NEBULAE, AS WELL AS THEIR MOTION AWAY FROM OR TOWARD OUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM

The Heat from the Human Body Would Destroy These Delicate Surfaces

When these flat mirrors were finished, they were sent to Dr. Rowland, who then proceeded to scratch the fine marks, or "rulings," on the bright surface. He had devised a very wonderful method of doing this. The marking had to be done in a subterranean chamber surrounded by double thicknesses of walls and closely sealed, and it had to be done without the presence of a human agent, as the heat from a living body would distort the surface of the mirror, cause waves of expansion to run over it, and, for the time being, quite destroy the flatness of surface which had cost Mr. Brashear and his men such pains to achieve. This, then, was how Dr. Rowland ruled his plates. In this underground room he had built a machine run by a water motor. This machine consists of a bed upon which a carriage is moved by an extremely delicate screw. On this carriage the plate to be ruled was placed, under a bridge upon which a secondary carriage carries a diamond point held in an arm pivoted so delicately that the diamond will barely touch the brittle surface of the plate beneath. Having placed the plate under this arm with the diamond point, the operator went out and shut the chamber, so that not a particle of air of different temperature could enter. When the mirror had had time to recover from the disturbance caused by the heat from the operator's hands, when it had regained its beautiful "flatness" to the millionth of an inch, the motor outside was started, and the plate was left alone on the carriage, to move slowly back and forth under the diamond point, for fifty-six hours for the larger plates. In order that this motion might be constant, never faster or slower, the water-tank of the motor was kept always overflowing, so that the pressure that drove the engine would be always the same. When, after fifty-six hours, the operator stopped his motor and opened the room, he took out a mirror with exactly twenty thousand scratches per inch upon its surface, all of exactly the same length and depth, and all the same distance apart. Twenty thousand scratches per inch means that there would be about sixty lines in a space as wide as a hair!

This mirror was now one of the "ruled gratings" that have superseded prisms in the study

of the spectrum. But the flat grating just described is by no means so difficult to make or to rule as the concave gratings which are used for certain special studies of light, and which are made at the Brashear shop and ruled by the same wonderful engine at Johns Hopkins.

A Present to John Tyndall

It was one of these "ruled gratings," by the way, which Mr. Brashear took in a plush box over to John Tyndall, when the great scientist lay sick of his last illness. In his letter of acknowledgment — which Mr. Brashear carefully preserves — Tyndall describes the instrument as "the gift, princely in a scientific sense, which you have sent me." This letter is dated Hind Head House, Haslemere, May 14, 1892, and was written some months before Tyndall was accidentally given the overdose of chloral from which he died. This was by no means Brashear's first letter from Tyndall. When he was a young man working in the rolling-mills and studying by himself, he came up against certain problems in the theory of light waves which no one could explain to him. At last, finding no help near at hand, he sat down and wrote to Tyndall himself. He did not have to wait long for an answer. In Tyndall's last letter to Brashear, quoted above, he says: "Surely I am richly repaid for any little kindnesses I may have shown you in earlier years."

Another product of the little Allegheny shop must not be passed over. There is no possible doubt that the microscope has now just about reached the limit of its development. The difficulties that the maker now encounters arise, not from any errors of calculation or of grinding, but from the inherent nature of light itself. The limit of vision with any conceivable microscope has been reached when the light waves themselves begin to get in one another's way and the objects become too small to cast a shadow. To Michelson of Chicago University, however, it occurred to utilize this very "interference" of the light waves which has put an end to any higher magnifications with the microscope, to construct his famous interferometer, which begins where the microscope leaves off, and is almost as much more sensitive than the microscope as the latter is more sensitive than the unaided eye. While Michelson's instrument does not see, in the sense of a microscope, nevertheless it does its work with an accuracy incomparably greater than that of any other instrument ever devised.

Surfaces Accurate to the Millionth of an Inch

The International Bureau of Weights and Measures, whose headquarters are in Paris, appealed to Michelson to employ his new invention to determine the number of wave lengths of light in the international standard meter, and thus fix for all time, beyond any possibility of error, this most fundamental standard. Michelson promised to do this, provided he could find somebody who could grind his optical surfaces with such accuracy that there would nowhere be an error as great as one twentieth of the wave lengths he was to measure. With all the world to choose from, he turned to Brashear; and Brashear did it.

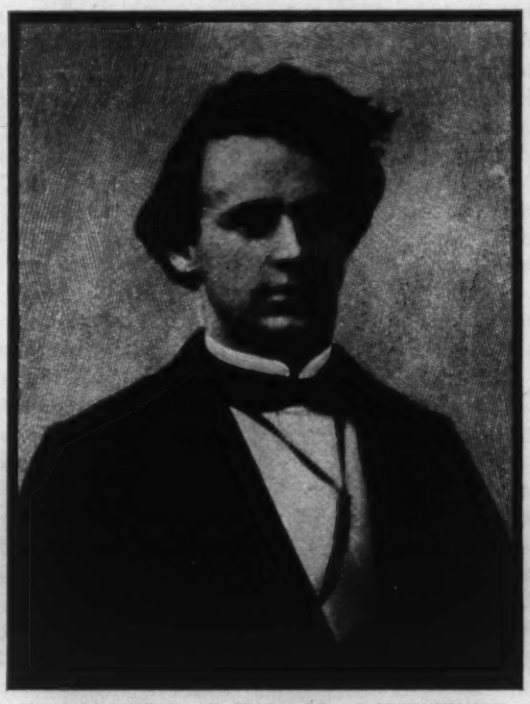
It is well worth while to turn aside for a moment to consider just what it was that this incomparable mechanic succeeded in doing. An ordinary carpenter works to within a sixteenth of an inch; a cabinet-maker keeps within a thirty-second. The finest scale that can be read with the unaided eye is graduated to one hundredth of an inch, which is about five times the diameter of an ordinary human hair. Roughly, then, a "hair's breadth" is one five hundredth of an inch, and manufacturers of ball bearings claim an accuracy of about this order. The wave length of green light is not far from one fifty thousandth of an inch; that is to say, it takes one hundred such light waves to stretch across a hair. Brashear's contract with Michelson called for work accurate to one twentieth of this distance. The world's standard of length, which has been kept double-locked in a vault underground, and inspected only once in ten years, can now be left lying around anywhere, since it was so accurately determined by Michelson that it is now known to be just 1,553,163.5 times the length of the light waves of the red light of cadmium vapor.

One might go on at almost any length, recounting the triumphs of physics, terrestrial and astronomical, in which Brashear had a part. Michelson's wonderful apparatus for the study of the ether drift was furnished by him with the delicately accurate plane parallel glass plates necessary for so difficult a study. In his workshop were also perfected the curved plate cameras designed by Wadsworth, which cover about eight times as wide a field of stars as the ordinary astronomical camera.

Langley the Pioneer of Aviators

Not least important, just at the present time, was his work with Langley on mechanical flight. Langley — though he "arrived" early, and was

a famous man when Brashear was an unknown machinist in the rolling-mill — was only six years Brashear's senior, and the two formed an enduring friendship. Pretty much all of our knowledge of heavier-than-air flying-machines goes back to Langley. Not only did he build the first aëroplane that actually flew: he also determined the conditions under which any such machine ever will fly. Langley, in short, discovered the conditions of flight. He showed that, if a machine were ever to fly, it would have to have such and such wing area, such and such torque at the motor, such and such thrust on the fans. All that has been done since has been to find the most practicable form in which to embody Langley's theory, to build the apparatus within Langley's weight line, to invent the little practical devices that keep the machine right side up, and to find the nerve and skill to operate them. On this problem Langley and Brashear worked together, the one attacking the scientific problem, the other making the apparatus to work it out. The first machine that ever flew, however, Brashear did not build. That came after Langley went to Washington to the highest official scientific position in America, the directorship of the Smithsonian Institution.



JOHN BRASHEAR AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE AS A BOY BRASHEAR LEARNED THE TRADE OF PATTERN-MAKING. HE MARRIED AT TWENTY-ONE, AND WENT TO WORK IN A PITTSBURGH ROLLING-MILL, APPARENTLY SETTLED FOR LIFE

Never, in any of his work — some of it truly epoch-making — has Brashear been simply the mechanic, however incomparable in skill, whose task has been merely to carry out the directions of other men. Always has he been the consultant, the expert adviser, who could criticize, modify, improve the project of the man of science, and make it work. He has always, as he says, cared more for an interesting discovery made with one of his instruments than for the check he got for it. Himself a working astronomer, he has built his instruments with an eye to their practical efficiency. Michelson's apparatus at Paris, once adjusted, could be worked by an intelligent schoolboy. Quite aside from the important work which without Brashear's aid might not yet have been done at all, it is not too much to say that the little time-saving details of Brashear's instruments have added years to the working lives of some of the great masters of astronomical science.

The demand for scientific instruments of the highest quality is insistent; the men who are capable of making them are few. Inevitably the "little shop on the hill" promptly outgrew one man's capacity. Shortly after Brashear's removal to Allegheny, the little daughter who had grown up during the rolling-mill days married James B. McDowell; and he, being both a good business man and a consummate optician, joined his father-in-law in forming the John A. Brashear Company, Limited, which is, therefore, their joint creation. Now there is a grandson in the firm, and another in the shop; while the plant, fitted out with all sorts of labor-saving machines, employs a score or more of workmen and assistants.

Lenses that Cost $40,000 Each

There is only one other shop in the country — that of the Clarks at Cambridge — where work of the same grade is done. Should you like a mirror "corrected to one fifth sodium light wave," that is to say, to the two hundred and fifty thousandth of an inch, one of five inches in diameter can be had for thirty-five dollars. If you aspire to one of equal quality three yards across, it will cost you forty-five hundred dollars. Really accurate mirrors, true to the twentieth and thirtieth of the wave length, are not carried in stock, but have to be made to order. Spectroscopes with Rowland gratings are comparatively cheap — three or four thousand dollars for the largest sizes. Objectives list at forty thousand dollars for the largest size, thirty-six inches — the

customer is supposed to know that when he has paid his forty thousand, the great Yerkes glass will be the only larger one ever made, and his will be mate to the Lick. As for reflecting telescopes, the firm lists them up to forty inches, and offers to grind the mirrors of any dimensions, up to a foot larger than any yet in existence.

Spectroscopes are rather a specialty, and the firm has made them for West Point, McGill University at Montreal, the Royal University of Ireland, Cambridge University, and the observatories at Magdeburg, Paris, and Turin. Double-tube cameras for astronomical photography, costing into the five figures, another specialty of the company, have gone to Ottawa, Mexico, Argentina, Tokio, the new Royal Observatory at Brussels, and Heidelberg. With the latter instrument, Max Wolf, who first introduced the method of searching for asteroids by means of a camera, added two hundred more to the catalogue of these somewhat inconveniently numerous bodies. Brashear instruments, of one sort and another, are in use in every State in the American Union, and in the chief observatories of England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, China, Japan, the Cape of Good Hope, and Syria.

Yet the Brashear works have never been a commercial enterprise, like several optical factories that I might name, which turn out large numbers of instruments of respectable quality and all alike. In fact, one of the few ventures of a commercial sort has been the making of the optical parts of the range-finders which our navy used during the Spanish war. The question how far the possession of the most accurate range-finders yet made contributed to the brevity of a certain naval engagement I leave to the reader's judgment.

In general, the Brashear Company has devoted itself to apparatus for special work, constructed to order and never exactly duplicated. Such work can never be highly profitable. More than once it has happened that the completed instrument, in addition to unstinted time and pains, has actually cost the firm three and four times the price they got for it. But what of it? Science expects this sort of thing of her servants.

I have already suggested that the great instrument-makers of the world have been not only persons of the highest mechanical skill, but men of insight as well. In no particular, perhaps, does this appear more strikingly than in this, that Zeiss in Germany and Brashear in America knew when the time had come for optics to drop empiricism and become mathematical. What Abbe did in one country, Professor Charles S. Hastings of Yale has done in the other. There is no guessing at the Brashear work — no hoping that things will come out right, and changing them when they are not, as was the custom in the days of rule-of-thumb. When the glass for an important piece of work comes into the shop, a sample goes at once to Dr. Hastings, who is one of the world's first authorities on mathematical optics. He determines all the optical properties of the specimen, and he computes the curves for a set of lenses made from that particular piece of glass and none other. To such refinement have Brashear and Hastings carried the art.

A Bar of Glass "Absolutely Straight" Would Cost $200,000

One could fill an entire number of this magazine with an account of the instruments that have been made at the Brashear works, or which are now under way. They range between lenses for high-power telescopic eyepieces hardly larger than a pinhead, to an objective with the enormous focal length of seven thousand feet. Among the instruments made by them is a gigantic binocular, the lenses nearly four inches across and the tubes thirty inches long. There is also a mariner's spy-glass, designed by Commander Fish of the United States Navy, which the ancient mariner, instead of holding unsteadily at arm's length, as has been the custom heretofore, is to support vertically close to his body, while he looks through a hole in the side. The shop has turned out lenses and prisms, not only of glass, of quartz, and of salt, but of hard rubber, calcite, obsidian, and even gold, since each of these substances is transparent to some special kind of ray. The head of the firm was once approached by a prospective customer who wanted a bar of glass a yard long and ***absolutely straight***. Mr. Brashear demurred at absolute straightness, but would come as near to it as he could for two hundred thousand dollars! Then followed a lecture on the meaning of absolute accuracy, at the end of which the customer concluded that his needs were amply met by a ruler straight to the sixty-fourth of an inch, and priced at forty dollars.

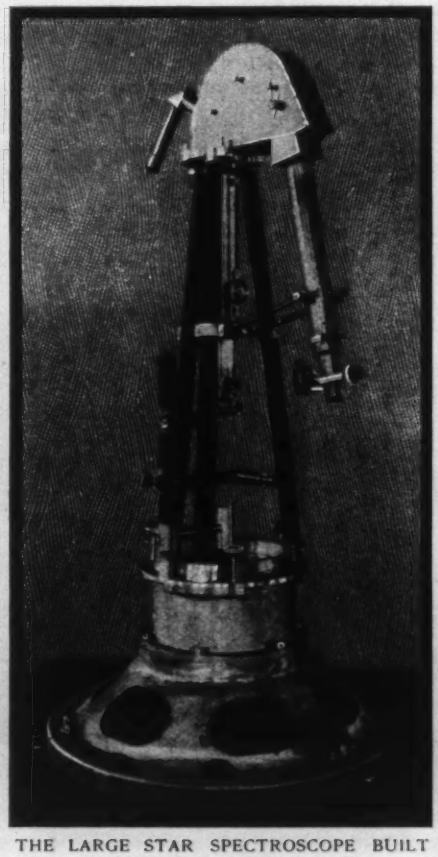
Two objects in particular ought not to be passed over, since each is of its sort first in the world — the thirty-inch plane mirror used in testing for flat surfaces, and the great driving wheel of the new thirty-inch telescope now under construction for the Allegheny Observatory.

The Flattest Surface in the World

The first of these is probably the flattest solid body of its size known to science. Every portion of its surface has been proved to the

twentieth part of a wave length of sodium light, so that its error is less than the millionth part of an inch, or the two thousandth part of the diameter of a hair. Yet, even this mirror is not flat. Brashear will tell you: "It is part of a sphere the size of the moon." In other words, even in this flattest of known bodies there is enough curvature so that, if this disk were as large as the moon, it would be, not a flat plane, but a sphere. If a man walks slowly in front of it, as it hangs in a leathern strap in its underground chamber, the mere warmth of his body will alter the mirror's radius of curvature by a distance equal to that between Pittsburgh and New York!

When an objective is apparently all finished, then the real work on it begins. The new glass is set up in front of the test plane, just described, in a room where this temperature is constant. It is then tested by a ray from an "artificial star." The "artificial star" ray is made by surrounding an ordinary acetylene lamp by a high tin fender. A tiny hole in the tin allows a little thread of light to escape. This mere pinpoint of light, one hundredth of an inch in diameter, is turned on the new lens, passes through it, is reflected from the test plane behind it, passes back again through the lens, and is brought once more to focus close behind the tiny hole, or "artificial star," through which it originally came. The eye placed at this focus and made sensitive by the darkness sees every defect in the lens enormously exaggerated. If, as one studies the lens from this focus, Mr. Brashear rests his finger-tips upon the lens long enough to count five, and quickly withdraws them, one sees that even that brief contact has left four welts, or mounds, on the surface of the glass. In reality, of course, the warmth from his fingers has expanded the glass by an amount almost inconceivably minute—too small to be measured and only to be guessed at by hundred thousandths of an inch. But to the observer, watching from his focus by the "artificial star," four hillocks have been pulled up in the glass, and these spread out and grow fainter as the heat from the four finger-tips held there for an instant diffuses itself throughout the glass and grows fainter. With a large lens, five hours must elapse before this molecular disturbance subsides sufficiently for the testing to go on. A glass is complete when, after months of correction under the skilful hands of Mr. McDowell, a trial with the plane mirror and artificial star reveals no defects.



THE LARGE STAR SPECTROSCOPE BUILT FOR PERCIVAL LOWELL TO USE IN DETERMINING WHETHER THERE IS WATER VAPOR IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF MARS

This unique test plane is one illustration of a considerable variety of valuable apparatus, made of course, in their own shop, which the Brashear Company does not sell, but keeps for its own use. The driving wheel of the Allegheny telescope will show the pains they take with each mechanical detail.

The Most Accurate Wheel Ever Cut

This is the wheel on which the clock that drives the telescope will work to keep the instrument fixed steadily on one point in the heavens, in spite of the turning of the earth. Now, the telescope itself will be forty-six feet long, and will weigh nearly three tons, even without its thousand-pound and six-foot spectroscope. The driving clock will be as accurate as a good watch. The wheel, which is the bond between the two, must partake of the solidity of the one and the precision of the other. This great wheel, six feet in diameter, was split in two like a pancake, and its teeth cut with the utmost care. The two halves were then rotated on one another, so that new half teeth came together, and the wheel once more ground with fine emery. Then another shift and another grinding—until, after many repetitions of the process, when the two sections of the wheel were finally bolted together, the greatest error in the spac-

ing of the teeth proved to be less than the thousandth of an inch. This is one of the largest driving wheels for a telescope ever made, and perhaps the most accurate wheel of its size for any purpose ever cut. As a result of this sort of work, the completed telescope will be among the handiest and most easily managed of all great instruments.

In spite, however, of these truly remarkable achievements, the Brashear Company has no patents and no secrets. Whatever it has accomplished it has freely given to the world. There is nothing in the Allegheny shop which anybody may not see. It is the boast of the firm that no amateur, even though he were but a boy trying to make a spy-glass out of a pair of spectacles, has ever sought help and not received it abundantly.

This high success, due to no adventitious circumstance, Mr. Brashear himself attributes to the assistance of his friends, to the skill of his partner, Mr. McDowell, and to the expertness and the loyalty of his associates, many of whom have come up from boyhood in the works. One may well believe that friends, partners, assistants have all contributed their part. Yet the fact remains that there are certain heaven-born geniuses, inventors, poets, soldiers, men of affairs, who do as a matter of course things that the rest of us can by no possibility do at all.

MR. McDOWELL MEASURING THE RADIUS OF CURVATURE OF A THIRTY-INCH LENS WITH A SPHEROMETER BY WHICH AN ERROR OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSANDTH OF AN INCH CAN BE DETECTED

I should, however, be giving a fundamentally wrong impression of John A. Brashear if I left my reader with the idea that Mr. Brashear is simply one of the great instrument-makers of the world, and nothing more. While the scientific world knows him as the man who did for the telescope and its accessories what Carl Zeiss did for the microscope and its accessories, Pittsburgh knows him first of all as a good citizen.

Keeler's Ashes Rest in His Old Telescope

Naturally enough, the famous old Allegheny Observatory has been his special pet. For years he has been chairman of its governing board. Twice, when a director has been promoted to another field, Dr. Brashear — to give him his proper title — has dropped into the gap and kept the institution at its work for a year or two until a new head could be discovered and installed. After Keeler had become head of the Lick Observatory, and died there, and his ashes were brought back to Allegheny for burial, it was his friend Brashear who sealed them up in their last resting-place — a hollow in the supporting pillar of the thirty-inch reflector which is Keeler's memorial.

In one respect the Allegheny institution is unique. No other working observatory takes anything like the pains to interest the general public in astronomy. The project is Dr. Brashear's, and for years he carried it alone. Five nights a week, the old twelve-inch infractor, which the original Allegheny Telescope Association bought by popular subscription before 1860, is at the service of the public, with an assistant to handle it. If the night is cloudy, the visitors repair to a lecture-room in the observatory, equipped for this special purpose, and view an exhibition of the best astronomical photographs to be seen anywhere. For Dr. Brashear himself is the personal friend of half the astronomers of the world. He has built the best of their photographic apparatus, and he watches the performance of each of his instruments as a parent watches the career of his child. If one of these instruments, anywhere on earth, picks up anything new or important or interesting, a copy of the plate goes at once to the maker — and the amateur of Pittsburgh gets the benefit.

Admission to these meetings is free, but the tickets are all taken up months ahead. Dr. Brashear himself occasionally gives the descriptive lecture. Usually the speaker is one of the observatory staff; not infrequently the lecturer is a man from the Brashear shop.

Pittsburgh—A City of Youth

We are inclined just now to think of Pittsburgh as the subject of the Pittsburgh *Survey* — very accurate, very dreadful, and very misleading. In how many cities can any citizen view the heavens with a twelve-inch glass which his fellow citizens have bought for that express purpose? In how many does a mechanic, after a day at the lathe, change his overalls for the conventional garments of civilization and lecture on one of the most erudite of sciences, before an audience that has waited three months for the chance to hear him at all? If Pittsburgh has not always been specially well governed, if she has not immediately assimilated a horde of Oriental and semi-barbarous peoples, nor housed them much better than they were housed at home, the defect is neither from indifference nor insensibility. A city that is making the most of its strong youth has no time to sit down and figure out the ideal plumbing for a tenement-house. Pittsburgh is filled with industry, power, the love of doing great things; and she has the defects of her virtues.

There is another city besides the Pittsburgh of the *Survey* — a Scotch-Irish and German Pittsburgh, never better symbolized than by the bronze figure at the corner of the Allegheny Library — a young workman, his hammer by his side, seated on his anvil, with a book across his knees. This is the Greater Pittsburgh which ten years ago had sixty thousand persons who had paid tuition in the correspondence schools of Scranton. And, because this Pittsburgh was already doing its best to better its condition, Andrew Carnegie gave it twenty millions for an Institute and Technical School.

Of this great fund, Dr. Brashear has been not only a trustee from the beginning, but, in addition, the special confidant of the giver. He knows the common people of Pittsburgh as few other persons know them. No other man has to such a degree the confidence and the affection of all classes. He knows personally many of the students in the Carnegie schools, and when he addresses the student body, as he occasionally does, the assembly room cannot contain the throng.

Within the year, an anonymous donor, known only to Dr. Brashear, has given two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a permanent fund for the improvement of the common schools of Greater Pittsburgh. The immediate result was that in the summer of 1910 seventy teachers had their expenses paid at the summer schools of various American universities. From 1901 to 1904, to fill in a gap, Dr. Brashear was the Acting Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, which has a thousand students. He has done more for education, it is said in Pittsburgh, than any other three men in the region.

Moreover, he is one of a committee of the Pittsburgh Academy of Science, which is carrying forward the most promising attempt yet made anywhere to apply practically the principles of scientific eugenics. In a land of "tonnage men" who turn out large quantities of a crude product, he has shown that accuracy is itself educational, whether it has to do with the niceties of distance and figures, or with the niceties of language of the more conventional training. His life illustrates what every industrial center needs to keep in mind — Dr. Eliot's doctrine that anything supremely well done contributes to a liberal education.

To be just, this article ought to concern itself as much with Mrs. Brashear's life as with that of her husband. Six months ago — about a month after this article was written — Phoebe Stewart Brashear died, after fourteen years of invalidism. It was during these fourteen years that her husband found opportunity to repay in some measure the help and devotion that she had given him from their youth on.

The Brashears began life poor, and they studied and worked out their way to success together. During the twenty-one years that Brashear worked in the rolling-mills, Mrs. Brashear kept the house and did the work, and was his shop assistant as well. She possessed no small degree of mechanical skill. In the later years, when her husband's name was known to scientists everywhere, she never lost touch with his work, and half her mind was always fixed on the shop. Even after the fall that caused her to become an invalid, Mrs. Brashear was always the animating spirit of the hospitable house where so many great astronomers and physicists — among them Sir William Thompson, Simon Newcomb, Kayser of Bonn, Wolf of Heidelberg, Deslandres of Paris, and Sir Robert Ball — have been entertained from time to time. In spite of pain and illness, the latter years of her life were unqualifiedly happy, and whoever met Mrs. Brashear could not help feeling the deep satisfaction and pleasure that she got, every day of her life, out of her husband's achievement. She had believed in him and in his future when he was an obscure workman, and she had lived to see the scientific world recognize what for so many years she alone had recognized. No man ever yet got perfect satisfaction out of his own achievement; but for Phoebe Brashear, looking back as she did over the long way that they had come, it is safe to say that the Brashears' success was unclouded.

GREAT CASES OF DETECTIVE BURNS

TRACKING ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITERS

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

"IT seems to be a popular belief that a successful detective must possess some mysterious power not given to the ordinary man," said William J. Burns, in discussing some of his great cases. "My contention has always been that we do not possess any such mysterious power, and that it is not needed for solving any of the problems that come to the detective of investigation. In order to succeed, the detective has only to exercise the same common sense and judgment that a business man applies to his affairs.

"As a matter of fact, *there are no mysteries.* Every criminal leaves a track. Sometimes it takes unusual effort to uncover this track, but there are always ways of finding it and of following it up to the proper solution of the crime.

"No matter how cleverly a crime has been planned, the criminal always leaves a trail that may lead to his detection. I have demonstrated this in every important investigation I have ever made.

"For example, most people believe that it is extremely difficult to locate the writer of an anonymous letter. As a matter of fact, it is usually a very simple process. For instance, some years ago, during the Boer War, Lord Pauncefote, then English Ambassador to this country, received in his mail, one day, an anonymous communication, written, evidently, by a very intelligent person who knew all the facts that had led up to the war. The letter concluded with the statement that if Lord Pauncefote did not stop the war within six months, the writer would go to Washington and kill him.

"The Ambassador immediately took the letter to the Secretary of State, the Hon. John Hay. Secretary Hay endeavored to calm his lordship as best he could, and said reassuringly, 'The matter will be referred at once to the Secret Service Division for investigation.'

"'To investigate what?' demanded his lordship.

"'Why, to find out who the writer is, of course.'

Lord Pauncefote Incredulous

"'Ridiculous!' sputtered his lordship. 'Find him? Why, he has not signed his name. He hasn't even put down where he is. Any one of a thousand people might have written it. How is any one to know?'

"'I'm unable, of course,' replied the Secretary, 'to state just what action the Secret Service will take. But they are very resourceful,' he added impressively, 'and they may be able, in some mysterious way, to locate the writer.'

"The distressed British Ambassador shook his head doubtfully, but the matter was referred to the Secret Service Division. Chief Wilkie wired to me at New York, where I happened to be, to come to Washington on the first train.

"When I arrived the matter was turned over to me for investigation. I left at once for Detroit, Michigan,— the anonymous letter had been mailed in Detroit,— and two days later wired Chief Wilkie that I had the writer, and asked what I should do with him.

"The Chief immediately turned the telegram over to Secretary Hay, who, in turn, notified the British Ambassador.

"I'll never get over being sorry that I couldn't see him when he got the news.

"'It's impossible!' he exclaimed.

"'No,' said the Secretary.

"'The man who wrote the letter?'

"'The man who wrote the letter.'

"'But in two days! This wonderful piece of work was accomplished in two days!' And the Ambassador's whole interest seemed to be, not in the letter-writer and whether or not he

"I WAS SATISFIED IN MY MIND THAT HE RECOGNIZED THE WRITING"

intended to carry out his threat, but in how the Secret Service had located him.

"'I'm sorry, but I'm not acquainted with the methods they used,' said the Secretary.

"'But would you be able to find out for me, Mr. Secretary?—for I'm really tremendously interested in how the man was located. It is a wonderful case; it reminds me very much of the work of Scotland Yard.'" (And here Burns smiled.)

"So the Secretary had the mysterious process unraveled as I'll unravel it for you.

Studying Disguised Handwriting

"To one who is accustomed to tracing the authorship of anonymous letters, it is a familiar fact that when a person undertakes to write an anonymous letter he starts out with the intention of disguising his handwriting, but that as he proceeds with his composition he unconsciously returns to his normal manner of writing. He may catch himself at this, and resume his disguised hand; but he is sure to incorporate some of his peculiar characteristics in the letter, through which it is possible to identify him. It was so in this case. We were able to determine, from an occasional joining of the words, which is peculiar to telegraph operators, that the writer was probably an operator.

"When I reached Detroit, I called upon one of the telegraph companies; and at this point it may be noted how necessary it is to appear confident in order to succeed in securing the information one is after. When I presented a portion of the letter to the chief operator of the telegraph company, instead of asking him whether or not he could tell who the writer was from an examination of the handwriting, I made the bold statement that the writer of the letter was at that time in his employ. This at once had the effect of stimulating the chief operator in his endeavor to find out who the writer was. After making a careful examination of the letter, he admitted that there was a certain familiarity about the writing, but said he was sure the writer was not then employed by his company. I assured him, however, that he was mistaken, and stated that I would return later. I then visited the other telegraph company. Here I went through the same procedure, and I noted that the chief operator of this company, after he had carefully examined the handwriting, showed considerable surprise and amusement. I was satisfied in my mind that he recognized the writing, and I was very much chagrined, therefore, to have him turn to me and declare that, while the man might be in their employ, he did not recog-

nize the writing. All this took place in the presence of the manager of the company. I thanked the chief operator for his kindness in going over the matter, and we both left the presence of the manager, who expressed his regret that he was not able to locate the writer. Outside the manager's office, I turned to the chief operator and assured him that I had not been deceived by his statement that he did not know the identity of the writer. I told him that he did know, and that I knew he did. At this positive statement the chief operator appeared very much abashed, and promptly admitted that he did know the writer, but that he did not care to involve the man in so serious a matter.

"After some persuasion, he agreed to introduce me to the writer when he reported for work that evening. As you can imagine, I did not propose to sleep on the job, so I kept that particular office under surveillance until the man was located. I then wired Chief Wilkie that I had my man, and asked for instructions as to what I should do with him, supposing, of course, that he would be arrested for improper use of the mails. You may imagine my surprise when I received a telegram from the Chief stating that Lord Pauncefote did not desire to prosecute, and asking me to turn the man loose. The man, however, had not been placed under arrest.

"The Ambassador had lost interest in the matter as soon as he found that his life wasn't in danger, and wanted only to know how the wonderful mystery was unraveled.

"'What do you want to do with him?' the Ambassador was asked.

"'Do with him!' exclaimed his lordship. 'I want nothing to do with him!'

"'Do you want him prosecuted?'

"'Oh, no!' said his lordship. 'But I am intensely interested to know how they found him.'

"On receiving this information, I promptly directed the man to write a letter of apology to the Ambassador, and dropped the case.

The Trail of the Typewriter

"I told you," continued Mr. Burns, "about locating the writer of an anonymous letter in the California land-fraud cases." (See the February McClure's, page 387.) "We had several in those days, and one was especially interesting. It was a letter addressed to Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, in which the writer gave some valuable information concerning land frauds in Oregon. The Secretary sent for me.

"'Here's another anonymous letter, Mr. Burns,' he said. 'This one is from Boston.'

"I took the letter and read it.

"'Yes, this was mailed from Boston,' I said. 'It was sent there to be remailed, but it was written from the West. The letter indicates that the writer has an ax to grind, and it is this: he is giving information about certain people who are selecting lands in Oregon; unquestionably he has lands there himself and is being interfered with. Now, we will look at the plat and see who is interested in these Oregon lands.' In those days I was pretty well up on the details of the Western land question.

"We looked up the plat, and found that one man was buying lands in this vicinity when he could, and by the then popular methods of acquiring lands fraudulently from the government. I looked this man up, and found that he had an office in Chicago. I wrote a letter to him there, asking what he would take for certain lands that I knew he owned, and had it mailed from Portland, Oregon. He replied to me there, and the typewriting was just the same as that of the anonymous letter — written on a typewriter of the same make, and with a purple ribbon.

No Two Machines Write Alike

"It is well known that no two typewriters write exactly alike. An expert on typewriters can always distinguish the writing of one from that of another, as they all bear some peculiar defect.

"Meanwhile, the Secretary had told me the contents of a number of other anonymous letters of kindred import, which he had thrown away. So, all primed, I went to Chicago and called upon the man. I told him the Secretary had requested me to drop in and thank him for the information he had been sending.

"'What information?'

"'The information you gave him about the Oregon lands.'

"'You're William J. Burns, aren't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Would you mind telling me how the Secretary knew I'm the man who wrote those letters?'

"'No.'

"'How did the Secretary know I wrote them?'

"I told him.

"'May I ask how you knew?'

"'Yes, you may ask; but we are looking for information, not giving any.'

"'By Jove! that beats me. How on earth did you figure it out?'

"I pointed to the typewriter. Still he did not catch on, and I did not enlighten him.

"And there's a man," smiled Burns, "who will tell you what wonderful creatures detec-

tives are, and that their ways are mysterious beyond all understanding. He doesn't stop to think that, in these cases, the tracks are perfectly clear.

Government Secrets for Sale

"While we are on the subject of anonymous letters," he continued, "one of the most interesting and important ones I've ever come across was written just after the Spanish-American War. It was in that period when it was still undetermined what standing a person living in Cuba had as a citizen of the United States. A man by the name of Neely had been placed by the United States in charge of the Postal Department of Cuba, had robbed it of several hundred thousand dollars, had been arrested, and his case was then pending.

"The Department of Justice was called upon by the War Department, which was prosecuting the Neely case, to determine the strong and weak points of the government's side, and the matter was placed in the hands of the Hon. James M. Beck, then the chief assistant to the Attorney-General, who looked it up and wrote a very able brief. Just how valuable that brief would have been to Neely's attorney, you can imagine.

"And, one day, Neely's attorney, who was a prominent New York lawyer, received an anonymous letter asking if he would care to have a copy of the brief; the price named was a thousand dollars. He promptly called up the Attorney-General's office and told them of this letter. The office was thrown into a panic. It meant that some person in their employ, or in the Insular Division of the War Department, was ready to sell the secrets of the government.

"The Department of Justice immediately got into touch with the War Department, and, after a conference, the matter was referred to Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service Division. I was then wired to come in. Secretary of War Root had told Chief Wilkie that he would set aside fifty thousand dollars, if necessary, to run the matter to a successful conclusion; that he wanted to get the faithless employee in the War Department or whatever department he might be in.

"THE LETTER SAID THAT IF LORD PAUNCEFOTE DID NOT STOP THE WAR, THE WRITER WOULD GO TO WASHINGTON AND KILL HIM"

Watching the Post-Office

"We arranged a reply to the anonymous letter, and, through the New York attorney, had it mailed to the general delivery at Washington, D. C., according to the writer's instructions. I then took up a watch on the general delivery.

"The following morning, about nine o'clock, a short, stocky, smooth-faced man came to the post-office, walked in briskly, tapped his mail-box, took out a letter, and then, while apparently reading it, glanced around, sizing up the situation. 'My man!' thought I. The fellow walked out of the post-office, still reading his letter, and went down the street about forty yards. Then he turned, reëntered the post-office, and walked up and down the corridor until he had satisfied himself that everything was all right. Then, at last, he went up to the general delivery and asked for the letter under the assumed name given in the anonymous letter.

"He put it in his pocket, went to the door, and again looked about carelessly, but closely, to see if he was being watched. He walked out, looked up and down, went down the street a block, turned back again, and started on. By this time he was satisfied that he was not being shadowed. He tore the letter open,— it was one of acceptance,— and, tearing up the envelop, scattered the pieces in the street. After he read the letter he put it in his pocket, walked down Pennsylvania Avenue to Fifteenth Street,

"'MY MAN!' THOUGHT I"

and up Fifteenth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue. When he turned toward the War Department, it was plain where he was bound for. He hurried along, and, as he reached the door of the War Department, he stopped, turned, and looked about carefully to see whether he had been followed. He evidently felt perfectly safe, for he entered, and proceeded to the office of the Insular Division, which was then under Colonel (now General) Edwards. He went in, took off his hat, and sat down at a desk.

War Department Clerk the Traitor

"I reported to Chief Wilkie that I had the man. The Chief immediately called up the Department of Justice. That day Solicitor-General Richards was Acting Attorney-General. He at once came over to the Secret Service Division, and was told that the culprit belonged to the War Department. He, of course, was gratified to learn that he wasn't in the Attorney-General's office.

"We three immediately proceeded to the War Department.

"'I called to congratulate you, Mr. Secretary,' said Mr. Richards.

The Secretary felt very much pleased, for he thought he was being congratulated on not having the man in the War Department. Mr. Richards corrected this impression.

"'I congratulate you on having the man,' he said. 'Mr. Burns has located him.'

"'He is in the Insular Division,' said I.

"'I'll send for Colonel Edwards,' said the Secretary.

"After the Colonel had come, and been introduced, the Secretary handed him the anonymous letter that had been received by the New York attorney, wherein the writer agreed for a thousand dollars to furnish a copy of the brief written by Mr. Beck on the Neely case.

"'Do you know the handwriting?' asked the Secretary, as the Colonel glanced at the letter.

"'It looks familiar, but I can't say that I know it. May I read the letter?'

"'Yes, read it.'

"As the Colonel read it his face began to contract. He saw the purport of it.

"'Mr. Secretary, this is infamous, isn't it? You don't think we have anybody who would do that?'

"'I do. Mr. Burns will go and point out the man.'

"When we got out in the corridor Colonel Edwards stopped.

"'Don't point out that man to me,' he said, 'until I recover my composure. I think, if I should lay my hands on him now, I'd shake his head off.'

"Presently we went into the office. There were about twelve or fourteen clerks there, but not the man I wanted.

"'He's not here now,' I said.

"'Great God! It must be my private secretary.' He turned to one of the clerks.

"'Where is Mr. —— ?'

"'He has just gone down to the Record Division,' was the answer.

"'Well, Colonel, let's go down and find him,' I said.

"We went, and found the fellow talking to one of the clerks of that division. He was just saying, 'I'll see you later,' and then he turned and saw us. He immediately turned back and apparently continued his conversation.

"'We should not let him out of our sight,' I said to the Colonel.

"'I want you to go up to the Secretary's office with me,' said Colonel Edwards.

"The fellow didn't turn a hair, or give the slightest indication that he suspected what he was wanted for.

"When we arrived at the office, the Secretary was sitting at his desk, cold and austere, Chief Wilkie on one side and Solicitor-General Richards on the other. We came in with the fellow between us.

"'Mr. Secretary,' said the Colonel, 'this is Mr. ——, my private secretary.'

"'Mr. ——, will you be kind enough to read this?' said the Secretary, handing him the anonymous letter.

"The fellow took the letter and read it without the slightest tremor. It was one of those dashes which would have convinced almost any person, beyond a doubt, that he hadn't the slightest knowledge of the matter. He read the letter through.

"'I know nothing about this, Mr. Secretary.'

"'Did you ever see that letter before?'

"'Never in my life.'

"HE GLANCED ALL AROUND, SIZING UP THE SITUATION"

"The Secretary was plainly at the end of his string I turned to the fellow.

"'Let me have the letter you have in your inside coat pocket.'

"'What!' with an insulted scowl.

"I repeated, 'Let me have that letter you have in your inside pocket.'

"'I'll do nothing of the sort. Why should I give you any letter?'

"'Hand Mr. Burns the letter,' said the Secretary.

"'All right, Mr. Secretary,' and he handed it to me. I didn't open it.

"'You took this letter out of the post-office,' I said. 'You asked for it under the name of James H. Smith.'

"'Yes.'

"'This is the envelop you got it in?' I displayed the torn envelop, which I had carefully pasted together. He looked at it in astonishment. He turned it over.

"'Yes; that's the same envelop.'

"'This letter evidently is a reply to this one you know nothing about, isn't it?'

"'Yes.'

"'You wrote this letter, then, didn't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Mr. Secretary,' I said, 'I'll take this man home to get those papers he's so anxious to dispose of.'

"'All right, Mr. Burns,' replied the Secretary.

"We two walked out. His first question didn't lie close to the matter in hand.

"'How in hell did you get that envelop?'

"'Is that what you are most interested in?' I asked.

"'It is beyond my understanding,' he replied. 'I tore that thing up and threw it into the street. The wind was blowing, and I was satisfied that those pieces blew to kingdom come. And, anyway, you haven't had time to gather them up and paste them together.'

"'No,' I said, 'but we got them.' Then I turned to him. I had always been curious to know by what process of reasoning a man such as he, a hitherto honest, well-connected man, with a wife and children, could be prompted to take such a desperate chance in doing so despicable an act. Such cases are not infrequent.

"'Let me ask you something. What induced you to make this proposition?' I was impressed with his reply, in view of the fact that I had received the same answer from a man who had robbed the mint at Philadelphia of abrased coins — a man who had been a trusted employee there for sixteen years.

Low Salary and Discouragement Prompted His Crime

"'The government has not been treating me fairly,' he said. And he went on to explain that he felt that he was entitled to more money; that he had been recommended for promotion and had not got it; that he felt discouraged, and had become convinced that if he couldn't get his deserts from the government in the usual way, he was justified in getting them any way he could.

"We went into his house, and were met by his wife and two children, one a baby in arms, the other a child two or three years old.

"'You take a seat in the parlor,' said the poor fellow.

"'No; I'll go along with you.'

"'All right. I just came home to get some papers,' he added, to his wife.

"We went upstairs. He went to his trunk and pulled out the papers, and we returned to the War Department, where the four gentlemen were waiting for us. The Secretary stood him up and gave him one of the best lectures I ever heard in my life. I've never forgotten what he said.

"'I understand you have been a faithful employee, and that this is your first offense; that you are married and have children. Colonel Edwards has made a plea for you, and on that account I'll not make a charge against you. But you will be dismissed from the government service, and never again be permitted to return to it. I hope this will be a lesson to you as long as you live.'

"I took the poor fellow down, had his picture taken as a record against him if he ever came

"FINDING THE WORDS MISSPELLED IN THE SAME WAY, THE CASE WAS PERFECTLY COMPLETE"

back, and let him go. He was an honest man, — as humanity goes,— but the temptation was too great." And the detective devoted a moment of meditation to pitiful human frailty — the more pitiful when not accompanied by cleverness.

Criminals Ought to Spell Correctly

"To get back to the question of mysteries," said Mr. Burns, "the finding of writers of anonymous letters illustrates only a little of what I mean when I say there are no mysteries. I don't care what the case may be, every criminal leaves a track by which he may be traced.

"The criminal understands this after you get him, though he has made his plans ever so carefully; but he thinks that the next time he will not be caught. 'The next time' he will just as surely leave a track — of another kind, perhaps, but a track nevertheless. It all seems so simple — afterward. It always seems that the particular track left might have been avoided. For example, there was a very interesting feature in the land-frauds cases. United States Senator Mitchell of Oregon was convicted of participation in these frauds. Senator Mitchell's law partner, Judge Tanner, while being interrogated by Mr. Francis J. Heney, who was at that time assistant to the United States Attorney-General, and who was conducting the investigation before the Grand Jury, stated that there was a partnership agreement, drawn up at the time of the formation of the partnership between Senator Mitchell and himself, which contained a stipulation whereby all moneys received by the firm for practising before the departments at Washington were to go to Judge Tanner — it being, of course, a violation of the federal statutes for Senator Mitchell to accept money earned in this way. Here was the track,— wide, broad, and deep,— and yet, those two clever lawyers entirely overlooked it. Why the necessity of such a clause? This suggested suspicious circumstances, and, therefore, led me to make a close scrutiny of the contract, which was produced by Judge Tanner and was turned over to me by Mr. Heney.

"On investigation, I found a water-mark in

the paper, and two misspelled words in the document; I also noted that a dark ribbon had been used in its typewriting. And how simple was the procedure that led to the undoing of these men! My investigation disclosed the fact that this particular paper had not been manufactured until 1903, while the date of the contract between Senator Mitchell and Judge Tanner written on this paper was dated 1901. It was, therefore, a physical impossibility for this particular contract to have been written at the time stated by them.

"Further investigation disclosed the fact that Judge Tanner's son was, at the time of the investigation, acting as the stenographer of the law firm. Therefore it was fair to assume that, if this contract was written as a defense, this young man had done the typewriting. He was immediately called before the Grand Jury. He denied typewriting a partnership agreement between his father and Senator Mitchell. He was asked then and there to write a letter, dictated by Mr. Heney, in which Mr. Heney used the two misspelled words found in the partnership agreement — the word 'salary' was spelled 'salery,' and the word 'constituent' was spelled 'constituant.' Judge Tanner's son misspelled these two words just as he had written them in the partnership agreement. When Judge Tanner was confronted by this situation, he came into open court and confessed to perjury.

"Again interested in the psychology of such a situation, I asked the Judge:

"'How in the world is it possible that you walked into such a trap,— men as learned in the law as you and Senator Mitchell,— especially in view of the fact of the high place you have held in this community, having been a judge on the bench and one of the leading attorneys of the bar?'

"He said: 'Mr. Burns, that question is easily answered: I was not a detective.'

"In the Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting case (the story of which was told in McClure's for March) we had another example of very able and prominent lawyers going up against the law. When we were making the final round-up of those involved in the counterfeiting, we found that Bingham and Hewitt, two leading attorneys of Philadelphia, might properly be among those present at the bar of justice. As the legal representatives of two of our counterfeiting gang, these lawyers had attempted to bribe me, and we had allowed them to suppose they had bribed one of our operatives. There was not at this time, however, sufficient evidence to convict them. So we wrote a letter, from Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service to the bribed operative, to be shown to Bingham and Hewitt. If they acted on the information contained in the letter we could be sure they would make evidence for us; if they did not act, they might be able to free themselves. You see, we were giving them a chance to stand from under or to dig their own graves. As soon as they saw the letter they began the excavation, and the trail was so wide and deep that a blind man could follow it.

"It has always been my practice that, when I take up a serious investigation, I first carefully go over all the facts at hand, and then formulate my theory," said Burns, in explaining his methods. "Then, in following out the investigation," he continued, "from time to time I may find it necessary to change my theory to make it fit the facts, but never the reverse. It is astonishing, oftentimes, how easily an apparent mystery may be dispelled. It frequently happens that one is able to go over the facts at hand and, without any investigation, determine the identity of the guilty parties to a crime.

"I remember, when we were after Brockway, Dr. Bradford, Jimmy Courtney, and their gang of counterfeiters, almost every one said that we could not connect Brockway with the case. Three or four days before we arrested Brockway, A. L. Drummond, for a short time Chief of the Secret Service, came out in a newspaper article in which he said that Brockway was then leading an honest life, and had been for some time. When we made the raid on the engravers' plant in Jersey City, we found an oilcloth apron in the room. Later, when we visited Brockway in New York, I found a strip of the same oilcloth used on a mantelpiece in his house. When we came to put the apron and the strip together, they fitted perfectly. It was this bit of evidence that really convicted Brockway.

"I had an interesting experience in the same case, this time in locating Jimmy Courtney. He left his hiding-place in Jersey City, and went no one knew where. All I had to go on was that he had moved his household goods. It took me two weeks of the hardest kind of work to find the man who had moved him, and, through him, I got Jimmy. When his goods were being moved, Jimmy paid the van man five dollars not to tell where he went — giving the ingenious explanation that he wanted to lose his mother-in-law.

The Piece of Burlap that Convicted the Counterfeiters in the Costa Rica Case

"Now, in all these cases the trail is perfectly clear, when you see it from the inside. I could give you hundreds of instances of this kind, each one a story in itself, some of them easy and

some difficult. But perhaps the best illustration that I now recall is that of the little piece of burlap that figured in the conviction of the Central American counterfeiters and revolutionists in what is known as the Costa Rica case."

Burns settled back in his chair and laughed heartily over his recollection of the polished Spanish criminals who figured in the case. "They were so excessively polite," said Burns; "yet, all the time, I think they would have cut a throat or scuttled a ship with no compunction whatever.

"Sometime I'll tell you their story of the revolutions they planned, and of the counterfeits they issued for their war funds. The story of the piece of burlap is this:

"We had been watching these two soldiers of fortune, de Requesans and de Mora, for some time, knowing that they were counterfeiting the money of their country, but lacking sufficient evidence of it, when a sofa that had been shipped from New York to Costa Rica fell into our hands. It was an ordinary sofa, wrapped in ordinary burlap; but hidden in the back of it was over two million dollars in the counterfeit notes. I decided that if we could find out who shipped that sofa we would know absolutely who was responsible for the counterfeiting. But there was no richness of clues; the sofa might have come from anywhere, and the burlap also. After we got the sofa back from Costa Rica, we could find nothing to indicate where or to whom it had been sold — no maker's name or anything.

"On the burlap there was a roughly printed figure '2' and a double 'X' with a line drawn underneath, and the figure '64' — like this"; and Burns drew the symbol on the back of an envelop: $\frac{2\ XX}{64}$

"THE LETTER INDICATED THAT THE WRITER HAD AN AX TO GRIND"

Where the Burlap was Made

"I visited a number of dry-goods houses in order to determine what the double X with a line under it and the figure 64 stood for. It was discouraging, for double X brands seemed to be favored by almost every kind of product known to manufacture. Finally, in my wanderings, I came to a factory at Newburg, New York, where overalls trade-marked with a double X were manufactured. I called on the proprietor, and thought it best, in this case, to disclose my identity. I was carrying my piece of burlap — my constant companion in those days.

"'Did this come from your factory?' I asked.

The proprietor looked at it closely.

"'I think it did,' he replied.

"'What's the 64 for?' asked I.

"'That's the number of the order, indicating to whom it was sold.'

"'Would you be kind enough to tell me the name of the person to whom it was sold?' I asked.

"'My dear man,' he replied, 'that would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. Just come out and take a look at what you're proposing.'

"He took me down to a lower floor where the firm stored its books. From the floor to the ceiling, a height of twelve or fourteen feet, were piled perhaps twenty thousand order-books, one upon the other.

"'That number is in one of those books,' he said, waving his hand at them. 'They are not kept in any order, so you can see the futility of attempting to look for the number.'

"'Would you mind if I did attempt it?' I asked.

"He looked at me in amazement for a minute, as if he thought I was crazy.

"'Go ahead, if you care to waste your time,' he said. 'I've no objection.'

"So I started in on the books. By withdrawing one from this place and one from that, I soon determined the places where, approximately, I'd be most likely to find the number I was looking for. In about two hours I did find it, and learned that this particular order of overalls had been shipped to a dry-goods house at Long Island City, New York.

How Burns Found the Purchaser

"I journeyed down to Long Island City with my piece of burlap, and visited the dry-goods store. You must make up your mind, each time, how you're going to approach the matter in hand, for everything in the world depends on how you go about a thing. Many times your success depends a great deal on your ability to finesse. In this instance I realized it would be better not to make myself known, nor did I care to go in and ask them at random if they remembered to whom they'd sold this piece of burlap. For I knew that, disposing of such things in offhand ways as they most likely did, they'd probably laugh at me for thinking they'd remember such a trifling thing.

"'I want to buy some burlap,' I said, when I entered the store. 'Some burlap I can wrap around furniture, you know. I'm going to move. Could you sell me some?'

"'Yes,' answered the fellow, and then turned to a cash-boy.

"'George,' he ordered, 'take this gentleman down to the basement, and tell Charlie he wants to get some burlap.'

"George took me down to Charlie, and left me.

"'I want to buy some burlap,' said I.

"Charlie took me to the rear of the basement, and pointed to a lot of burlap.

"'How much do you want?' he asked.

"Meanwhile I had been sizing the fellow up. That he was elderly and honest I had decided at a glance; so I determined to take him into my confidence.

"'I don't want any burlap,' I answered; 'I am simply seeking some information. Here is a piece of burlap that cuts quite a figure in a very important investigation that the government is making. I've ascertained that it was purchased here from you, and I came to see whether you could recall the persons to whom you have sold burlap in the past two or three months.'

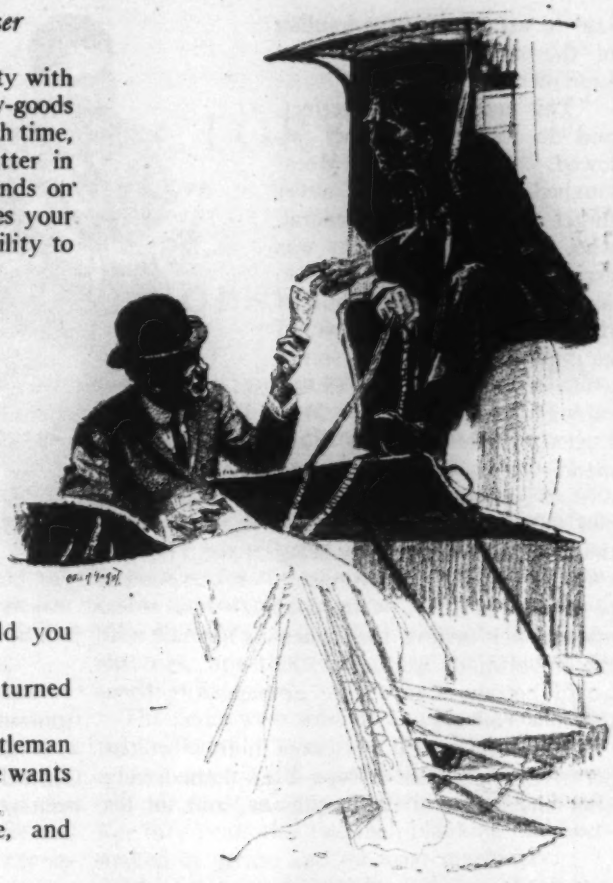
"The old fellow stopped and meditated for a few moments, and then said:

"'I remember distinctly that the last piece of burlap I sold was to an old lady with gray hair, who was dressed in black, and who wore gold-rimmed spectacles.'

"Now, this answered the description of Mrs. Lavin, the mother-in-law of Ricardo de Requesans, one of the men suspected of the counterfeiting.

"I asked the man if he would know the old lady if he saw her. He was sure that he would. I then arranged to have him go with me to the house of Mrs. Lavin, in Long Island City. Arriving there, I rang the bell, and Mrs. Lavin came to the door. I asked her if 'Mr. Bogus' lived there. The old lady, believing it to be a serious inquiry, said, 'No'; nor could she recall the name of any such person living in the vicinity.

"The moment she closed the door, my informant stated that she was the woman to whom he had sold the burlap.



"JIMMY PAID THE VAN MAN FIVE DOLLARS NOT TO TELL WHERE HE MOVED"

The Express Office the Final Link

"The next step was to find the express wagon that had hauled the sofa, wrapped in burlap, from the house of de Requesans to the Red Star Line pier, where it would have to go to be shipped to Costa Rica. I secured a list of persons owning express stables, and, after a number of visits, located the man that had hauled the sofa. He turned to his books and found a record of it, and was able to identify de Requesans as the man who had called on

him to arrange for the hauling of the sofa to the Red Star Line pier.

"This made the case perfect, and de Requesans' arrest followed. "And Federico de Mora! laughed Burns. "I shall never forget that foxy old General, who, when de Requesans was arrested, knew that he also would be suspected, but at the same time felt that it would be impossible for us to secure evidence against him except through de Requesans or Mrs. Eugenia Raymond. Mrs. Raymond was a beautiful young widow whom de Requesans had succeeded in interesting in their romantic efforts to bring about a revolution, promising to make her his wife, and making her believe that when the revolution succeeded he would become one of the ambassadors from the new country.

"ON THE BURLAP WAS PRINTED A FIGURE 2 AND A DOUBLE X"

"The old General presented himself at the Secret Service office in New York immediately after the arrest of de Requesans, and, in his suave, polite, chivalrous manner, said: 'I am General Federico de Mora. This is my card,' — at the same time presenting his card,— 'and my address; and, should I be wanted, you will find me there.'

"We thanked the General for his courtesy and forethought, and when we finally did, through Mrs. Raymond, succeed in involving the General, I called on him at his address, and invited him — using all the grace I could command — to come to our office, as we had reached a point where we desired to consult with him. He complied in his usual graceful style, and, upon reaching the Federal Building, he was turned over to a United States marshal, who placed him in jail.

"Later he was sent to Sing Sing Prison, from which he emerged, two years afterward, with de Requesans, and fled to one of the Central American countries, where he has been revolutionizing ever since."

THE BURDEN OF THE DOORKEEPER

BY

SUSAN L. MITCHELL

WE tend the bodies of the newly born,
Stay with our hopeful hands the helpless head,
And unto us they come, the newly dead:
You are all ours, at evening and at morn.

Oh, what to us your little slights and scorns,
You who dethrone us with a trivial breath!
God made us awful queens of birth and death,
And pressed upon our brows His crown of thorns.

Oh, who can bear the glory that we bear,
Or who can know the anguish of such state,
To whom all things, in being sublimate,
The austere majesties of Godhood wear?

THE NEWARK FACTORY FIRE

BY

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

ON Saturday, November 26, 1910, between nine and ten in the morning, a Newark factory, standing at the corner of Orange and High streets, caught fire. The building was clear from other buildings on all four sides; there was a fire-engine across the street, and a truck and ladder around the corner. Yet six girls were burned to death, and nineteen died as a result of leaping to the pavement from the fourth-story windows.

In order to understand how this catastrophe was possible, it is necessary to know the history of the building. This history is significant because it is the history of thousands of buildings all over the country, which, erected for one purpose, have been altered to serve for another purpose in the least immediately expensive manner.

The building was a part of an estate, one of the owners and managers of which was J. Nathaniel Glass of New York City. It was a piece of property that had been in the family for many years. The building was put up in 1855. before the Civil War, and was first used for the manufacture of firearms. Ericsson designed the *Monitor* here. Later the Domestic Sewing Machine Company took the building, and for years made their machines here. When they moved away, an assortment of manufactories occupied the place, and the building became an "omnibus" building, that is, one holding several kinds of manufactories, sometimes explosive, sometimes inflammable. At one time there were three companies there that kept on hand three hundred gallons of naphtha, five gallons of naphtha, and two gallons of gasolene respectively. At the time of the fire the building contained only one explosive manufactory, but this one was neatly sandwiched between two inflammable ones.

On the first floor were the Drake-Morrison Paper Box Company and John Blevney, machinist; on the second the Newark Paper Box Company; on the third the Anchor and the Aetna Electric companies, controlled by the same officers; and on the fourth the Wolf Muslin Undergarment Company, with offices at 119 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York City.

Thus the building erected before the days of fire-proof construction and designed for the manufacture of army pistols, which are neither explosive nor inflammable in the making, came to be used for the manufacture of both inflammable and explosive goods. Alterations had been made in adapting the building to its changing uses, but there had been no attempt to render it fire-proof.

The floors were wooden and were two inches thick when they were laid. Nowadays floor requirements for mill construction in New Jersey call for three and three fourths inch thickness. For fifty years this two-inch planking had been soaked in grease and oil from machinery.

The stairs were wooden. From the lower floors there were several exits, but from the fourth floor there was *only one stairway, forty inches wide*, inclosed with wooden planking on both sides. The staircases were at one side of an open elevator-shaft. To get from the foot of one staircase to the top of the next, the girls had to walk around three sides of the elevator-shaft.

At the foot of the narrow inclosed stairway that led down from the fourth floor to the third was a door thirty-two inches wide. One of the workmen in the building, when testifying before the coroner's jury, distinguished this door from other doors on the third floor by calling it the "little door." The "little door," which was the only exit from the fourth floor, was kept locked during work hours. This was in direct defiance of the statute of 1904, which forbids the locking or bolting of the main exit.

The windows were the old-fashioned kind, without weights or pulleys. The upper sashes were nailed in place, and the lower sashes were held up by "L" fastenings placed in position by hand.

The building was classed extra-hazard by the insurance companies, and rated $2.09 gross on contents and $1.69 gross on building. For a good character risk the rate would have been $1.

Unwillingness to Protect Women Employees

This building, erected fifty years ago for men to make army pistols in, was now, when unsafe from construction, age, and contents, filled with women making paper boxes, lamps, and muslin night-gowns. The number of women employed varied from week to week, but the average numbers were fifty on the first floor, forty on the second, fifteen on the third, and on the fourth an average of seventy-five; on the day of the fire there were one hundred and sixteen women on the fourth floor. Whereas the employees had formerly been all men, there were now about two hundred women and some fifteen men. The few alterations made to meet the needs of women workers were due entirely to the kindness of the employers. The State factory statutes made no concession to the sex of factory workers. The New Jersey Department of Labor has not power to compel an employer to provide proper sanitary arrangements. When the Department issued an order to Frank P. Venable, calling for suitable toilet accommodation for each sex on each floor of the Pope Mill, Paterson, he refused to comply. When a suit was brought to compel his observance, the case was not supported by the court, as it was held that the present law was not properly drawn to cover this particular situation.*

What Was the Matter with the Fire-Escapes?

A State that does not guarantee its women even proper sanitary accommodations can hardly be expected to understand that women need a different sort of fire-escape and more fire-escapes than men. Up to 1903 there was only a part of a fire-escape on this building, and it was a vicious affair, a cross between a ladder and a stairway, extending from a fire balcony on the fourth floor to a fire balcony on the third floor. Upon the order of the City Building Department, this was extended. An iron ladder, flat against the wall, connected the fire balcony on the third floor with the roof of the boiler-house. Just why the roof of the boiler-house was chosen as an island of safety from fire danger is not clear.

In 1906 the City Building Department served notice that two additional fire-escapes must be placed, one at the north and one at the south end. The owner replied that the City Building Department no longer had authority over his building, because the New Jersey Legislature had, by the Acts of 1904, placed the responsibility for fire-escapes on the Department of Labor. The City Building Department did not contest the point, did not refer the matter to the Common Council. The Building Department was content to leave responsibility for the safety of its factory employees entirely in the hands of the Labor Department.

The Labor Department ordered one additional fire-escape. This was placed, most unfortunately, over the public highway, so that the descent from the second-story fire balcony to the ground must be by means of a ladder hanging from the third-floor balcony, and placed in position by hand at need. This iron ladder was too heavy for women to manipulate without practice. Inside the windows that gave upon the fire-escapes it was necessary to build wooden platforms and steps, because the window-sills were forty-eight inches above the floors.

Thus the fire-escape provision for two hundred women in an extra-hazardous building was two fire-escapes, both of which were difficult to get to, and which ended, one in the air and the other on the roof of a boiler-house.

How the Fire Originated

The fire that brought to light these abominable conditions broke out in the Anchor Lamp factory on the third floor. A young girl, Sadie Hampson, was "flashing filaments" for lamps at her machine. She placed the filaments, or carbons, in a vacuum-pump, removed the air, and filled the vacuum with gasolene vapor, switched an electric current through the filaments, and thus carbonized them. This is the process, but the girl had no understanding of it at all. All she knew was that she pushed carbons into an opening and pressed buttons "like it was a typewriter." She also knew that at night she must cover the meter and carry it into the office. Beyond this she knew nothing at all about her machine. She wasn't hired to understand about the vacuum and the gas and the electric current; she was hired to press buttons, and, if anything went wrong, to call the boss. That is the common way in factories — many girls at machines to perform mechanical actions, and a boss to do the thinking for all.

"I don't know how it started," Sadie Hampson explained to the coroner's jury, "because I don't understand electricity. The boss understands, and he'll tell you if you ask him. The boss always told me to be careful, and I was careful. There was a flash of fire into my face, and I screamed, 'Mr. McQuat!' I guess I must have called different from usual, for I often call 'Mr. McQuat' when I get out of carbons, and he calls back, 'Wait a minute!' But this time he ran right out of the office, so I must have called different. I don't know what hap-

* Report of the Department of Labor, New Jersey, 1909.

pened next. No, I don't know how I got out of the building. I was frantic with fright. I only know there was an awful flash and I called 'Mr. McQuat!' I just thought that if I got my boss everything would be all right."

Mr. McQuat seized a bucket of sand and flung it on the flames, while others rushed down to the yard for more sand. They tried to put the fire out themselves, without calling the firemen across the street. They had done this before. If they called in the firemen the fire would go on the records of the Fire Department. The building already had a bad name — a record for ten known fires in ten years. If, however, they put the fire out without calling in the firemen, it would not go on record and the insurance companies would not hear of it. When a factory has the habit of incipient fires, it is just as well not to advertise the fact.

When it was clear that the buckets of sand wouldn't put out this blaze, a girl rushed across the street and gave the alarm at the fire-house. Captain Van Volkenberg and a fireman hurried over with a fire-extinguisher. They did not send in a general alarm, because, when a fireman calls the other companies to a fire that he might have put out with a hand-extinguisher, he is reprimanded.

The fire was so rapid that, when Captain Van Volkenberg reached the third floor, he rushed to the window, smashed the glass, and yelled, "Pull the box!" This alarm went in at 9.26. The captain and Mr. McQuat were later rescued by ladders.

No Fire-Alarms in the Building

There was no sort of fire-alarm in the building — a building that was listed as extra-hazardous and in which ten fires had already broken out. The girls were all out of the first, second, and third floors before any one remembered those on the fourth floor. There were one hundred and sixteen girls and an errand-boy there, under the charge of Miss Anna Haag, the forewoman.

One Hundred and Sixteen Girls Cut off on the Fourth Floor

It is difficult to know what happened during the next ten minutes. It is clear that Miss Haag unlocked the door at the foot of the stairs, that it was fastened open with a hook, that a few girls ran downstairs, that Lorin Paddock, the engineer, ran up, and that then, in some way, the door slammed to and was again locked. I have talked with girls who escaped from the building by the stairs, by the fire-escapes, or by flinging themselves from the windows; but their stories are confused. I think they themselves do not know clearly what happened. Probably from the moment those hundred and sixteen girls looked up from their work and knew that they were trapped on the top floor, fifty feet from the ground, with the fire below them, they were in the grip of fire fright. They agree that the fire-escapes were entirely inadequate; that the wooden platform that gave on to one of them crashed and fell to the floor like pasteboard; that the window-sashes fell on the girls as they struggled out; that the girls did not throw themselves from the windows till the heat was unendurable; that the girls could not manage the drop ladder at the front fire-escape; and that they jumped from the boiler roof to the ground at the rear fire-escape. From the bits the different girls have told me, you can piece the story together for yourself:

"Every one was saying, 'What's the matter? What's the matter?'"

"Marie says that when she first saw the smoke coming through a knothole in the floor, she put a piece of cloth over it to try to keep it out."

"Miss Haag ran down the stairs and unlocked the door, and then she come running back, and she throwed her hands up and cried, 'Run, girls, run!'"

"I quick run down the stairs. The girls were all pushing toward the coat-rack."

"They say M—— went to the looking-glass and pinned on her hat."

Story Told by Molly Kelly, Who Escaped by the Stairs

"A piece-worker must keep her eyes on her machine if she wants to make out, and I didn't know anything was wrong until I happened to look up and saw all the girls running to one end of the room. I thought there had been an accident. Then I saw smoke. I walked over toward the coat-rack; but just then Mrs. Wood crossed in front of me to go down the stairs, and I turned and followed her downstairs mechanically, without thinking at all. It seemed as if the first body dropped as soon as I reached the sidewalk. Every time a body fell I would run across the street to see if I knew the girl, and then run back again to the other side. I never saw such faces."

When Miss Kelly got home her face was black with smoke; she was wearing her little white work-apron, and her white shirt-waist was stained with blood. It was bitterly cold and

her lips were blue. She looked at her friend in a dazed way and remarked vaguely, "I think I'll go to Cogswell's and see if they will give me a job." The nervous shock of what she had seen that morning did not wear off for weeks.

The Story of Clara Diehm, Who Got Down the Rear Fire-Escape

"I ran to the stairs, but I didn't dare go down, because the smoke was thick. I knew the fire was below. I ran to the back fire-escape. The girls were all crowding on to the inside wooden platform and the steps, and hanging on to the railing. I saw the window fall after a girl went through, and the girls behind had to put it up again before the next girl could get out. I was standing on the steps when the platform broke. The girls thought the floor was giving

Story Told by Mrs. Ross, Who Jumped into the Life-Net

"I saw smoke coming up the belting-hole. I ran to the rear fire-escape, but it was crowded. Then the steps broke. I started toward the stairs, but Lorin Paddock came up then, and his face was black with smoke, and I thought I couldn't get down that way. The smoke was so thick I couldn't breathe, and I rushed to a window and broke the glass with my hand. Then some one got the window up. The men below called not to jump; they said a net was coming. When the net came, it looked so little. Hattie Delaney jumped the minute it was opened. She looked like a fly tumbling off the wall when she went down. I climbed on the sill; but I caught my foot between the steam-pipes, and I couldn't get it out. The men

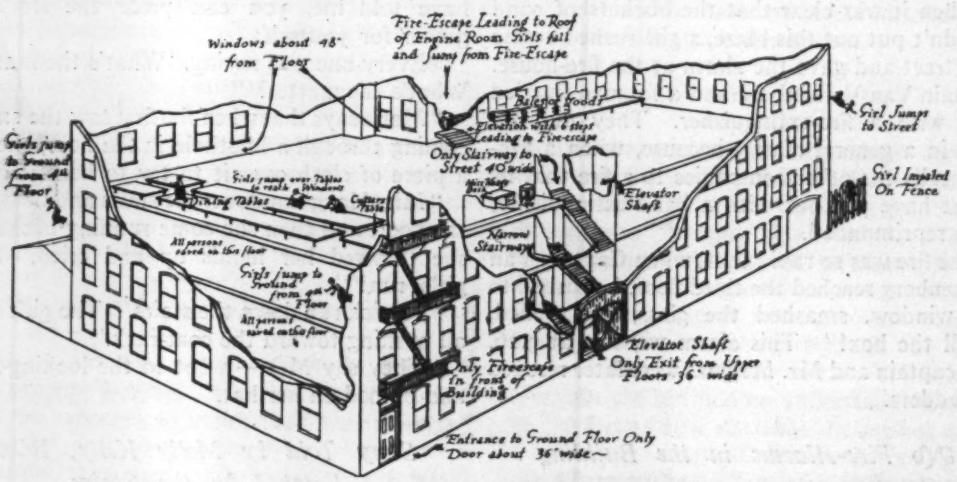

Fire-Escape Leading to Roof of Engine Room. Girls fall and jump from Fire-Escape
Windows about 48" from Floor
Girls jump to Ground from 4th Floor
Girls jump over Tables to reach Windows
Dining Tables
Cutters' Table
All persons raised on this floor
Girls jump to Ground from 4th Floor
All persons raised on this floor
Only Fireescape in front of Building
Entrance to Ground Floor Only Door about 36" wide
Elevator with 6 steps leading to Fire-escape
Only Stairway to Street 40" wide
Elevator Shaft
Narrow Stairway
Elevator Shaft
Only Exit from Upper Floors 36" wide
Girl Jumps to Street
Girl Impaled On Fence

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TWO FIRE-ESCAPES, DANGEROUS STAIRWAY, AND THE FOURTH-FLOOR WINDOWS FROM WHICH THE GIRLS JUMPED

way, and all rushed to the other windows. My sister Catherine was standing just outside the rail, wringing her hands, when the steps broke. She could have got out if the steps hadn't broken. When I think that my sister died because those steps broke, I cannot bear it. I climbed up over the sill and out the window. There wasn't any crowd on the fire-escape then, because it took so long to get out the window. We had to jump off the roof of the boiler-house. A fireman helped me. Some of the girls hurt themselves jumping. I sat on the ground and held Angela in my arms. She had broken her leg. I could see the girls jumping from the window, but I didn't know my sisters were among them."

One of the sisters, Sophie, was caught in the life-net. The other died from her fall.

carried the net to the next window. The girls got my foot out and said, 'Now jump.' I said, 'I won't jump till they bring the net back.' The sill was so hot I had to keep moving my hands. Then they brought the net back, and I jumped. I didn't know when I was falling, but I knew when they took me off the net. I felt as if my head and heels were being pushed together. When they took the first of us into the hospital, the nurses thought we were negroes, our faces were so black with smoke. They cut our clothes off us and fixed us up a little and laid us on beds. They couldn't do much right then, there were so many of us."

When I saw Mrs. Ross, a month later, she could sit up part of the time. Her neck was sprained and her leg badly cut.

Story of a Slavic Girl Who Fell to the Pavement

"Something in my head turns round with me. I get hot in my head. If there is a sound in the night, I scream. I think my bed is breaking, and such nonsense. The roof was blazing, and I think, 'I jump, and my mama gets my bones; if I am alive she will be thankful to God; if dead she will bury me. I will not be burned by the flames!' They took me into the little wooden house side of the factory and gave me a drink of water. I said, 'I am all right; I will go home. No, I have no car-fare.' All the time a lady was calling the ambulance. I knew again when they put hot-water bottles around me in the bed. There were so many bottles, but my teeth were chattering. I did not feel any pains until the doctor touched my feet. Then I screamed. All my side is broken. Eleven were laying in one room in the hospital. We all knew each other. Three died in one day in that room. I can see Miss Haag standing by the safe. She was laying in the hospital with us. The blood dropped from her feet all the time. She died."

THE FACTORY AFTER THE FIRE. ALL THE EMPLOYEES ON THE LOWER FLOORS ESCAPED, BUT OF THE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN GIRLS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR TWENTY-FIVE LOST THEIR LIVES AND MANY MORE WERE INJURED

Lorin Paddock's Story

As soon as Lorin Paddock, the engineer of the building, knew there was a fire, he made straight for the fourth floor. First he opened the elevator door to see if that could be used, but the smoke came up in a cloud. The halls were already charged with smoke. The girls were crowded about the two fire-escapes and the windows where there were no fire-escapes. Paddock stood by a window on the High Street side, with a little girl named Mildred Wolters. They stood there till the flames caught Mildred's dress and hair and seared Paddock's neck. Then Paddock swung the girl out of the window, and held her over a ladder that had been raised to the third-story window below. He told her to grab for that ladder as she struck it. Then he dropped her into the thick smoke. He heard her strike the ladder, but she did not catch hold. A girl who came off the fire-escape just then saw Mildred's red dress lying on the pavement, and she went up to it; but Mildred did not move, and some one said she was dead. Lorin Paddock swung himself out of the window, and dropped as Mildred had dropped; but he caught the ladder and got to the ground. Then he rushed under a falling body, caught the woman in his arms, and heard his shoulder snap. "After that I was out of it," he said.

Fire Chief Asher left the courthouse as the alarm rang in. This was at 9.26. He went straight to the fire in his machine. A three-minute run, he calls it, as a fire chief drives. As the car swung into High Street — "My God," cried the chauffeur, "there's a hundred girls on that top floor!" He was wrong. At that time, five, six, at the most seven minutes after the alarm was sounded, there was not one living girl on the top floor, though there were six dead

ones there. The others were on the pavement before the building.

"It" was over. When a Newark person spoke of "it," he meant the two minutes during which forty girls leaped from the windows "like you'd throwed a load of bricks out of the window."

A man in the silver-plating factory across the street looked out of a window. "There is girls on the fire-escape," he cried. "Come on, youse fellows. My God! this will be one hell of a fire!"

The men from the silver-plating factory across the street and the men from the meat-storage house round the corner rushed to the fire-truck already there. A woman was hanging out of a window fifty feet above them. "Give us a hand with this here ladder," cried a fireman. "Take Number 50!" The men tugged. The ladder stuck. Some one leaped on to the driver's seat and released the steering-gear that caught the ladder. The men pulled out Number 50, all the while calling, shrieking, howling to the woman not to jump. The woman was Anna Haag.

The Men Could Not Raise the Ladder

No one knows what the trouble was. The extension-ladder would not work. It reached a third-story window. Miss Haag was in a window in the fourth story. She leaned far out, choking and gasping. The smoke rolled over her in clouds. Sometimes she was hidden from view. Then came a belch of smoke flecked with red flame. "To hell with this damned ladder!" sobbed a man. Miss Haag jumped. She landed at the man's feet, and three days later she died in the hospital.

At the other end of the factory is an alley. It was here that most of the girls jumped. No ladder could be raised at this corner, because of a large tree, a gateway, two steam-pipes crossing twelve feet in the air, and a telegraph-pole heavy with wires. One girl struck the tree, and was dead before she reached the ground. One girl broke her ankle on the steam-pipe. Another came down astride the steam-pipe. Another caught by her cheek on the open picket gate, and hung until the picket broke. But the things that happened there are too horrible to relate. Here the men held the life-net — till it broke. At first the girls who leaped into the net came one by one, in rapid succession. One broke her back, twisting in air. Another hit the window-sill at the third floor and again at the second. Another bounded from the net back against the brick wall. Then three girls struck the net at once. The lock snapped and the net tore. There was only one life-net, and there were many windows, each window jammed with girls.

The firemen got the fire under control, and finally made their way to the bodies on the fourth floor. Five were bunched together in a heap, all unrecognizable. Three of these were sisters who had delayed too long, looking for one another. A sixth body sat upright at a machine. This was a woman sixty years old, and she had not moved from her chair.

Courtesy of the "Survey"

Of the girls who jumped from the fourth-story windows at this corner, nearly all were killed. Several fell across the steam-pipes. It was here that the life-net broke when three jumped at once

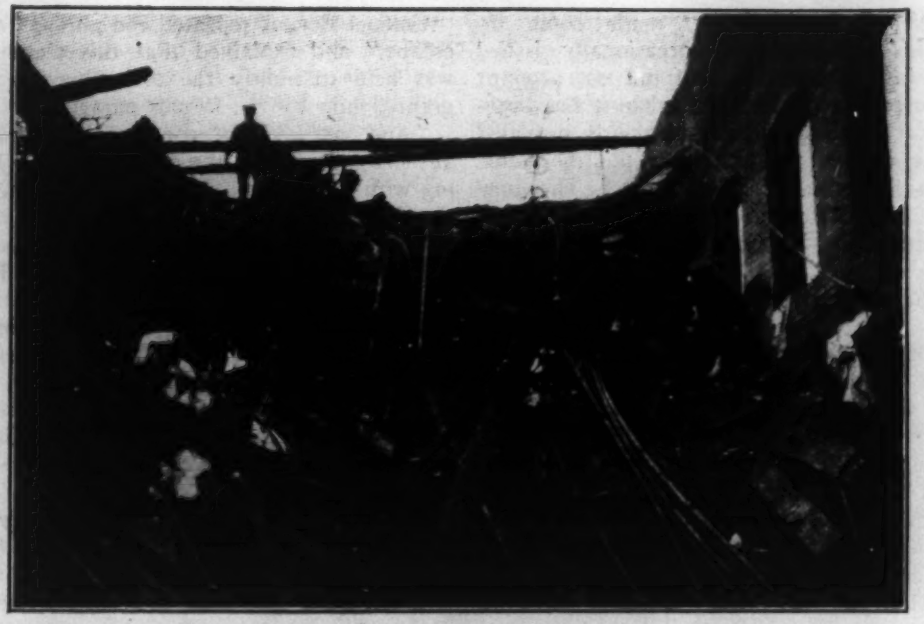
The bodies were taken to the morgue. When fathers and mothers came, one man, asked his daughter's name, replied vaguely, "Oh, my God! I don't know."

One of the attendants went about his work muttering, "I've got to get my coat pressed before Sunday. I've got to get——"

A father carried one body home, thinking it was his daughter's. The coffin was set in the little dark living-room. After a while it was found that the body wore ear-rings, and the daughter had not. The father took this body back, and chose another. He was a shoemaker, and identified this one by the steel spring that he himself had put into the shoe to strengthen the instep.

Efforts to Fix the Responsibility

Immediately after the fire, a coroner's jury was summoned to hear testimony and fix the responsibility for the disaster. Dr. Edwin Steiner was the coroner; the prosecuting attorney was Wilbur A. Mott; the assistant prosecutor, Frederick Lehlbach. The



CORNER OF THE FOURTH-FLOOR WORK-ROOM WHERE THE BODIES OF THE FIVE GIRLS WHO DID NOT JUMP, AND WERE BURNED TO DEATH, WERE FOUND. THE SIXTH BODY WAS THAT OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO HAD NOT MOVED FROM HER MACHINE

death of Carrie Robrecht, one of the girls who jumped, was made the basis of the inquiry. During the first few days after the fire people in general expressed much satisfaction that "something" was going to be done. The culprits were to be brought to justice.

But the jury found that the tenant was not to blame; nor the owner; nor the City Building Department; nor the State Labor Department. In fact, no one was to blame. The verdict ran: ". . . said Carrie Robrecht came to her death by misadventure and accident caused by a fall, . . . and not as the result of the criminal act, either of omission or commission, on the part of any individual or individuals, whether as private citizens or public officials."

These are the steps by which the jury reached their decision:

Jersey Law Relieves Employer of Responsibility to Protect Operatives

First they considered the responsibility of the tenant. Mr. Wolf ran the Newark factory in connection with one in New York, and spent most of his time at the latter, delegating the oversight of the Newark branch to Anna Haag, the forewoman. He paid good wages —"You could make nice money at Wolf's." He treated his employees fairly —"Miss Haag gave out the good gowns [simply made gowns] with the bad gowns [those difficult to make], and no one was favorite." The room was well ventilated and well lighted. Work was fairly steady. The general conditions were so far above the average that the National Consumers' League granted the use of its label to the firm. Many of the women had worked there for years. One of them explained that Mr. Wolf was "one grand boss."*

It was thought at first that Mr. Wolf would be prosecuted under common law for gross and reckless disregard of his employees' safety, but it was soon clear that that could not be. State statutes take precedence over common law, and the State statute of New Jersey takes the responsibility of fire protection away from the tenant and places it on the owner of the building. According to the law, Mr. Wolf was wholly blameless.

It was soon clear, also, that, according to the same law, the owner, represented by J. N. Glass, was equally blameless. For the owner had obeyed every order given by the State Labor Department — had obeyed with extreme reluctance and with all possible delay, but still had fulfilled the law.

Then, if it wasn't the fault of the tenant or the owner, it seemed as if it must be the fault of the City Building Department or the State Labor Department. Forthwith Mr. William P. O'Rourke, City Superintendent of Buildings, and Colonel Lewis T. Bryant were summoned before the jury.

The part the Newark City Building Department played in the affair is absurd. The

* It is a significant fact that Mr. Wolf in his new factory on Seventy-second Street has twelve exits and a fire drill.

department, it developed, made some inspection of fire-escapes, occasionally issued orders for their erection, but did not attempt to enforce those orders, and when it was obvious that a factory was insufficiently provided with fire-escapes, the department put the blame on the State Labor Department.* The jury added Mr. O'Rourke to the growing list of men not responsible for the fire.

A Bad Law that Costs Human Lives

Colonel Bryant was now the only one left to be the "culprit." This was puzzling, because he is widely known as an excellent Labor Commissioner. He has built up his department almost single-handed, and has made law-breaking very unpleasant for certain manufacturing interests. Colonel Bryant surprised every one by stating that the factory had complied with the law, that the law, which apparently gives the Commissioner unlimited discretion as to the number of fire-escapes, in reality gives him authority to compel the erection of only one fire-escape in a building like this one. The front fire-escape on the burned building was built in accordance with specifications. When Colonel Bryant made this statement, Prosecuting Attorney Mott turned to the statutes and read:

ANNA HAAG, THE COURAGEOUS FOREWOMAN WHO LOST HER LIFE TRYING TO SAVE THE COMPANY'S BOOKS

"Fire-escapes shall be located at such places on the said buildings as may be best suited for the purpose intended, or as the Commissioner may designate in writing." He paused and looked at the Commissioner inquiringly.

"Go on—read on," replied the Commissioner.

Soon the attorney reached this paragraph:

"The Commissioner shall have power to make and have served an order . . . that a fire-escape already erected shall be changed and altered in such a manner as he shall in such order designate."

Colonel Bryant repeated the phrase "*a* fire-escape," and explained that this technicality was held to nullify the ostensible discretion granted him by the former paragraph.

"And you did not consider that you had authority to compel the equipment of a building with more than one fire-escape?" inquired the attorney.

"No, I did not," replied the Commissioner.

"This law is worse than nothing!" said Prosecuting Attorney Mott. "The law is a farce. Was it framed for the purpose of relieving the employer of any liability in failing to offer adequate protection to his employees?"

"You had better consult the legislature that framed it," replied Colonel Bryant.

Law Requires Only One Fire-Escape

As the law is interpreted to-day in New Jersey, the owner of a factory with undivided lofts is obliged to put up only one fire-escape, no matter what kind of manufacture he is engaged in, no matter how many employees are on each floor, no matter whether they are men or women and children. Even that one fire-escape need not be erected unless there are twenty-five persons above the second floor. A canny employer whose force is nearly that number may—and sometimes does—dismiss one employee or move one down to the second floor, and thriftily save the expense of putting up the escape.

Thus the law that was intended to give the Commissioner power to order the necessary number of escapes, in reality limits the number to one, and makes it impossible to compel the erection of a fire-escape on a building where there are less than twenty-five employees.

Many of the men who testified before the coroner's jury were city and State employees, who seemed chiefly concerned in saving their official heads from coming off to satisfy the popular demand that "something" be done. But others, beginning with guarded utterance, later threw aside caution and told indignantly of conditions they were powerless to change.

"There'll be a worse holocaust than this one

*At present the State of New Jersey provides only thirteen inspectors. This small force is expected to inspect 1,700 bakeries and keep them up to the standard; 4,000 factories and enforce factory regulations; and to see that machinery is guarded, as well as to look after the fire-escapes. Besides this, they are supposed to regulate the employment of child labor. These thirteen inspectors are appointed by the Governor, and their reappointment depends entirely upon political considerations. They should, of course, be appointed by civil service.

in Newark yet," said Fire Chief Asher. "I can name a hundred factories worse than this one was. What can I do? I can't do anything! The Fire Department can't touch a building till the fire starts. And then it's too late."

One Girl Had No Trouble in Getting Out

Some of the girls who escaped told their stories before the coroner's jury. A few of the witnesses were girls so young that it seemed absurd to call them working-women. There was one child, with a solemn face and big glasses, who explained that she got out on the rear fire-escape.

"Did you have any difficulty in getting down?" inquired the attorney.

"No, sir."

"What, no difficulty?" repeated the attorney, puzzled at this variation from the usual testimony.

"No, sir. I fell, sir. Yes, sir, from the top of the fire-escape to the boiler-house roof."

Each day the jury sat, it became clearer that in the end no one would be held responsible. At the last session, one of the jurors could not contain his indignation. Mr. Schlechter, an inspector, had just testified that when he inspected the building in September, it was all right.

"How can ye say it was right?" demanded the indignant juror. "It was wrong! Man, ye know it was wrong!"

Direct Causes of the Fire

In spite of the jury's finding, the death of Carrie Robrecht and her twenty-four companions was not "accidental." They lost their lives because they worked in a building that was not decently safe for human beings to work in — that was very dangerous for men, and more so for women. In addition to the facts that the building itself was highly inflammable, that it contained one explosive manufactory, and that ten fires had broken out in it within ten years, there were five causes of danger that might easily have been remedied:

1. The absence of any interior fire-alarm system. In this case the girls on the top floor, who were in the greatest danger, did not know that a fire had broken out until the three lower floors were emptied.

2. The fact that there was no interior exit but an inclosed wooden stairway, scarcely more than a yard wide, and directly exposed by the elevator-shaft.

3. The fact that the entire provision against fire consisted of two small fire-escapes. The two existing fire-escapes were taxed to their utmost capacity, and about sixty girls got safely down them.

4. The fact that these fire-escapes were extremely difficult of access, because the window-ledges were forty-eight inches from the floor.

5. The absence of a fire or exit drill among the employees, such as is now used so successfully in public schools, and which, even in a building as bad as this, might have saved many lives.

MRS. KASTKA AND HER NIECE, STELLA HODUREK

Miss Hodurek managed to escape by the stairs. Mrs. Kastka jumped from a fourth-story window and was killed. She had been the support of her three children and her mother in Austria

A Hundred Other Buildings in Newark Just as Bad — Thousands in New York

In Newark alone, according to the inspector, there are still about a hundred factories as dangerous as was this one. The Newark *Evening News* of November 30 quoted a number from the fire insurance records:

> One building employing between five and six hundred hands, men, women, and girls, where the industry is of a peculiarly dangerous character, and where there is not one fire-escape. Another four-story factory with six hundred and fifty employees has staircases so bad that all of the employees would have to fight for their lives on the fire-escapes. A three-story factory employing girls has an uninclosed stairway and no fire escapes. A factory employing over one hundred women on the fourth and fifth floors (the first floor of the building is used as a garage) has a solitary iron fire-escape in the rear.

Mr. Peter Joseph McKeon, Consulting Engineer on Fire Insurance and Fire Protection, says:

"Factory conditions in Greater New York are undoubtedly as bad as those just described in Newark. Any fire inspector can testify to this from personal observation. New York has nearly thirty thousand industrial establishments, with close to seven hundred thousand workers in them. These are distributed among twelve thousand buildings, only one thousand of which are of fire-proof construction. The remaining eleven thousand factory buildings are of ordinary non-fire-proof construction, with the same wood stairways and outside fire-escapes that made the Newark factory a fire-trap."

Will Legislators and Employers Help to Avert Such Horrors?

The factory workers' only chance of protection lies in carefully drawn legislation enforced by an adequate number of inspectors appointed by civil service.

This terrible and useless sacrifice of life in Newark will not have been altogether in vain if it stirs employers throughout the country to the point of establishing fire drills in their manufactories.

It took the Iroquois Theater fire to get us efficient inspection of theaters; the *Slocum* disaster to call our attention to steamboat conditions; and school fire after fire, culminating in the Collinwood disaster, to establish fire drills in our public schools. In Brooklyn, recently, the public school children walked out of a burning schoolhouse in the same orderly manner in which they had marched out in the practice drill; while the grown men and women employed in a factory across the street, although in no immediate danger, were so frightened that they stampeded out of the building, and several of them were injured in the crush.

Fire Drill a Great Step toward Safety

Mr. Holbrook J. Porter, who has established a system of fire drill in many factories, says that as soon as the operatives are sure that in time of danger they can get out safely, the subconscious fear, which on occasion makes a panic, dies.

In the *Survey* of January 7 Mr. Porter described his method of installing a fire drill in a seven-story cigar factory where conditions were particularly bad. The building was a brick shell with interior wooden beams, wooden floors, wooden stairs, and only two stairways. The front stairway was divided in two by a stout handrail, and given to the second- and third-floor employees. The rear stairway was given to the fourth floor. The fifth was connected by a bridge with a neighboring building. The sixth and seventh were provided for by exits to neighboring tenement roofs.

After the exits were arranged, it was necessary to teach the two thousand excitable workers, many of them foreigners, how to use them. At first there was danger of a panic at the drill itself. The managers first posted a notice that there was to be a drill. When the excitement following this announcement had cooled, the managers distributed hand-bills giving enough information about the coming drill to arouse interest. A few days later a third notice gave definite instructions, and, when all were thoroughly broken in to the idea the first drill was held.

Foremen were appointed captains; certain men had charge of the extinguishers; others were guards at doors and dangerous stair turnings; certain women were appointed to search the coat-rooms and aid frightened women. At the signal, the girls rose, pushed stools under the tables out of the way, linked arms, two by two, and marched downstairs, never touching with their hands those in front of them. In the fire drill this seven-story building was entirely emptied of its two thousand employees in less than five minutes.

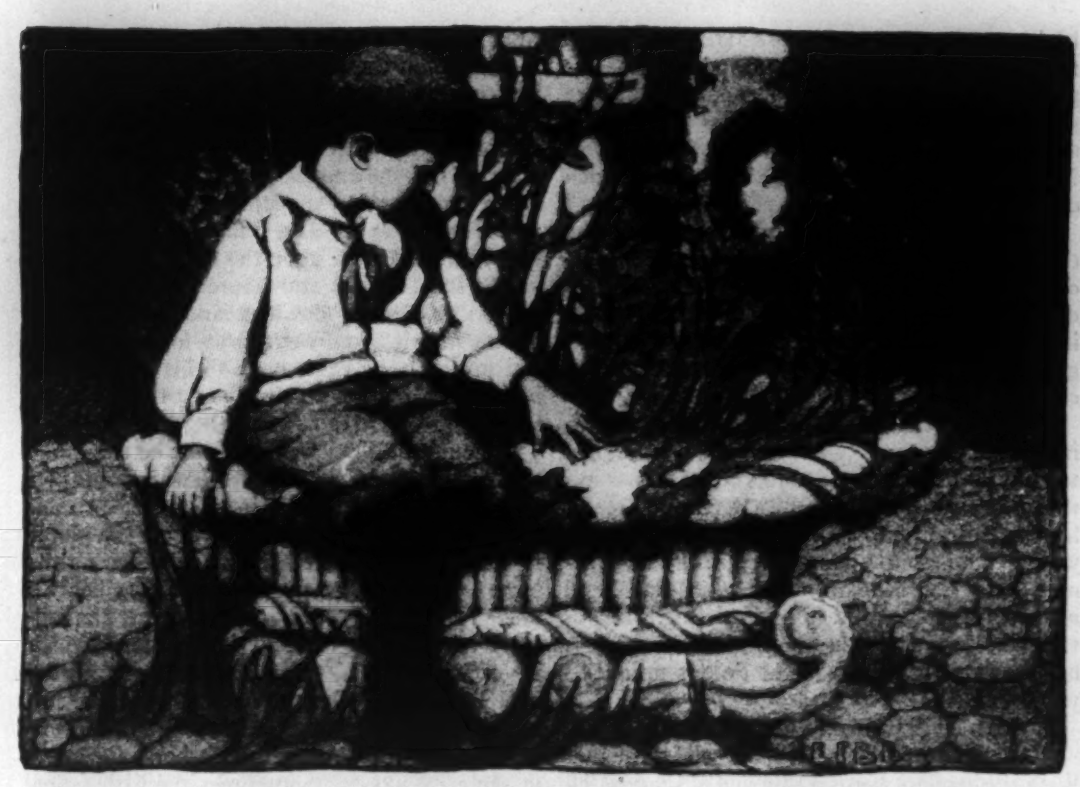
Giving the Workers a Chance for Their Lives

Concerning the facilities ordinarily supplied to protect employees against fire, Mr. Porter says:

"In the many factories which I have examined at the request of the proprietors, to satisfy them that they were doing all they could for the safety of their employees, I have failed to find any which, in one way or another, had not introduced some obstruction to the availability of their fire-escapes, and had not allowed some of their fire-extinguishing apparatus to go uninspected until it was absolutely useless. Many factories give no thought to the subject, and on one occasion my question to the superintendent, as to what he would do in case a fire occurred right then, was met by the amazing reply that he would think of some way to get his employees out."

The problem of protecting operatives in crowded factories, even in the so-called fireproof factories, is by no means an easy one. But at least it is conservative to say that the employers who contributed to the forty thousand dollar fund raised for the Newark fire sufferers, and that the thousands of manufacturers everywhere who shuddered at the story of that cruel loss of life, ought, in fairness to themselves, to see that they have done what is reasonable and possible to protect the lives of the people in their employ. An employer cannot discharge his responsibility by contributing to a fund that goes to alleviate human suffering which can never be assuaged. Besides the thirty-two girls who were injured and the twenty-five who died under such horrible circumstances, many of the girls who were employed in that Newark factory, although they escaped uninjured in body, suffered so terribly from shock and fright that they will never be well again.

If an employer has provided broad, easily accessible fire-escapes, and enough of them; if he has provided interior staircases constructed in a flame-proof manner; if he has provided interior fire-alarms, and has taken enough interest in the safety of his people to establish a fire drill, then he has at least given his employees a chance for their lives.



The Last Carolan

by Kathleen Norris

Drawing by Ethel Franklin Betts

A BLAZING afternoon of mid-July lay warmly over the old Carolan house, and over the dusty, neglected gardens that inclosed it. The heavy wooden railing of the porch, half smothered in dry vines, was hot to the touch, as were the brick walks that wound between parched lawns and the ruins of old flower-beds. The house, despite the charm of its simple, unpretentious lines, looked shabby and desolate. Only the great surrounding trees kept, after long years of neglect, their beauty and dignity.

At the end of one of the winding paths was an old fountain. Its wide stone basin was chipped, and the marble figure above it was discolored by storm and sun. Weeds — such weeds as could catch a foothold in the shallow laver of earth — had grown rank and high where once water had brimmed clear and cool, and great lazy bees boomed among them. Cut in the granite brim, had any one cared to push back the dry leaves and sifted earth that obscured them, might have been found the words:

> Over land and water blown,
> Come back to find your own.

A stone bench, sunk unevenly in the loose soil, stood near the fountain in the shade of the great elms, and here two women were sitting. One of them was Mary Moore, the doctor's wife, from the village, a charming little figure in her gingham gown and wide hat. The other was Jean Carolan, wife of the estate's owner, and mother of Peter, the last Carolan.

Jean was a beautiful woman, glowing with the

bloom of her early thirties. Her eyes were moving contentedly over house and garden. She gave Mrs. Moore's hand a sudden impulsive pressure. "Well, here we are, Mary!" she said, smiling, "just as we always used to plan at St. Mary's — keeping house in the country near each other, and bringing up our children together!"

"I never forgot those plans of ours," said the doctor's wife, her eyes full of pleasant reminiscence. "But here I've been, nearly eleven years, duly keeping house and raising four small babies in a row. And what about *you?* You've been gadding all over Europe — never a word about coming home to Carolan Hall until this year!"

"I know," said Mrs. Carolan, with a charming air of apology. "Oh, I know! But Sid *had* to hunt up his references abroad, you know, and then there was that hideous legal delay. I really have been frantic to settle down somewhere, for years. And as for poor Peter! The unfortunate baby has been farmed out in Italy, and boarded in Rome, and flung into English sanitariums, just as need arose! The marvel is he's not utterly ruined. But Peter's unique — you'll love him!"

"Who's he like, Jean?"

"Oh, Sidney! He's Carolan all through." With the careless words a thin veil of shadow fell across her bright face, and there came a long silence.

Carolan Hall! Jean had never seen it before to-day. Looking at the garden, and the trees, and the roof that showed beyond, she felt as if she had not truly seen it until this minute. All its gloomy history, half forgotten, lightly brushed aside, came back to her slowly now. This was the home of her husband's shadowed childhood; it was here that those terrible events had taken place of which he had so seriously told her before their wedding day.

Here old Peter Carolan, her little Peter's great-grandfather, had come with his two dark boys and his silent wife, eighty years before. A cruel, passionate man he must have been, for stories presently crept about the county of the whippings that kept his boys obedient to him. Rumor presently had an explanation of the wife's shadowed life. There had been a third boy, the first-born, whom no whippings could make obedient. That boy was dead.

The day came when old Peter's blooded mare refused him obedience, too, and stood trembling and mutinous before the bars he would have had her take. He presently had his way, and the lovely, frightened creature went bravely over. But after that he rode her at that fence day after day, and sometimes the wood rang for an hour with his shouting and urging before she would essay the leap. While he forced her, Madam Carolan sat at the one library window that gave on the road, and knotted her hands together and waited. She waited, one gusty March evening, until the shouting stopped, and the bewildered mare came trotting riderless into view. Then she and the maids ran to the wood. But even after that she still sat at that window at the end of every day, a familiar figure to all who came and went upon the road.

The sons, Sidney and Laurence, grew up together, passionate, devoted, and widely loved. Sidney married, and went away for a few years; but presently he came back to his mother and brother, bringing with him the motherless little Sidney who was Jean's sunny big husband now. This younger Sidney well remembered the day — and had once told his wife of it — when his father and his uncle fell to sudden quarreling in their boat, during a morning's fishing on the placid river. He remembered, a small watcher on the bank, that the boat upset, and that, when his uncle reached the shore, it was to work unavailingly for hours over his father's silent form, which never moved again. The boy was sent away for a while, but came back to find his uncle a silent, morose shadow, pacing the lonely garden in unassailable solitude, or riding his horse for hours in the great woods. Sometimes the little fellow would sit with his grandmother in the library window, where she watched and waited. Always, as he went about the garden and yards, he would look for her there, and wave his cap to her. He missed her, in his unexpressed little-boy fashion, when she sat there no longer, although she had always been silent and reserved with him. Then came his years of school and travel, and in one of them he learned that the Hall was quite empty now. Sidney meant to go back, just to turn over the old books, and open the old doors, and walk the garden paths again; but, somehow, he had never come until to-day. And now that he had come, he, and Jean and Peter too, wanted to stay.

Jean sighed.

"You knew Madam Carolan, didn't you, Mary?"

"No — no, I didn't," said Mrs. Moore, coloring uneasily. "I've seen her, though, as a small girl, at the window. I used to visit Billy's — my husband's — people when we were both small, you know, and we often came to these woods."

"I've been thinking of the house and its cheerful history," said Jean, with a little shudder. "Sweet heritage for Peterkin!"

"Heritage — nonsense!" said the other woman hardily. "Every one tells me that your husband is the gentlest and finest of them all — and his father was before him. I don't believe such things come down, anyway."

"Well," smiled Sidney's wife, a little proudly,

"I've never seen the Carolan temper, in the nine years we've been married!"

"Exactly. Besides, it's not a temper — just strong will."

"Sidney has *will* enough," mused Jean.

"Oh, all men have," said the doctor's wife contentedly. "Billy, now! He won't *stand* a locked door. One night — I never shall forget! — the children locked themselves in the nursery, and Will simply burst the door in. Nobody makes a fuss or worries over *that!*"

If the illustration was beside the point, neither woman perceived it.

"There, you see!" said Jean, glad to be quite sure of conviction. "It never really worries me," she added, after a moment, "for Peter adores his father, and is only too eager to obey him. If Peter — and it's impossible! — ever *did* really work himself up to disobedience, why, I suppose he'd get a thrashing," — she made a wry face,— "and they'd love each other all the more for it."

"Of course they would," agreed the other cheerfully.

"There must have been some way in which Madam Carolan could have managed them," pursued Jean thoughtfully. "The women of that generation were a poor-spirited lot, I imagine. One isn't quite a child!" There was another little pause, in the hot, murmuring silence of the garden, and then, with a sudden change of manner, she rose to her feet. "Mary! come and meet Sidney and the kiddy!" she commanded.

"Well, I rather hoped you were going to present them," said Mrs. Moore, rising too, and gathering up sunshade and gloves.

They threaded the silent garden paths again, passed the house, and crossed a neglected stable-yard, where a great red motor-car had crushed a path for itself across dry grass and weeds. In the stable itself they found Sidney Carolan, the little Peter, and a couple of servants — the chauffeur with oily hands, and the wrinkled old Italian maid, very gay in scarlet gown and head-dress.

Jean's husband had all the Carolan beauty and charm, and was his most gracious and radiant self to-day. His sunny cordiality gave Mary no chance to remember that she had a little feared the writer and critic. But, after the first moment, her eye was irresistibly drawn to the child.

Tawny-haired, erect, and astonishing in the perfection of his childish beauty, Peter Carolan advanced her a bronzed, firm little hand, and gave her with it a smile that seemed all brilliant color — white teeth, ocean-blue eyes, and poppied cheeks. His square little figure was very boyish in the thin silk shirt and baggy knickerbockers, and a wide hat, slipping from his yellow mane, added a last debonair touch to his picturesque little person. He was flushed, but gracious and at ease.

"You're one of the reasons we came!" he said in a rich little voice — when his mother's "You've heard me speak of Mrs. Moore, Peter?" had introduced them. "You have boys too, haven't you?"

"I have three," said Mrs. Moore, in the rational, unhurried tone that only very clever people use to children. "Billy is nine, George seven, Jack is three; and then there's a girl — my Mary."

"I come next to Billy," calculated little Peter, his eyes very eager.

"You and he will like each other, I hope," said Billy's mother.

"I hope we will — I hope so!" he assented vivaciously. "I've been thinking so!"

Mrs. Carolan presently suggested that he go off with Betta to pack the luncheon things in the car, and the three watched his sturdy, erect little figure out of sight. Mrs. Moore heard his gay voice break into ready Italian as they went.

A horde of workmen took possession of Carolan Hall a few days later, and for happy weeks Jean and Mary followed and directed them. The Moore children and Peter Carolan explored every fascinating inch of house and garden. Linen and china were unpacked, old furniture polished, and old paintings restored.

Mrs. Moore, with her two oldest sons frolicking about her like excited puppies, came up to Carolan Hall one exquisite morning a month later. Brush fires were burning in the thinning woods, and the blue, fragrant smoke drifted in thin veils across the sunlight.

A visit to the circus was afoot, and Peter Carolan, seated on the porch steps in the full glory of starched blue linen and tan sandals, leaped up to join his friends in a war-dance of wild anticipation.

Jean came out, also starched and radiant, kissed her guests, piled some wraps into the waiting motor, and engineered the group into the shaded dining-room, where the excited children were somehow to be coaxed into eating their luncheon. Sidney came in late, to smile at them all from the top of the table.

It was rapidly dawning on the adult consciousness that, above every other sound, the voices of the children were really reaching inexcusable heights, when a burst of laughter and a brief struggle between Peter and Billy Moore resulted in an overturned mug, the usual rapidly spreading pool of milk, and the usual reckless mopping. Peter's silver mug fell to the

floor, and rolled to the sideboard, where it lay against the carved mahogany base, winking in the sun.

"Peter!" said Jean severely. "No, don't ring, Sidney! He did that by his own carelessness, and mother can't ask poor, busy Julia to pick up things for boys who are noisy and rude at the table. Go pick up your mug, dear!"

"Yes. Quite right!" approved Sidney under his breath.

Peter, who had been laughing violently a moment before, seemed rather inclined to regard the incident as a tribute to his own brilliancy. He caught his heels in a rung of his chair, raised himself to a standing position, and turned a bright little face to his mother.

"But — but — but what if I don't *want* to pick it up, mother?" he said gaily.

The little Moore boys, still bubbling, giggled outright, and Peter's cheeks grew pink. He was innocently elated with this new rôle of clown.

"What do you mean?" said Sidney's big voice, very quietly. There was a pause. Peter slowly turned his eyes toward his father.

"Oh, please, Sidney!" said Jean, a shade impatiently. "He thinks he has some reason." She turned to Peter. "What do you mean, dear?" she asked pleasantly.

Peter looked about the group. He was confused and excited at finding himself so suddenly the center of attention.

"Well — well — why are you all looking at me?" he asked in his confident little treble, with his baffling smile.

"Dearie, did you hear mother tell you to get quietly down and pick up your mug?" demanded Jean authoritatively.

"Well — well, you know, I don't *want* to, mother, because Billy and I were both reaching for that mug," drawled Peter, "and maybe it was Billy who ——"

"Now, look here, son!" said his father, controlling his impatience with difficulty, "we've had enough of this! You do it because your mother told you to, and you do it right *now!*"

"And don't let anything spoil this happy day," pleaded Jean's tender voice.

"Can't I let it stay there, mother?" suggested Peter brilliantly, "and have my milk in a glass? I don't want my mug! It can just lie there ——"

His mother unsmilingly interrupted this pleasantly offered solution.

"Peter! Father and mother are waiting."

"Gee — I'll pick it up!" said Billy Moore good-naturedly, slipping to the floor.

Sidney reached for the little boy, and brought him to anchor in the curve of his big arm, without once glancing at him.

"Thank you, Billy," he said, "but Peter will pick it up himself. Now, Peter! We don't care who knocked it down, or whose fault it was. Your mother told you to pick up your mug, and we are waiting to have you do it. Don't talk about it any more. Nobody thinks it is at all smart or funny for boys to disobey their mothers!"

"It will take you *just* one second, dear," interpolated Jean softly, "and then we will all go upstairs and get ready, and forget all about it."

"Just a little too much c-i-r-c-u-s!" spelled Mrs. Moore, in the pause.

"Pick it up, son!" said Sidney, very calm.

Peter stopped smiling. He breathed hard, and took a firm hold of his chair.

"Go on. Go ahead!" said his father briskly, encouragingly.

The child moved his eyes from the mug to his father's face, but did not stir.

"Peter?" said Sidney. A white line had come about his mouth.

For a long moment there was not a sound in the room. Julia stood transfixed at the door. Mrs. Moore's eyes were on her plate. Jean's lips were shut tight; she was breathing as if she had been running.

"I won't!" said Peter simply, with a quick breath.

"Sid!" said Jean hurriedly. "Sidney!"

"Just a moment, Jean," said her husband, without glancing at her. "You will do it now, or have father punish you to make you do it," he said to the boy. "Father can't have boys here who don't obey, you know. Every one obeys. Soldiers have to, engineers have to, even animals have to. Are you going to do what mother told you to?"

"No," said little Peter. "I said I wouldn't, and now I won't!"

"He is hot and excited now," said Jean quickly, in French, "but I'll take him upstairs and quiet him down. He'll come to his senses. Leave him to me, dear!"

"Much the wisest thing to do, Sidney," supplemented Mrs. Moore, in the same tongue.

"Certainly!" said his father coldly. "Give him time. Let him understand that if he doesn't obey it means no circus. That's reasonable, I think, Jean?"

"Oh, perfectly! Perfectly!" Mrs. Carolan assented nervously. Nothing more was said as she took the boy's hand and led him away. The others heard Peter chatting cheerfully as he mounted the stairway a moment later.

"The boys and I will go down and look at Nellie's puppies," said Mrs. Moore, acutely uncomfortable.

Her host muttered something about closing his mail.

"But are we going to the circus?" fretted little George Moore. His mother hardly heard him.

A moment later, Julia, the maid, appealed to her submissively.

"Shall you pick up the cup?" repeated the doctor's wife. "No. No, indeed, I wouldn't, Julia. Yes, you can clear the table, I think; we've all finished."

She led her sons down to the fascinating realm of dogs and horses, vaguely uneasy, yet unwilling to admit her fears. An endless warm half hour crept by. Then, glancing toward the house, she saw Sidney and Jean deep in conversation on the porch, and a moment later Sidney came to find her.

The boy was obstinate, he told her briefly — adding, with a look in his kind eyes that was quite new to her, that Peter had met his match, and would realize it sooner or later. Mary protested against there being any further talk of the circus that day, but Sidney would not refuse the disappointed eyes of the small Moores. In the end, the doctor's family went off alone in the motor-car.

"Don't worry, Mary," said Sidney kindly, as he tucked her in comfortably. "Peter's had nothing but women and servants so far. Now he's got to learn to obey!"

"But such a baby, Sidney!" she reminded him.

"He's older than I was, Mary, when my poor father and Uncle Larry ——"

"Yes — yes, I know!" she assented hurriedly. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" repeated a hardy little voice from an upper window. Mary looked up to see Peter, composed and smiling, looking down from the nursery sill.

All the next day, and the next, Mary Moore's thoughts were at the Hall. She told her husband all about it on the afternoon of the second day, for no word or sign had come from Jean, and real anxiety began to haunt her. She and the doctor were roaming about their pretty, shabby garden, Mrs. Moore's little hand, where she loved to have it, in the crook of his big arm. The doctor, stopping occasionally to shake a rose-post with his free hand, or to break a dead blossom from its stalk, scowled through the recital, even while contentedly enjoying his wife, his garden, and his pipe.

Before he could make a definite comment, they were interrupted by Sidney himself, who brought his big riding-horse up close to the fence and waved his whip with a shout of greeting. The doctor went to meet him, Mary, a little pale, following.

"Good day to you!" said Sidney Carolan, baring his head without a smile. "I'm bound to Barville; my editor is there for a few days, and I may have to dine with him. I stopped to ask if Mary would run in and see Jean this afternoon. She's feeling a little down."

"Of course I will!" said Mary heartily.

There was a pause.

"Mary's told you that we're having an ugly time with the boy?" said Sidney, then, combing his horse's mane with big gloved fingers.

"Too bad!" said the doctor, shaking his head and pursing his lips.

"No change, Sidney?" Mary asked gravely.

"No. No, I think the little fellow is rather gratified by the stir he's making. He — oh, Lord knows what he thinks!"

"Give him a good licking," suggested the doctor.

"Oh, I'd lick him fast enough, Bill, if that would bring him round!" his father said, scowling. "But suppose I do, and it leaves things just where they are now? That's all I *can* do, and he knows it. His mother has talked to him; I've talked to him." He looked frowningly at the seam of his glove. "Well, I mustn't bother you. He's a Carolan, I suppose — that's all!"

"And you're a Carolan," said the doctor.

"And I'm a Carolan," assented the other briefly.

Mary found Jean, serious and composed over her sewing, on the cool north veranda. When they had talked awhile, they went up to see Peter, who was sprawled on the floor, busy with hundreds of leaden soldiers. He was no longer gay; there was rather a strained look about his beautiful babyish eyes. But at Jean's one allusion to the unhappy affair, he flushed and said with nervous decision:

"Please don't, mother! You know I am sorry; you know I just *can't!*"

"He has all his books and toys?" said Mary, when they went downstairs again.

"Oh, yes! Sidney doesn't want him to be sick. He's just to be shut up on bread and milk until he gives in. I must say, I think Sid is very gentle," said Jean, leaning back wearily in her chair, with closed eyes. Her voice dropped perceptibly as she added: "But he says he is going to thrash him to-morrow."

"I think he ought to," said Mary Moore sturdily. "This isn't excitement or showing off any more; it's sheer naughty obstinacy over a perfectly simple demand!"

"Oh, but I couldn't bear it!" whispered Jean, with a shudder. A moment later she added sensibly: "But he's right, of course; Sidney always is."

Peter was duly whipped the next day. It was no light punishment that Sidney gave his son.

Jean's gold-mounted riding-crop had never seen severer service. The maids, with paling cheeks, gathered together in the kitchen when Sidney went slowly upstairs with the whip in his hand; and Betta and her mistress, their hands over their ears, endured a very agony while the little boy's cries rang through the house. Sidney went for a long and lonely walk afterward, and later Jean went to her son.

Mrs. Moore heard of this event from her husband, who stopped at the Hall late that evening, and found Peter asleep, and Jean restless and headachy. He spent a long and almost silent hour pacing the rose terrace with Sidney in the cool dark. Late into the night the doctor and his wife lay wakeful, discussing affairs at the Hall.

After some hesitation, Mrs. Moore went the next day to find Jean. There was no sound as she approached the house, and she stepped timidly into the big hall, listening for voices. Presently she went softly to the dining-room, and stood in the doorway. The room was empty. But Mary's heart rose with a throb of thanksgiving. Peter's silver mug was in its place on the sideboard. She went swiftly to the pantry, where Julia was cleaning the silver.

"Julia!" she said eagerly, softly, "I notice that the baby's cup is back. Did he give in?"

The maid, who had started at the interruption, shook her head gravely.

"No'm. Mrs. Carolan picked it up."

"*Mrs.* Carolan?"

"Yes'm. She seemed quite wild-like this morning," went on the maid, with the simple freemasonry of troubled times, "and after Peter went off with Mrs. Butler, she ——"

"Oh, he went off? Did his father let him go?" Mary's voice was full of relief. Mrs. Butler was Jean's cousin, a cheery matron who had taken a summer cottage at Broadsands, twenty miles away.

Julia's color rose; she looked uneasy.

"Mr. Carolan had to go to Barville quite early," she evaded uncomfortably, "and when Mrs. Butler asked could she take Peter, his mother said yes, she could."

"Thank you," Mary said pleasantly, but her heart was heavy. She went slowly upstairs to find Jean.

Peter's mother was lying in a darkened bedroom, and the face she turned to the door at Mary's entrance was shockingly white. They exchanged a long pressure of fingers.

"Headache, Jean dear?"

"Oh, and heartache!" said Jean, with a pitiful smile. "Sid thrashed him yesterday!" she added, with suddenly trembling lips.

"I know." Mary sat down on the edge of the bed and patted Jean's hand.

"I've let him go with Alice," said Jean defensively. "I had to!" She turned on her elbow, her voice rising. "Mary, I didn't say one word about the whipping, but now — now he threatens to hold him under the stable pump!" she finished, dropping back wearily against her pillows. Mrs. Moore caught her breath.

"Ah!" They eyed each other somberly.

"Mary, would *you* permit it?" demanded Mrs. Carolan miserably.

"Jeanie dearest, I don't know what I'd do!"

After a long silence, Mary slipped from the bedside and went noiselessly to the door and down the stairs, vague ideas of hot tea in mind. In the dining-room she was surprised to find Sidney, looking white and exhausted, and mixing himself something at the sideboard.

"I'm glad you're with Jean," he said directly. "I'm off to get the boy! The car is to be brought round in a few minutes."

Mrs. Moore went to him, and laid her fingers on his arm.

"Sidney!" she protested sharply, "you must stop this — not for Peter; he's as naughty as he can be, like all other boys his age sometimes; but you don't want to kill Jean!" And, to her self-contempt, she began to cry.

"My dear girl," he said concernedly, "you mustn't take this matter too hard. Jean knows enough of our family history to realize ——"

"All that is such nonsense!" she protested angrily. But she saw that he was not listening. He compared his watch with the big dining-room clock, and then, quite as mechanically, picked Peter's mug from the group of bowls and flagons on the sideboard, studied the chasing absently for a moment, and, stooping, placed the mug just as it had fallen four days before. Mary watched as if fascinated.

A moment later she ran upstairs, her heart thundering with a sense of her own daring. She entered the dark bedroom hurriedly, and leaned over Jean.

"Jean! Jean, I hate to tell you! But Sidney's going to leave in a few minutes to bring Peter home. He's going after him."

She had to repeat the message before the meaning of it flashed into the heavy eyes so near her own. Then Jean gathered her filmy gown together, and ran to the door.

"He shall not!" she said, panting, and Mary heard her imperative call, "Sidney! Sidney!" as she ran downstairs. Then she heard both their voices.

With an intolerable consciousness of eavesdropping, Mrs. Moore slipped out of the house by the servants' quarters, and crossed the drying lawn at the back of the house, to gain the old grape-arbor beyond. She sat there with burn-

ing cheeks and a fast-beating heart, and gazed with unseeing eyes down the valley.

Presently she heard the horn and the scraping start of the motor-car, and a moment later it swept into view on the road below. Sidney was its only occupant.

Mrs. Moore sat there thinking a long while. Dull clouds banked themselves in the west, and the rising breeze brought dead leaves about her feet.

She sat there half an hour — an hour. The afternoon was darkening toward dusk when she saw the motor-car again, still a mile away. Even at this distance, Mary could see that Peter was sitting beside his father in the tonneau, and that the little figure was as erect and unyielding as the big one.

She rose to her feet and stood watching the car as it curved and turned on the winding road that led to the gates of Carolan Hall. Even when the gates were entered, both figures still faced straight ahead.

Suddenly Sidney leaned toward the chauffeur, and a moment later the car came to a full stop. Mary watched, mystified. Then Sidney got out, and stretched a hand to the boy to help him from his place. The simple little motion, all fatherly, brought the tears to her eyes. A moment later the driver wheeled the car about, to take it to the garage by the rear roadway, and Sidney and his son began to walk slowly toward the house, the child's hand still in his father's. Once or twice they stopped short, and once Mary saw Sidney point toward the house, and saw, from the turn of Peter's head, that his eyes were following his father's. Her heart rose with a wild, unreasoning hope.

When a dip in the road hid them, Mary turned toward the house, not knowing whether to go to Jean or to slip away through the wood. But the instant her eye fell on Madam Carolan's window she knew what had halted Sidney, and a wave of heartsickness made her breath come short.

Jean had taken her place there, to watch and wait. She was keeping the first vigil of her life. Mary could see how the slight figure drooped in the carved chair; she remembered, with a pang, the other patient, drooping figure that had stamped itself upon her childish memory so many years ago. The suffocating tears rose in her throat. A sudden sense of helplessness overwhelmed her.

Obviously, the watcher had not seen Sidney and Peter. Her head was resting on her hand, and her heavy eyes were fixed upon some somber inner vision that was hers alone.

Mary crossed behind the house, and, as they came up through the shrubbery, met Sidney and his son at the side door. Sidney's face was tired, but radiant with a mysterious content. Peter looked white — awed. He was clinging with both small brown hands to one of his father's firm, big ones.

"I know what you're going to say, Mary," said Sidney, in a tone curiously gentle, and with his oddly bright smile. "I know she's there. But we're going to her now, and it's all right. Peter and I have been talking it over. I saw her there, Mary, and it was like a blow! *She's* not the one who must suffer for all this. Peter and I are going to start all over again, and settle our troubles without hurting a woman; aren't we, Peter?"

The little boy nodded, with his eyes fixed on his father's.

"So the episode is closed, Mary," said Sidney simply. "And the next time — if there is a next time! — Peter shall make his own decision, and abide by what it brings. The mug goes back to its place to-night, and — and we're going to tell mother that she never need watch and wait and worry about *us* again!"

They turned to the steps; but, as the boy ran ahead, Sidney came back to say in a lower tone:

"I — it may be weakness, Mary, but I can't have Jean doing what — what *she* did, you know! I tried to give the boy some idea, just now, of the responsibility of it. Nobody spared my grandmother, but Jean *shall* be spared, if I never try to control him or save him from himself again!"

"Ah, Sidney," Mary said, "you have done more, in taking him into your confidence, than any amount of punishing could do!"

"Well, we'll see!" he said, with a weary little shrug. "I must go to Jeanie now."

As he mounted the steps, Peter reappeared in the darkened doorway. The child looked like a little knight, with his tawny loose mop of hair and short tunic, and the uplifted look in his lovely eyes.

"Shall we go to her now, Dad?" said the little treble gallantly. And, as the boy came close to Sidney's side, Mary saw the silver mug glitter in his hand.

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

THE death of Mrs. Sabin in her son's cottage had been to Meynell like a stone flung into some deep-shadowed pool; the ripples from it had been spreading through the secret places of memory ever since. He had heard of the death on the morning after. John Broad, an inarticulate, secretive fellow, had come to the Rectory in quest of the Rector within a few hours of its occurrence. His mother had returned home, he said, unexpectedly, after many years of wanderings in America; he had not had very much conversation with her, as she had seemed ill and tired and "terrible queer" when she arrived. He and his boys had given up their room to her for the night, and she had been very late in coming downstairs the following morning. He had had to go to his work, and, when he came back in the evening, he found her in great pain and light-headed. She gradually lost consciousness through the night, and died in the early hours. He did not know that she had seen anybody but himself and his boys since her arrival.

But she had seen some one else. As the Rector walked along the street after leaving the Cathedral, he had in his pocket a cutting from the *West Cumbrian*, containing the report of the inquest: from which it appeared that Mr. Henry Barron of the White House, going to the cottage to complain of the conduct of the children in the plantation, had found her there, and had talked to her for some time. "I thought her excited — and overtired — no doubt by the journey," he had said to the coroner. "I tried to persuade her to let me send in a woman to look after her, but she refused."

Barron had talked to her for some time? — to that woman? In his evidence at the inquest — where Meynell had been present — there was no sign as to what the conversation had turned upon. Nor had there been any need to enquire. The medical evidence was quite clear as to the cause of death — definite brain disease, fatally aggravated by the journey.

Immediately after his interview with John Broad, the Rector had communicated the news of Mrs. Sabin's unexpected arrival and sudden death to another person in the village. He still thought with infinite concern of the effect it had produced. Since his hurried note telling her of Barron's evidence before the coroner, and of his own impressions of it, he had not seen her. But he must see her. A patient and tender pity, as of one on whom the burden of a struggling and suffering soul has long been thrown, dictated all his thoughts of her. He had himself perceived nothing that need alarm her in Barron's appearance at the inquest. Barron's manner to himself had been singularly abrupt and cold, when they happened to run across each other outside the room in which the inquest was held; but all that was sufficiently explained by the position of the heresy suit.

Still anxiously pondering, Meynell passed the last houses in the Cathedral Close. The last of all belonged to Canon France, and Meynell had no sooner left it behind him than a full and portly figure emerged from its front door.

Barron — for it was he — stood a moment looking after the retreating Rector. A hunter's eagerness gave sharpening, a grim sharpening, to the heavy face; yet there was perplexity mixed with the eagerness. His conversation

with France had not been very helpful. The Canon's worldly wisdom and shrewd contempt for enthusiasts had found their natural food in the story that Barron had brought him. His comments had been witty and pungent enough; but when it had come to the practical use of the story, France had been of little assistance. His advice inclined too much to the Melbourne formula, "Can't you let it alone?" He had pointed out the risks, difficulties, and uncertainties of the matter with quite unnecessary iteration. Of course there were risks and difficulties; but was a man of the type of Richard Meynell to be allowed to play the hypocrite as the rapidly emerging leader of a religious movement — a movement directed against the unity and apostolicity of the English Church — when there were those looking on who were aware of the grave suspicions resting on his private life and past history?

Meanwhile, for Catherine Elsmere and her daughter these autumn days had passed in a profound external quiet.

Mrs. Flaxman, at the big house, took all the social brunt upon herself. She set no limit to her own calls, and to her readiness to be called upon. The Flaxman dinner and tennis parties were soon an institution in the neighbourhood; and the distinguished persons who gathered at Maudeley for the Flaxman week-ends shed a reflected lustre on Upcote Minor itself. But Rose Flaxman stoutly protected her widowed sister. Mrs. Elsmere was delicate and in need of rest; she was not to be expected to take part in any "social junketings," and callers were quite plainly warned off.

For all of which Catherine Elsmere was grateful to a younger sister grotesquely unlike herself in temperament and character, yet brought steadily closer to her by the mere passage of life. Rose was an artist and an optimist, an exquisite musician, and a happy woman — though she, too, had known a tragic moment in her first youth. Catherine, her elder by some years, still maintained — beneath an exquisite refinement — the strong north-country characteristics of the Westmoreland family to which the sisters belonged. Her father had been an Evangelical scholar and headmaster, the one slip of learning in a rude and primitive race. She had been trained by him; and, in spite of her seven years of married life beside a nature as plastic and sensitive as Elsmere's, and the profundity of her love for her husband, it was the early influences on her life that had in the end proved the more enduring.

For years past she had spent herself in missionary work for the Church, in London; and though, for Robert's sake, she had maintained for long a slender connection, that no one misunderstood, with the New Brotherhood, the slow effect of his withdrawal from her life made itself inevitably felt. She stiffened and narrowed intellectually; while for all sinners and sufferers, within the lines of sympathy she gradually traced out for herself, she would have willingly given her body to be burned, so strong was the Franciscan thirst in her for the self-effacement and self-sacrifice that belong to the Christian ideal carried to intensity.

So long as Mary was a child, her claim upon her mother had to some extent balanced the claims of what many might have thought a devastating and depersonalising charity. Catherine was a tender though an austere mother; she became, and deserved to become, the idol of her daughter. But as Mary grew up she was drawn inevitably into her mother's activities; and Catherine, in the blindness of her ascetic faith, might have injured the whole spring of the girl's youth by the tremendous strain thus put upon it by affection on the one hand and pity on the other.

Mercifully, perhaps, for them both, Catherine's nerve and strength suddenly gave way, and with them that abnormal exaltation and clearness of spiritual vision that had carried her through middle life. She entered upon a barren and darkened path; the Christian joy deserted her, and there were many hours and days when little more than the Christian terrors remained. It was to this that Mary had referred in her first talk with Meynell. Her mother's state fell short of religious melancholy, but it came within sight of it. Catherine dreaded to be found herself a castaway; and the memory of Robert's betrayal of the faith — magnified by her mental state, like trees in mist — had now become an ever-haunting misery which tortured her unspeakably. Her mind was possessed by the parables of judgement — the dividing of the sheep from the goats; the shutting of the door of salvation on those who had refused the heavenly offers; and by all those sayings of the early Church that make "faith" the only passport to eternal safety.

Her saner mind struggled in vain against what was partly a physical penalty for defied physical law. And Mary also, her devoted companion, whose life depended hour by hour on the aspects and changes of her mother, must needs be drawn within the shadow of Catherine's dumb and phantom-ridden pain. The pain itself was dumb, because it concerned the deepest feelings of a sternly reserved woman. But mingled with the pain were other mat-

ters — resentments, antagonisms — the expression of which often half consciously relieved it. She rose in rebellion against those sceptical and deadly forces of the modern world that had swept her beloved from the narrow way. She fled them for herself; she feared them for Mary, in whom she had very early divined the working of Robert's aptitudes and powers.

And now, by ill fortune, a tired and suffering woman had no sooner found refuge and rest in the solitude of Forkèd Pond than, thanks partly to the Flaxmans' new friendship for Upcote's revolutionary parson, and partly to all the public signs, not to be escaped, of the commotion brewing in the diocese, and in England generally, the same agitations, the same troubles that had destroyed her happiness and peace of mind in the past, came clattering about her again.

Every one talked of them; every one took a passionate concern in them; the newspapers were full of them. The personality of Meynell, or that of the Bishop; the characters and motives of his opponents; the chances of the struggle, and the points on which it turned — even in the little solitary house between the waters, Catherine could not escape them. The Bishop, too, was an old friend; before his promotion, he had been the incumbent of a London parish in which Catherine had worked. She was no sooner settled at Forkèd Pond than he came to see her; and what more natural than that he should speak of the anxieties weighing upon him, to one so able to feel for them?

Then — the first involuntary signs of Mary's interest in, Mary's sympathy with, the offender! In Catherine's mind a thousand latent terrors sprang at once to life. For a time — some weeks — she had succeeded in checking all developments. But gradually the situation changed. Points of contact began to multiply between Mary and the disturber of Christ's peace in Upcote Minor. Mary's growing friendship for Alice Puttenham; her chance meetings with Meynell there, or in the village, or in the Flaxmans' drawing-room, were all distasteful and unwelcome to Catherine Elsmere. At least, her Robert had sacrificed himself — had done the honest and honourable thing. But this man — wounding the Church from within! — using the opportunities of the Church for the destruction of the Church! Who could make excuses for such a combatant?

And the more keenly she became aware of the widening gulf between her thoughts and Mary's — of Mary's half-conscious trafficking with the enemy — the greater was her alarm.

For the first time in all her strenuous, devoted life, she would sometimes make much of her physical weakness in these summer days, so as to keep Mary with her, to prevent her from becoming more closely acquainted with Meynell and Meynell's ideas. And, in fact, this new anxiety interfered with her recovery; she had only to let herself be ill, and ill most genuinely she was.

Mary understood it all, and submitted. Her mother's fears were, indeed, amply justified. Mary's secret mind was becoming absorbed, from a distance, in Meynell's campaign; and processes of thought that, so long as she and her mother were, so to speak, alone in the world together, were still immature and potential, grew apace. The woods and glades of Maudeley, the village street, the field paths, began to be for her places of magic, whence at any moment might spring flowers of joy known to her alone. To see him pass at a distance, to come across him in a miner's cottage or in Miss Puttenham's drawing-room — these rare occasions were to her the events of the summer weeks. Nor did she ever dream of anything beyond them.

Meanwhile, Rose Flaxman was the only person who ever ventured to feel and show the irritation of the natural woman towards her sister's idiosyncrasies.

"Do, for heaven's sake, stop her reading these books!" she said impatiently, one evening, to Mary, when she had taken leave of Catherine, and her niece was strolling back with her towards Maudeley.

"What books?"

"Why, lives of bishops and deans, and that kind of thing! I never come but I find a pile of them beside her. It should be made absolutely illegal to write the life of a clergyman! My dear, your mother would be well in a week if we could only stop it and put her on a course of Gaboriau!"

Mary smiled rather sadly.

"They seem to be the only things that interest her now."

"What, the deans? I know. It's intolerable. She went to speak to the postman just now, while I was with her, and I looked at the book she had been reading with her mark in it. I should like to have thrown it into the pond! Some tiresome canon or other writing to a friend about eternal punishment. What does he know about it, I should like to ask! And there was your mother as white as her ruffles, with dark lines under her eyes. I tell you, clerical intimidation should be made a punishable offense. It's just as bad as any other!"

Mary let her run on. She moved silently along the grassy path, her pretty head bent, her hands clasped behind her. And presently

her aunt resumed: "And the strange thing is, my dear, saving your presence, that your beloved mother is quite lax in some directions, while she is so strict in others. I never can make her pay the smallest attention to the things I tell her about Philip Meryon, for instance, that Hugh tells me. 'Poor fellow!' she always calls him, as though his abominable ways were like the measles — something you couldn't help. And as for that wild minx Hester, she has positively taken a fancy to her. It reminds me of what an old priest said to me once in Rome: 'Sins of the flesh, Madame! — what do they matter? The only sins that matter are those of the intellect.' There! — send me off — before I say any more *inconvenances*."

Mary waved farewell to her vivacious aunt, and walked slowly back to the cottage. She was conscious of inner smart and pain; conscious also, for the first time, of a critical mind towards the mother whose will had been the law of her life. It was not that she claimed anything for herself; but she claimed justice for a man misread.

"If they could only know each other!" she found herself saying at last, aloud, with an impetuous energy; and then, with a swift return upon herself: "Mother, *darling!* — Mother, who has no one in the world — but me!"

IX

On the same afternoon that saw the last meeting of the Commission of Enquiry at Markborough, the windows of Miss Puttenham's cottage in Upcote Minor were open to the garden, and the sun, stealing into the half-darkened drawing-room, touched all the many signs it contained of a woman's refinement and a woman's tastes. The room was a little austere. Not many books, but those clearly the friends and not the passing acquaintances of its mistress; not many pictures, and those rather slight suggestions on the dim blue walls than finished performances; a few "notes" in colour, or black and white, chosen from one or other of those moderns who can, in a sensitive line or two, convey the beauty or the harshness of nature. Over the mantelpiece was a pencil drawing, by Domenichino, of the Madonna and Child, a certain ecstatic languor in the Madonna, and in all the lines of form and drapery an exquisite flow and roundness.

The little maid-servant brought in the afternoon letters, and with them a folded newspaper — the Markborough *Post*. A close observer might have detected that it had been already opened, and hurriedly refolded in the old folds. There was much interest felt in Upcote Minor in the inquest held on John Broad's mother, and the kitchen had taken toll before the paper reached the drawing-room.

As if the maid's movement downstairs had been immediately perceived by a listening ear overhead, there was a quick sound of footsteps. Miss Puttenham ran downstairs, took the letters and the newspaper from the hands of the girl, and closed the door behind her.

She opened the paper with eagerness, and read the account. The newspaper dropped to the ground. She stood a moment, leaning against the mantelpiece, every feature in her face expressing the concentration of thought that held her; then she dropped into a chair, and, raising her two hands to her eyes, she pressed the shut lids close, lifting her face as if to some unseen misery, while a little sound, infinitely piteous, escaped her.

She saw a bedroom in a foreign inn; a vague form in the bed; a woman moving about in nurse's dress — the same woman who had just died in John Broad's cottage; and her sister Edith sitting by the fire. The door leading to the passage is ajar, and she is watching — or is it the figure in the bed that is watching — a figure marred by illness and pain? Through the door comes hastily a form — a man. With his entrance, movement and life, like a rush of mountain air, come into the ugly shaded room. He is tall, with a long face, refined and yet violent, instinct with the character and the pride of an old hectoring race. He comes to the bed, kneels down, and the figure there throws itself on his breast. There is a sound of bitter sobbing, of low words.

Alice Puttenham's hands dropped from her face, and lay outstretched upon her knee. She sat staring before her, unconscious of the garden outside, or of the passage of time. In some ways she was possessed of more beauty at thirty-seven than she had been at twenty. And yet, from childhood her face had been a winning one — with its childish upper lip and its thin oval, its delicate brunette colour, and the lovely clearness of its brown eyes. In youth its timid sweetness had been constantly touched with laughter. Now it shrank from you and appealed to you at the same time. But the departure of youth had but emphasised a certain distinction, a certain quality. Laughter was gone, but grace and character remained — imprinted also on the fragile body, the beautiful arms and hands. The only marring of the general impression came from an effect of restlessness and constraint. To live with Alice Puttenham was to conceive her as a creature subtly ill at ease, doing her best with a life which was, in some hidden way, injured at the core.

She thought herself quite alone this quiet afternoon, and likely to remain so. Hester, who had been lunching with her, had gone shopping into Markborough with the school-room maid, and was afterwards to meet Sarah and Lulu at a garden-party in the Cathedral Close. Lady Fox-Wilson had just left her sister's house after a long, querulous, excited visit. How could it be her — Alice's — fault that Judith Sabin had come home in this sudden, mysterious way? Yet the event had reopened all the old wounds in Edith's mind, revived all the old grievances and terrors. Strange that a woman should be capable of one supreme act of help and devotion, and should then spend her whole after life in resenting it!

"It was you and your story — that shocking thing we had to do for you — that have spoilt my life — and my husband's. Tom never got over it, and I never shall. And it will all come out — some day — it must! — and then what'll be the good of all we've suffered?"

That was Edith's attitude — the attitude of a small, vindictive soul. It never varied, year by year; it showed itself both in trifles and on great occasions; it poisoned all sisterly affection; and it was at the root of her conduct towards Hester — it had, indeed, made Hester what she was.

Again the same low sound of helpless pain broke from Alice Puttenham's lips. The sense of her unloved, solitary state, of all that she had borne and must still bear, roused in her anew a flame of memory. Torchlike it ran through the past, till she was shaken with anguish and revolt. She had been loved once! It had brought her to what the world calls shame. She only knew, at moments of strong reaction or self-assertion like the present, that she had once had a man at her feet who had been the desired and adored of his day; that she had breathed her heart out in the passion of youth on his breast; that, although he had wronged her, he had suffered because of her, had broken his heart for her, and had probably died because circumstances denied him the power to save and restore her — and he was not of the kind that bears patiently either thwarting from without or reproach from within.

For his selfish passion, his weakness and his suffering, and her own woman's power to make him suffer, for his death — no less selfish, indeed, than his passion, for it had taken from her the community of the same air and the same earth with him, the sense that somewhere in the world his warm life beat with hers, though they might be separated in bodily presence for ever — for each and all of these things she had loved him. And there were still times when, in spite of the years that had passed away, and of other and perhaps profounder feelings that had supervened, she felt within her again the wild call of her early love, responding to it like an unhappy child, in vain appeal against her solitude, her sister's unkindness, and the pressure of irrevocable and unforgotten facts.

Suddenly she turned towards a tall and narrow chest of drawers that stood at her left hand. She chose a key from her watch-chain, a small gold key that, in their childhood, had been generally mistaken by her nieces and nephews for one of the bunch of charms they were allowed to play with on "Aunt Alsie's" lap. With it she unlocked a drawer within her reach. Her hand slipped in; she threw a hasty look round her at the window, the garden. Not a sound of anything but the evening wind, which had just risen and was making a smart rustling among the shrubs outside. Her hand, a white, furtive thing, withdrew itself, and in it lay a packet wrapped in faded green velvet. Hurriedly — with yet more pauses to listen and to look — the wrapping was undone; the case within fell open.

It contained a miniature portrait of a man — French work, by an excellent pupil of Meissonier. The detail of it was marvellous; so, in Alice Puttenham's view, was the likeness. She remembered when and how it had been commissioned — the artist, and his bare studio in a street on the island near Notre Dame; the chestnuts in the Luxembourg garden; the dust of their falling blossoms; and the children playing in the alleys. And, through it all, what passionate, guilty happiness — what dull sense of things irreparable! — what deliberate shutting out of the future!

It was as good a likeness as the Abbey picture, only more literal, less "arranged." The Abbey picture, also by a French artist of another school, was younger, and had a fine, romantic, René-like charm. "René" had been her laughing name for him — her handsome, melancholy, eloquent *poseur!* Like many of his family, he was proud of his French culture, his French accent, and his knowledge of French books. The tradition that came originally from a French marriage had been kept up from father to son. They were not a learned or an industrious race; but their tongue soon caught the accent of the boulevards — of the Paris they loved and frequented.

Her hand lifted the miniature, the better to catch the slanting light.

As she did so, she was freshly struck with a resemblance she had long ceased to be conscious of. Familiarity with a living face, as so often happens, had destroyed for her its likeness —

likeness in difference — to a face of the dead. But to-night she saw it — was, indeed, arrested by it.

"And yet, Richard was never one tenth as good-looking!"

The portrait was set in pearls, and at the foot was an inscription in blue enamel:

"À ma mie!"

But, before she could see it, she must with her cold, quick fingers remove the fragment of stained paper that lay upon it like a veil. The half of a page of Molière — turned down, like that famous page of Shelley's Sophocles, and stained with sea water, as that was stained.

She raised the picture to her lips and kissed it — not with passion, but clingingly, as if it represented her only wealth amid so much poverty. Then her hand, holding it, dropped to her knee again; the other hand came to close over it; and her eyes shut. Tears came slowly through the lashes.

Amazing! — that that woman should have come back, and died within a few hundred yards, and she, Alice, know nothing! In spite of the Rector's note, she tortured herself with the thought of the interview between Judith and Mr. Barron. What could they have talked about — so long? Judith was always an excitable, hot-tempered creature. Her silence had been heavily and efficiently bought for fifteen years. Then steps had been taken — insisted upon — by Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson. His wife and his sister-in-law had opposed him in vain. And Ralph had, after all, triumphed in Judith's apparent acquiescence.

Supposing she had now come home, perhaps on a sudden impulse, with a view to further blackmail, would not her wisest move be to risk some indiscretion, some partial disclosure, so that her renewed silence afterwards might have the higher price? An hour's *tete-à-tete* with that shrewd, hard-souled man, Henry Barron! Alice Puttenham guessed that her own long-established dislike of him as acquaintance and neighbour was probably returned with interest, that he classed her now as one of "Meynell's lot," and would be only too glad to find himself possessed of any secret information that might, through her, annoy and harass Richard Meynell, her friend and counsellor.

Was it conceivable that nothing should have been said in that lengthy interview as to the causes for Judith's coming home — or of the reasons for her original departure? What else could have accounted for so prolonged a conversation between two persons so different in social grade, and absolute strangers to each other?

Richard had told her that, at the inquest, Barron had apparently accounted for the conversation. "She gave me a curious history of her life in the States. I was interested by her strange personality — and touched by her physical condition."

Richard had, indeed, insisted, almost angrily, that there was no reasonable cause for alarm. But Richard was always the consoler — the optimist — where she was concerned. Could she have lived at all — if it had not been so?

And then, for the second time, the rush of feeling rose, welling up, not from the springs of the past, but from the deepest sources of the present.

Richard!

That little villa on the Cap Martin — the steep pathway to it — and Richard mounting it, with that pale look, those tattered, sea-stained leaves in his hand — and the tragedy, that had to be told, in his eyes and on his lips. Could any other human being have upheld her as he did through that first year — through the years after? Was it not to him that she owed everything that had been recovered from the wreck: the independence and freedom of her daily life; protection from her hard brother-in-law, and from her sister's reproaches; occupation — hope — the gradual healing of intolerable wounds — the gradual awakening of a spiritual being?

Thus, after passion, she had known friendship — its tenderness, its disinterested affection and care.

Tenderness? Her hand dashed away some more impetuous tears; then locked itself in the other, the tension of the muscles answering to the inward effort for self-control. Thank God, she had never asked him for more; had often seemed, indeed, to ask him for much less; had made herself irresponsive, difficult, remote. At least, she had never lost her dignity in his eyes (ah! in whose eyes but his had she ever possessed it?); she had never forfeited — never risked, even — her sacred place in his life, as the soul he had helped through dark places, true servant as he was of the Master of Pity.

The alarm of the day faded as this emotion gained upon her. She bethought her of certain central and critical years when, after long dependence on him as comrade and friend, suddenly — she knew not how — her own pulse had quickened, and the sharpest struggle of her life had come upon her. It was the crisis of the mature woman as compared with that of the innocent and ignorant girl; and, in the silent mastering of it, she seemed to have parted with her youth.

But she had never parted with self-control and self-respect. She had never persuaded herself that the false was true. She had kept her counsel, and her sanity. And the wage of it had not been denied her. She had emerged more

worthy of his friendship, more capable of rewarding it.

Yes, but with a clear and sad perception of the necessities laid upon her — of the sacrifices involved.

He believed her — she knew it — indifferent to the great cause of religious change and reform that he had at heart. In these matters, indeed, she had quietly, unwaveringly held aloof. There are efforts and endurances that can only be maintained — up to a point. Beyond that point, resistance breaks. The life that is fighting emotion must not run too many risks of emotion. At the root of half the religious movements of the world lies the appeal of the preacher and the prophet — to women. Because women are the creatures and channels of feeling; and feeling is to religion as air to life.

But *she* must starve feeling — not feed and cherish it. Richard's voice was too powerful with her already. To hear it dealing with the most intimate and touching things of the soul would have tested the resistance of her will too sorely. Courage and honour alike told her that she would be defeated and undone if she attempted to meet and follow him, openly, in the paths of religion. *Entbehren sollst du — sollst entbehren!*

So, long before this date, she had chosen her line of action. She took no part in the movement, and she rarely set foot in the village church, which was close to her gates. Meynell sadly believed her unshakeable — one of the natural agnostics or pessimists of the world who cannot be comforted through religion.

And meanwhile, secretly, ardently, she tracked all the footsteps of his thoughts — reading what he read, thinking as far as possible what he thought, and revealing nothing.

Except that, lately, she had been indiscreet sometimes in talk with Mary Elsmere. Mary had divined her — had expressed her astonishment that her friend should declare herself and her sympathies so little; and Alice had set up some sort of halting explanation.

But in this nascent friendship it was not Mary alone who had made discoveries.

Alice Puttenham sat very still in the quiet, shadowy room, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over the miniature, the Markborough paper lying on the floor beside her. As the first activity of memory, stirred and goaded by an untoward event, lost its poignancy, as she tried in obedience to Meynell to put away her terrors with regard to the past, her thoughts converged ever more intensely on the present — on herself — and Mary.

There was in the world, indeed, another personality rarely or never absent from Alice Puttenham's consciousness. One face, one problem, more or less acutely realised, haunted her life continuously. But this afternoon they had, for the moment, receded into the background. Hester had been, surely, more reasonable, more affectionate, lately. Philip Meryon had left Sandford, and Hester had even shown some kindness to poor Stephen. She had declared her willingness to go to Paris, and the arrangements were all made. The crisis in her of angry revolt, provoked apparently by the refusal of her guardian to allow her engagement to Stephen, seemed to be over.

So that, for once, Alice Puttenham was free to think and feel for her own life and what concerned it. From the events connected with Judith Sabin's death,— through the long history of Meynell's goodness to her,— the mind of this lonely woman travelled on, to be filled and arrested by the great new fact of the present. She had made a new friend. And at the same moment she had found in her — at last — the rival with whom her own knowledge of life had threatened her these many years. A rival so sweet — so unwitting! Alice had read her. She had not yet read herself.

Alice opened her eyes — to the quiet room, and the windy sky outside. She was very pale, but there were no tears. "It is not renouncing," she whispered to herself, "for I never possessed. It is accepting — loving — giving — all one has to give." And, vaguely, there ran through her mind immortal words —"*good measure, pressed down, and running over.*"

A smile trembled on her lip. She closed her eyes again, lost in one of those spiritual passions accessible only to those who know the play and heat of the spiritual war. The wind was blowing briskly outside, and from the wood-shed in the back garden came a sound of sawing. Miss Puttenham did not hear a footstep approaching on the grass outside.

Hester paused at the window, smiling. There was wildness, triumph, in her look — as if for her this quiet afternoon had seen some undisclosed adventure. Her cheek was hotly flushed, her loosened hair made a glory in the evening sun. Youth, selfishly pitiless,— youth, the supplanter and destroyer,— stood embodied in the beautiful creature looking down upon Alice Puttenham, on the still intensity of the plaintive face, the closed eyes, the hands holding the miniature.

Mischievously the girl came closer. She took the stillness before her for sleep.

"Auntie! — Aunt Alsie!"

With a start, Alice Puttenham sprang up. The miniature dropped from her hands to the

floor, opening as it fell. Hester looked at it astonished — and stooped for it before Miss Puttenham had perceived her loss.

"Were you asleep, Aunt Alsie?" she asked, wondering. "I got tired of that stupid party, and I — well, I just slipped away,"— the clear, high voice had grown conscious,—"and I looked in here because I left a book behind me. Auntie — who is it?" She bent eagerly over the miniature, holding it to the light.

Miss Puttenham's face had faded to a grey-white.

"Give it to me, Hester!" She held out her hand imperiously.

"Mayn't I know even who it is?" asked Hester, as she unwillingly returned it. In the act, she caught the inscription, and her face kindled.

Impetuously throwing herself down beside Miss Puttenham, the girl looked up at her with an expression half mockery, half sweetness; while Alice, with unsteady fingers, replaced the case and locked the drawer.

"What an awfully handsome fellow!" said Hester, in a low voice. "Won't you tell me, Auntie?"

"Tell you what?"

"Who he was — and why I never saw it before? I thought I knew all your things by heart — and now you've been keeping something from me!" The girl's tone had changed to one of curious resentment. "You know how you scold *me* when you think I've got a secret."

"That is quite different, Hester."

Miss Puttenham tried to rise, but Hester, who was leaning against her knee, prevented it.

"Why is it different?" she said audaciously. "You always say you — you — want to be everything to me — and then you hide things from me — and I ——"

She raised herself, sitting upright on the floor, her hands round her knees, and spoke with extraordinary animation and sparkling eyes.

"Why, I should have loved you twice as much, Aunt Alice,— and you know I *do* love you! — if you'd told me more about yourself. The people *I* care about are the people who *live* — and feel — and do things! There's a verse in one of your books"— she pointed to a little book-shelf of poets on a table near — "I always think of it when Mama reads the 'Christian Year' to us on Sunday evenings:

> Out of dangers, dreams, disasters,
> *We* arise, to be your masters!

We — the people who want to know, and feel, and *fight!* We who loathe all the humdrum *bourgeois* talk — 'don't do this — don't do that!' Aunt Alsie, there's a German line, too — you know it: '*Was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine.*' Don't you hate it, too — *das Gemeine!*" The word came with vehemence through the white teeth. "And how can we escape it, we women, except through freedom, through asserting ourselves, through love, of course! It all comes to love! — love that Mama says one ought not to talk about. I wouldn't talk about it if it only meant what it means to Sarah and Lulu — I'd scorn to!"

She stopped, and looked with her blazing and wonderful eyes at her companion, her lips parted. Then she suddenly stooped and kissed the cold hand trying to withdraw itself from hers.

"Who was he, dear?" She laid the hand caressingly against her cheek. "I'm good at secrets!"

Alice Puttenham wrenched herself free, and rose tottering to her feet.

"He is dead, Hester — and you mustn't speak of it to me — or any one — again."

She leaned against the mantelpiece, trying to recover herself — but in vain.

"I'm rather faint," she said at last, putting out a groping hand. "No, don't come! — I'm all right — I'll go upstairs and rest. I got overtired this morning."

And she went feebly towards the door.

Hester looked after her, panting and wounded. Aunt Alsie repel — refuse her! — Aunt Alsie, who had always been her special possession and chattel! It had been taken for granted in the family, year after year, that, if no one else was devoted to Hester, Aunt Alsie's devotion, at least, never failed. Hester's clothes were Miss Puttenham's special care; it was for Hester she stitched and embroidered; Hester was to inherit her jewels and her money. In all Hester's scrapes it was Aunt Alice who stood by her, who had often carried her off bodily out of reach of the family anger, to the Lakes — once even to Italy.

And, from her childhood, Hester had coolly taken it all for granted, had never been specially grateful, or much more amenable to counsels from Aunt Alice than from anybody else. The slender, graceful woman, so gentle, plaintive, and reserved, so easily tyrannised over, had never seemed to mean much to her. Yet, now, as she stood looking at the door through which Miss Puttenham had disappeared, the girl was conscious of a profound and passionate sense of grievance, and of something deeper beneath it. The sensation that held her was new and unbearable.

Then, in a moment, her temperament turned pain into anger. She ran to the window, and down the steps into the garden.

"If she had told me," she said to herself, with the childish fury that mingled in her with older and maturer things, "I might have told *her*. Now — I fend for myself!"

TO BE CONTINUED

The Honeymoon

by Arnold Bennett

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

SYNOPSIS OF ACT I

THE first act opens with a discussion between Cedric Haslam, a renowned aviator, and Flora Lloyd, his charming young bride. They have been married only a few hours, and are deciding upon a programme for their honeymoon. Their conversation is broken in upon by a waiter, who, while clearing their tea-table, tells them of the projected flight of a famous German aviator. Cedric asks for a paper, and, discovering that the German is intending to try within three weeks for a large prize offered by the Aëro Club to the first aviator who flies over the highest mountain in England, he determines to cut the honeymoon short by several weeks and attempt the flight before the German. Flora insists that the honeymoon is more important, that it is her "exhibition flight," and she refuses to have it dealt with lightly. In the midst of this discussion they are interrupted by the entrance of Cedric's mother, Mrs. Reach Haslam, a noted novelist, Mr. Reach Haslam, and Charles, the younger son. Having learned from the Bishop of Colchester that the curate who married Flora and Cedric had confessed that he was not a curate at all, and that therefore they were not legally married, Mrs. Haslam had overtaken the young couple to bring them back and have the ceremony performed again.

NOTES ON CHARACTERS IN ACT II

THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER. Celibate. The typical bishop who, while the bent of his mind is reactionary, convinces himself that he is exceedingly modern and moving with the rapid times. No real intellectual quality, but energetic and self-adaptive.

CUTHBERT. Is just a plain modern butler. I particularly do not want this trifling part to be embroidered by the conventional butler "business." If any genuine realistic butler "business" can be brought into it, well and good.

ACT II

MRS. REACH HASLAM'S *study. A large apartment, richly and suitably furnished. The retreat of one of the most successful, most wealthy, and most majestic novelists in the world. Large and splen-*

did desk (for two people sitting opposite each other) about the middle of the room. Door leading to hall, etc.; another door leading to drawing-room. A sofa, which is partly hidden by a screen from the view of any one entering from drawing-room. Date-calendar on desk. Telephone.

All the HASLAMS *except* CHARLES *are in evening dress.* FLORA *is elaborately attired, with a light Egyptian shawl on her shoulders, and a fan.*

TIME. *Same evening. Immediately after dinner. The* BISHOP *is waiting, alone. Enter* MRS. REACH HASLAM, *followed by* MR. REACH HASLAM.

MRS. R. H. [*as she enters*]. Ah, Bishop! How good of you! [*Shaking hands.*]

BISHOP [*shaking hands with* MR. R. H.]. My dear Mrs. Reach Haslam, not at all! I blush for my diocese — that such a deplorable and distressing accident should have occurred in it.

MRS. R. H. Then it really is true?

BISHOP. But I told you on the telephone ——

MRS. R. H. I know, I know! I was only hoping against hope that perhaps, after all, you might have found that the marriage was legal.

BISHOP [*shaking his head*]. No. His late father was undoubtedly in orders, his late brother also. But he himself was no more ordained than you are [*to* MR. R. H., *who recoils*]. He presumed on his relationships. . . . In fact, his sole qualification seems to have been two old suits of his brother's.

MRS. R. H. Well, after all, perhaps better so.

BISHOP. Better, dear lady?

MRS. R. H. I mean, that you have not brought good news at the eleventh hour. Really — [*looking at* MR. R. H.]

MR. R. H. [*to whom the* BISHOP, *puzzled, turns for an explanation*]. My wife, with her novelist's instinct, perceives the situation that would be created if we had to go into the drawing-room now and say to them suddenly, "Well, you are married, after all."

MRS. R. H. Excessively delicate! They would naturally have to leave the house at once.

BISHOP. Quite so. I cannot tell you how relieved I was to get your wire saying that you had overtaken them in time. Young people make such a mystery of the honeymoon, nowadays, that often they don't even leave a postal address. A dangerous innovation!

MR. R. H. Evidently.

BISHOP. I gather that you have brought them both here, poor things!

MRS. R. H. It seemed the wisest course. I consulted my husband, and he quite agreed with me that, in view of the unusual circumstances, we ought to act with the greatest prudence — for *their* sakes! And so we motored quietly back to town, and got here just in time for dinner. My son drove. I sat by his side. There wasn't room for their heavy luggage, and so Charlie is bringing that up by train. Charles is my other son. . . . [*Sighs.*] And here we are!

BISHOP. Admirable! It's a case of ——

MR. R. H. As you were.

BISHOP. Just so! Really a terrible blow to them — must have been! . . . And to you, and to you! An appalling shock! How have they borne it? [*turning to* MR. R. H.]

MRS. R. H. Well — [*Turning to* MR. R. H.] Father, how should you say they have borne it?

MR. R. H. Grimly. That is — on the grim side.

BISHOP. Ah!

MRS. R. H. Of course, my lord, we are taking it for granted that the matter can be put right to-morrow, without fail and beyond question. I have tried to comfort them with the absolute assurance.

BISHOP. My dear lady, without fail! At any hour! *Any* hour — up to three o'clock. That is why I have come specially to town, to convince you by my presence of my horror at the — er — crime, my sympathy with its innocent victims, and my utter determination that the ceremony shall be performed again to-morrow morning under my personal supervision and guarantee. I feel that I cannot do too much.

[*During the last words, enter* CUTHBERT, *with salver of letters and press cuttings, followed by parlour-maid with a tray of newspaper packets.*

MRS. R. H. Will you excuse my husband while he deals with the post?

BISHOP. I beg —— [MR. R. H. *sits down to desk and takes the post. Exeunt servants.*]

MRS. R. H. I ought to apologise for receiving you in my study, but I thought — my husband thought — we had better see you first alone. Are those the press cuttings, father?

[MR. R. H., *nodding, opens press cuttings.*

BISHOP. But for this unfortunate *contretemps*, what a charming coincidence that your new book should be published to-day of all days!

MRS. R. H. So you find time in your busy life, Bishop, to keep abreast of modern literature — even novels?

BISHOP. *Even* novels! My dear lady, there is no greater force for good.

MRS. R. H. Or for evil — alas!

BISHOP. Quite so! I have often thought — I have, indeed, said so from the platfrom — that the two most truly important influences for good in our generation are your novels and the leaflets of the National Society for Promoting the

Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.

MRS. R. H. Indeed! Father, do you recall that press cutting?

MR. R. H. [*busy*]. No.

BISHOP. It was reported in our diocesan magazine.

MRS. R. H. And yet, my dear Bishop, I have more than once felt it my duty to criticise the Church somewhat sharply in my work.

BISHOP. I know, I know. We bow the head. We kiss the rod.

MRS. R. H. In my new novel I am back in politics again. Have you seen it yet?

BISHOP. No — not yet. But I have already ordered it from Boot's.

MRS. R. H. Boot's?

BISHOP. Yes, the cash chemist's. I find their circulating library the most economical of all. And I have to be particular. As you know, I publish every year a detailed account of all my expenditure, personal and otherwise, and too large a sum for books might be misconstrued as self-indulgence, especially in a bachelor.

MRS. R. H. Ah, yes. [*Handing him a book.*] Here is a copy.

BISHOP. Pretty cover.

MR. R. H. [*to his wife, in a low tone*]. Twenty-one columns.

MRS. R. H. [*pleased*]. Really!

BISHOP [*looking up*]. Twenty-one columns?

MRS. R. H. We are treating you without ceremony, my dear Bishop. My husband has just calculated the total length of the reviews of my book that have appeared in the London papers on the first day. Of course, we attach no value whatever to the actual opinions expressed,— the critics have to work in such a hurry, and they are so sadly unfitted for their task, poor dears,— but the amount of space given is an excellent indication of the public importance ascribed to the book.

BISHOP [*who has been inspecting the book*]. How true!

MRS. R. H. [*to* MR. R. H.]. Anything special?

MR. R. H. No. "Surpassed herself" seven or eight times. "Masterpiece" fourteen times. The *Piccadilly Gazette* is unfavourable.

MRS. R. H. Very?

MR. R. H. Yes.

MRS. R. H. Better tell me.

MR. R. H. [*deprecating gesture; reads*]. "The book is, of course, admirable in workmanship, knowledge, and insight, but Mrs. Reach Haslam has not, if the truth must be told, surpassed herself."

MRS. R. H. If I'd known about that when I saw their lady reporter this morning!

BISHOP [*putting the book down*]. Enthralling narrative! Enthralling! Now, my dear lady — [*rising*].

MRS. R. H. [*interrupting him*]. Please sit down. As you are having a glimpse of me in my profession to-night, I want to ask you one or two professional questions about the psychology of that false curate.

BISHOP [*sitting down again*]. Yes, yes. Psychology — just so.

MRS. R. H. I never lose an opportunity of gathering material. Father, will you mind taking down? My husband is good enough to act as my stenographer.

BISHOP. Touching!

MRS. R. H. Now, I noticed nothing remarkable about that curate.

BISHOP [*agreeing*]. No. And yet, you know — curious thing — he's a gentleman, quite! Oh, quite! And I even remembered once meeting his father, when I was Court Chaplain, at a garden-party in aid of the Additional Curates' Society.

MR. R. H. [*who is busily taking notes, repeats what he has written*]. "Curates' Society."

MRS. R. H. But why should he choose to personate a curate? That is what is so interesting to a novelist. Why a curate? It couldn't have been for the money, or the glory.

MR. R. H. "Glory."

BISHOP. The case is highly peculiar. He is certainly not without means or brains. My opinion is that his action was due to excessive intellectual curiosity. He told me he wanted to feel what it was like to be a curate.

MRS. R. H. Yet he *looked* quite sane.

BISHOP. Oh, quite! Astonishing story! His brother, through the influence of the Primate, had been engaged as curate by the Vicar of St. Saviour's, Colchester, subject to an interview. This brother had been doing some chaplaining in Switzerland — just rough winter work. On the way home he died suddenly in Paris. Well, our friend of this morning calmly took up the dead man's identity, came to Colchester, conquered the simple vicar, and was at once accepted. That was two months ago.

MR. R. H. "Ago."

MRS. R. H. But how dangerous!

BISHOP. So I pointed out to him. His reply was that it was just the danger that had attracted him — coupled with the desire to understand why the members of his family had had such a passion for curacy. It seems that two of his sisters have espoused curates. This will be a grievous blow for all of them.

MR. R. H. "All of them."

MRS. R. H. But why should the man be struck with remorse just now?

BISHOP. Well, his explanation is that he was so moved by the bride's beauty ——

MRS. R. H. Duty.

BISHOP. Beauty. [*Gesture of mild triumph from* MR. R. H. *to* MRS. R. H.] He could not bear to think that any action of his should cause — er — inconvenience to a woman so beautiful. Hence he came to me at once. Fortunately, I happened to be at the palace.

MRS. R. H. Had he performed any other marriages?

BISHOP. Happily, none. But he had celebrated ten funerals and four baptisms. However, these do not seem to trouble him in the least, I regret to say. It was the wedding alone that roused his conscience.

MR. R. H. "Conscience."

MRS. R. H. Of course, you sent for the police.

BISHOP. I trust and believe that he is now in prison. But I did not send for the police. The Church has its dignity to maintain against the civil judicature in these modern days. Also, with so much irreligion — shall I say? — flaunting in the very air, she must avoid scandal — particularly local scandal. London scandal is less deleterious. Accordingly, I brought the young man up to London with me, and I put him into a cab for the police station, where he will surrender himself of his own free will to the law. I prefer that way. It is perhaps original, but nowadays we bishops have to be original.

MRS. R. H. But do you really suppose he has surrendered?

BISHOP. I am sure of it. I cannot pretend to your skill in reading character, dear lady, but I know a gentleman at sight.

MR. R. H. "Sight."

Bishop. MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I HAVE TRIED TO EXPRESS TO MRS. HASLAM MY CONSTERNATION——

MRS. R. H. Of course, if one put such a story into a novel, it would never be believed. That's the worst of real life.

BISHOP. And yet, this distressing affair reminded me strongly of the false archdeacon in "The Woman of Kent."

MRS. R. H. [*pleased*]. Ah! You remember my early book.

BISHOP [*protestingly*]. My dear lady! You have no more earnest student! And may I add that, from the first, I found that episode of the false archdeacon entirely convincing? Its convincingness was one of the very few points on which I shared the opinions of the late Mr.

Gladstone. "The Woman of Kent" has always been a favourite of mine among your novels. It must have had a vast circulation.

MRS. R. H. How many copies, father?

MR. R. H. [*without looking up from the desk*]. One hundred and seventy-two thousand.

BISHOP. Wonderful memory!

MRS. R. H. Is it not? He knows more about my books than I do myself — far more.

BISHOP. Touching! [*Rising.*] I must go — reluctantly. Now, what time shall we say for to-morrow morning? I am absolutely at your disposal.

MRS. R. H. But do we understand that you mean to conduct the ceremony in person?

BISHOP. I do. I wish particularly to show by my presence at the altar my sense of what complete reparation is due to you — due to you all.

MRS. R. H. I think we had better consult Flora herself. [*Rings bell.*] As you know, my original intention was that you should be asked to preside at the ceremony. But the young people insisted on a simple curate — doubtless from modesty, my dear Bishop. Would that I had been firm in the first instance!

[*Enter* CUTHBERT.

MRS. R. H. Is Mrs. Lloyd in the drawing-room?

CUTHBERT. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. R. H. With Mr. Cedric?

CUTHBERT. No, ma'am. She is alone.

MRS. R. H. Will you tell Mrs. Lloyd that I should be very much obliged if she could join us here for a moment.

CUTHBERT. Yes, ma'am. A representative of the *Piccadilly Gazette* has just called, ma'am, for information. A male representative.

MRS. R. H. The *Piccadilly!* [*To* MR. R. H.] The audacity! [*To* CUTHBERT.] About what? [CUTHBERT *makes a gesture of embarrassment.*] You told him to call again to-morrow?

CUTHBERT. No, ma'am. He's waiting.

MRS. R. H. Father, would you mind going out to him? [*Exit* CUTHBERT.] I really wonder at Cuthbert. [*To* BISHOP.] We have an absolute rule against seeing journalists after dinner. As you know, Bishop, I detest notoriety. Hence our rule. And yet, Cuthbert allows this man to wait!

Cedric. HAS THAT DASHED BISHOP ACTUALLY DEPARTED?

MR. R. H. [*Going to door.*] Cuthbert is not himself. Cuthbert has been staggered by the events of the day. The strain of pretending that nothing in the least unusual has happened must be tremendous. Allowance should be made for Cuthbert. How shall I treat this invader? [*The* BISHOP *dips into the novel.*

MRS. R. H. Well, without actually mentioning their review, perhaps you might just indicate by your manner ——

MR. R. H. These journalists are so obtuse, but still ——

MRS. R. H. I think perhaps if you said that we cannot understand how a purely private matter can interest the public, but that, if they *must* know, the Bishop is here in person, and —— [MR. R. H. *nods.*] You think that will be judicious?

MR. R. H. Quite. [*Exit.*]

BISHOP. [*Putting down the book.*] Enthralling!

[*Enter* FLORA.

MRS. R. H. Flora, darling, this is the Bishop of Colchester. Mrs. Lloyd, my — er — prospective daughter-in-law.

FLORA [*stiffly*]. My lord.

BISHOP. My dear young lady, I have already tried to express to Mrs. Haslam my consternation, my shame at the ——

FLORA [*smiling coldly*]. I am sure that is sufficient.

MRS. R. H. The Bishop has come to town specially to see us, Flora. In order to guard against any possibility of further accident, he has kindly suggested that he should officiate himself to-morrow morning.

FLORA [*to* BISHOP]. It's really very good of you.

MRS. R. H. [*relieved*]. Is it not?

BISHOP. At what hour? I am entirely at your disposal.

FLORA. Oh, any time.

BISHOP. Noon? If you come down by the nine-fifteen train ——

FLORA. That will do perfectly.

MRS. R. H. Where is Cedric, dear?

FLORA. I have no idea. Shall I see? [*Exit.*]

BISHOP. The dear child has evidently been much upset.

MRS. R. H. We all have.

BISHOP. Ravishing creature! Who was Mr. Lloyd?

MRS. R. H. He seems to have been on the Stock Exchange. He was a Colchester man, and had a house just outside the town.

BISHOP. Indeed! I never met him. Did he leave a large fortune?

MRS. R. H. Oh, no! The house — not much else, I believe.

BISHOP. Probably an admiration for your work was the original basis of the — er ——

MRS. R. H. Oh, no! I was first introduced to Mrs. Lloyd by Charlie, my second son. In fact, quite confidentially, Bishop, we thought it was a match between *them*.

BISHOP. But Heaven decided otherwise?

MRS. R. H. Cedric decided otherwise.

[*Enter* MR. R. H.

MR. R. H. Flora tells me that it is arranged for to-morrow.

BISHOP. Yes. I have just been hearing from Mrs. Haslam how this beautiful young lady has attracted both your sons.

MR. R. H. Very catching. Ran through the family.

BISHOP. Ha, ha! [*Seriously.*] Ravishing creature!

MRS. R. H. Has Charlie come yet?

MR. R. H. No.

MRS. R. H. If he isn't here soon I fear he'll be late for the office. And he's had no sleep to-day, poor boy. [*To* BISHOP.] Charles is the assistant manager of the circulation department of the *Daily Sentinel*, and his hours are from nine-thirty at night till three in the morning.

BISHOP. How trying! I'm afraid we little think, when we open our newspaper at breakfast,— I always read the *Sentinel*,— we little think what an immense amount of endeavour——

[*Enter* CHARLES.

CHARLES. Hullo, Mater. No trace of any dinner for me in the dining-room. Here you stick me up with the luggage and all the dirty work ——

MRS. R. H. Charles, the Bishop of Colchester.

BISHOP. We have met once before, I think [*shaking hands*]. Now, dear Mrs. Haslam [*looking at his watch*], I have half an hour to get to Liverpool Street.

MRS. R. H. You return to Colchester to-night?

BISHOP. Essential! I have a midnight procession of drunkards. You know, they call me the "drunkards' bishop." I am proud of the title.

MRS. R. H. [*shaking hands*]. Exceedingly good of you to have come.

BISHOP. Not at all. The obligation is mine for your forbearance. Now, may I presume on our slight acquaintanceship? If at any time you should think of adding a bishop to your wonderful gallery of contemporary portraits, and I could be of assistance — need I say more?

MRS. R. H. I have already drawn two.

BISHOP. Really?

MR. R. H. Suffragans, my dear.

BISHOP. Ah! *Suffragans!* I thought I could not have forgotten two bishops. Till to-morrow, then, at noon. Young man, till to-morrow. [*Shakes hands with* CHARLES.]

MRS. R. H. [*as* BISHOP *and* MR. R. H. *go out*]. Father, would you mind speaking firmly to Cuthbert about Charlie's dinner?

[*Exeunt* BISHOP *and* MR. R. H.

CHARLES. Why the Bishop?

MRS. R. H. He came up specially to arrange for to-morrow. Fortunately he saw at once that it was his duty to take things in hand himself.

CHARLES. I should say that what the Bishop saw was a chance of getting himself into one of your books, Mater.

MRS. R. H. That also is possible.

CHARLES [*imitating the* BISHOP]. "Need I say more?" What a cuckoo!

MRS. R. H. Charles! [*Enter* CEDRIC.

CEDRIC. Has that dashed Bishop actually departed? I began to think he was going to spend the night here.

MRS. R. H. Cedric! I am ready to make great allowances, but I *really* do not know what has come over my sons.

CEDRIC. Sorry, mother. [*To* CHARLES.] Hello! You back?

MRS. R. H. Flora's told you it's all arranged for noon to-morrow?

CEDRIC. No; haven't seen her.

MRS. R. H. Well, it is. And now, my boys, you can't stay any longer in your mother's study. My article for *Harker's* must absolutely be finished to-night. Your father and I had been expecting a placid afternoon and evening of work.

CHARLES. By the way, Rick. About that Klopstock business. Of course you've seen the papers: [CEDRIC *nods.*]

MRS. R. H. Oh, yes. I quite intended to mention that, Cedric; but, really, one has had so many things to think about — and my article, too! How very awkward it is, isn't it!

CHARLES. I met one of our johnnies at Liverpool Street, and he was a little excited about it. And I may inform you it isn't often our johnnies do get excited.

CEDRIC. Oh! [*Sits down on sofa.*]

CHARLES. He told me they've received a later wire at the office, from Breslau, saying that Klopstock has had a private trial over a mountain near there — I forget the name — and done it, my boy! Done it on his head!

CEDRIC. Has he, indeed?

CHARLES. And he'll be over here in a week or ten days, it seems. They want to know at the office exactly what you're going to do. So I told the johnny I should be seeing you to-night and I'd bring an official message. I had to explain to him a bit what had happened — couldn't help it. I suppose you'll be forced to cut the honeymoon next week and begin to get things into shape at once.

MRS. R. H. It is annoying for you, dear, and for Flora, too!

CEDRIC. I sha'n't do any such thing.

CHARLES. You surely won't let him ——

CEDRIC. I sha'n't do anything for a full month.

CHARLES. Do you mean to say you'll let Klopstock get in first?

CEDRIC. If Klopstock chooses to try during my honeymoon, I can't help that, can I? Let somebody else have a shot. I'm not the only aviator in England, confound it!

MRS. R. H. Cedric!

CHARLES. You're the only aviator in England that can get in front of Klopstock over Snowdon.

CEDRIC. I can't help that.

MRS. R. H. But, Cedric — surely your duty ——

CEDRIC. Oh! D—— [*Stopping himself.*]

[*Enter* FLORA. *As soon as she perceives* CEDRIC, *who has been hidden from her by the screen, she makes as if to leave the room again.*

MRS. R. H. [*recalling her*]. Flora.

FLORA [*with false simplicity*]. So you *are* back, Charles. What an angel you've been to worry yourself with all that big luggage.

CHARLES. Oh! That's all right. [*Surveying her.*] I see you had at least one frock in the portmanteau.

MRS. R. H. We were just discussing the Snowdon flight. So you two have decided ——

FLORA. No, we really settled nothing. Cedric alone settles that, of course. All questions relating to aëroplanes should be addressed to the head of the flying department, and not to the firm.

CEDRIC [*rising, with restrained savageness*]. I tell you, I shall do nothing whatever for a full month. [*Exit.*]

CHARLES [*trying to break the extreme awkwardness caused by Cedric's behaviour — in a bantering but affectionate tone*]. I suspect the fact is that the bones of a husband are doubly precious in her sight.

MRS. R. H. But you don't really think there is any special danger, do you, Flora dear?

FLORA. Of course not. If I weren't convinced that Cedric in his aëroplane is a great deal safer than Charlie in a motor-car, or Paderewski at the end of a concert, or a Cabinet Minister at a public meeting, should I have gone as far as marrying him? But I may as well tell you now — Cedric and I aren't going to get married to-morrow.

MRS. R. H. Not going to — [*Stops.*] But you've just arranged with the Bishop!

FLORA. I know. But that was simply my cowardice. The truth is, I hadn't the heart to tell him. I felt that we could express ourselves more comfortably in a telegram than by word of mouth.

MRS. R. H. We! But — but what is wrong with to-morrow, Flora?

FLORA. Nothing. It's no worse than any other day. Only, we aren't going to get married at all.

MRS. R. H. But you *are* married — practically. I mean ——

FLORA. [*Shakes her head.*] Not even theoretically.

MRS. R. H. [*with a certain dignified appeal*]. Flora. I'm not as young as you are. I'm a hard-working woman. My work is terribly in arrear. But I've never broken a contract yet, and I must finish to-night that article of mine for *Harker's* on "A Remedy for the Decline of the Birth-Rate in London Society." The subject is delicate for a popular magazine, and I need to have my mind free. May I beg you to tell me exactly what you mean, without being too witty?

FLORA. I'm really very sorry — very sorry. If I'm witty, I honestly assure you, it's an oversight. All I can tell you is that Cedric and I have had an extremely serious difference of opinion on a vital matter, and there's no hope of our views being reconciled, and so we aren't going to get married.

CHARLIE. Not really!

FLORA. Yes.

MRS. R. H. [*half to herself*]. And this is all you can find to do to help me with my article! [*To* FLORA.] I suppose I must imitate your calmness.

FLORA [*winningly*]. Oh! Please do.

MRS. R. H. When did you and Cedric settle this?

FLORA. We haven't settled it. Have we had a moment alone together since we left Pixton? *I've* settled it. One person can settle these things.

MRS. R. H. Do you mean to say that Cedric doesn't know what you're telling me?

FLORA. Not unless he's listening behind the door. I inform you before any one.

MRS. R. H. Of course, father and I both noticed that you were far from being yourselves. But we put it down to the shock and disappointment.

Flora. CHARLIE, THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT YOU UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN CEDRIC

FLORA. To the curate accident? Oh, no! A curate accident might happen to any unmarried couple. I'm afraid our gloom was caused by nothing but a terrible fear.

MRS. R. H. Terrible fear?

FLORA. Terrible fear lest neither of us would have the audacity to profit by the curate's revelation.

MRS. R. H. Audacity! Your audacity astounds me.

FLORA. Yes, it rather startles even me. Now, will you mind telling Cedric?

MRS. R. H. I —— [*Looks at her. Then exit.*]

FLORA. Are you also struck dumb?

CHARLES. I suppose the kick-up was about — Snowdon *versus* honeymoon.

FLORA. Charlie, how penetrating you are! Really! And you put it in a nutshell.

CHARLES. Well, when we burst into that hotel I could have sworn something was wrong. Don't you remember I enquired what was the matter? And just now, when I was asking Rick what he meant to do, it didn't want any powerful penetration to see that there must have been a hades of a rumpus between him and you.

FLORA [*quizzingly*]. Oh! Didn't it? And what's your opinion? Do you think Snowdon ought to win?

CHARLES. Well, it's fiendishly important.

FLORA. I know. But don't you think a honeymoon's somehow more important?

CHARLES. *Some* honeymoons might be.

FLORA. What should you have done in Cedric's place?

CHARLES. But look here, Flo, he *has* given way, you know.

FLORA. Yes, but against his judgment.

CHARLES. Well, he can't help that.

FLORA. You're wrong, Charlie.

CHARLES. Am I?

FLORA. Couldn't *you* help it? If Cedric can't control his judgment better than that, in a serious matter, at the very start of the marriage — so much the worse for him and for me.

CHARLES. Perhaps so.

FLORA. Charlie, there are some things that you understand better than Cedric.

CHARLES. That's what I always say, but no one believes me.

FLORA. It's true. Do you know, I'm simply shaking?

CHARLES. Fright? [*Flora nods.*] I can believe you are, but nobody 'ud guess it.

[*Half-enter* CEDRIC.

CEDRIC [*stopping at half-opened door, to somebody outside the room*]. What's that you say? [*Exit again, leaving door ajar.*]

FLORA. You'd better go. You'll be in the way here — don't you see?

CHARLES. But you're sending me off just at the interesting part. And you'll all be gone to bed before I get back from the office. I say, Flo ——

FLORA. Yes?

CHARLES. Would you mind telling father or mother to see that my supper is set for me in the garden to-night? And something solid, too!

[*Enter* CEDRIC.

FLORA. I will. [*Exit* CHARLES, *back.*]

FLORA. I see your mother's told you. Well, what can I say to you?

CEDRIC [*sitting down*]. You might congratulate me on the way I'm keeping calm under stress.

FLORA. But why do you come in like this and look at me like this?

CEDRIC. Idle curiosity! Having received the news from the mater, I was absurdly curious to hear any remarks you might have to make to me. So I came in — like this.

FLORA. Cedric, I did it the best way I could. . . . I was afraid if I didn't do it at once it might never be done. I could see the time going on and going on, and me preparing myself to do this thing in a nice, kind, tactful, proper way, exactly as it should be done — and never doing it — never beginning to do it! And at last finding myself at Colchester to-morrow, hypnotised by your mother and the Bishop. Cedric, I'm sure it's a mistake to *prepare* to do a thing like this, leading up to it, and so on. The best plan is to let it go off with a frightful *bang* anyhow, as I've done! Then the worst happens at the start instead of at the finish.

CEDRIC. I quite see the argument.

FLORA [*with a nod of the head towards the door*]. You've told her the reason?

CEDRIC. She'd half guessed it. I made it seem as plausible as I could, in my taciturn way. But you know it would need a course of lectures to explain it properly.

FLORA. I suppose I ought to depart hence. Where is your mother now?

CEDRIC. She's briefly stating the facts to the head of the family.

FLORA. Cedric, don't you feel as if I'd lifted an enormous weight off your chest? Candidly?

CEDRIC. No; but I feel as if we'd been sitting all day in a stuffy railway carriage with a window that wouldn't open, and there'd been a collision that had pitched us clean through it. I've got oxygen, but I'm dashed if I can feel my legs.

FLORA. My dear Cedric, if you were seriously injured you couldn't talk like that.

[*Enter, during the last words,* MRS. R. H., *and* MR. R. H., *very solemn.*

MRS. R. H. Has Charlie gone?

FLORA. Yes. By the way, he wants his supper set in the garden — he asked me to tell you.

MRS. R. H. Thank you.

FLORA. Something solid, he said.

MRS. R. H. [*sitting down*]. Cedric, I wish your father to hear for himself exactly what the situation is. I naturally turn to him and leave everything *to* him. . . . Now, father!

MR. R. H. So far as I've gathered, there seems to be some slight difficulty as to dates. To-day's the 20th — to-morrow will be the 21st. [*Looking at date-calendar.*] Yes, the 21st. Flora thinks the honeymoon ought to end on the 21st *prox.*, whereas Cedric thinks the honeymoon ought to end in about ten days' time, say the 1st *prox.* The difference of opinion [*ironical stress*] on this highly important matter, this fundamental matter, is final. Hence Flora has absolutely decided to break off the marriage.

FLORA. That's it.

MR. R. H. Nothing could be simpler.

MRS. R. H. Flora, how can you sit there and trifle with our deepest feelings in this utterly cynical manner?

FLORA [*persuasively*]. I hope we aren't going to converse as if we were characters in a powerful novel of modern society. This is real life, you know; do let's talk as if we were real people — do you mind?

MRS. R. H. Personally, I am not aware of being unreal. But *you* seem to be unaware that you are playing with tragic things.

FLORA. As I told Cedric in the first act ——

MRS. R. H. [*staggered beyond measure*]. In the first act!

FLORA. My dear, I'm only trying to fall in with your wish to turn this affair into a tragedy. If it is a tragedy, the first act occurred this morning. As I told Cedric, we've stumbled across a question of vital principle. Is our marriage to be the most important thing in our lives, or isn't it? If it is, then nothing less than an earthquake could possibly disturb the honeymoon, because I suppose you'll admit the honeymoon is the most urgent part of matrimony. If our marriage is *not* to be the most important thing in our lives — all right! That's a point of view that I can understand; only — I don't want to get married. And I won't. [*Pause.*]

MRS. R. H. Cedric, why don't you speak?

CEDRIC. Nothing to say.

MRS. R. H. Your silence is excessive.

FLORA [*still persuasively*]. We solemnly arrange our honeymoon. Then Cedric happens to see a newspaper, and he as good as says, "Here's something more important than our honeymoon. Our honeymoon must give way to this." And, after all, this terrific something is nothing whatever but a purely business matter — something to do with the works.

MRS. R. H. Something to do with England — with Cedric's career — with Cedric's duty.

FLORA [*turning to* MR. R. H.]. Supposing Cedric one day said he couldn't attend his father's funeral because his career called him elsewhere,— because England wanted him,— what should you say?

MR. R. H. I probably shouldn't open my mouth.

MRS. R. H. A funeral is different.

FLORA. It is. But I can't help thinking that if circumstances oughtn't to prevent a man from going to a funeral, they oughtn't to prevent him from going to his own honeymoon.

CEDRIC. I hope you won't lose sight of the

fact that I gave way to you absolutely about five hours ago.

MR. R. H. That's the trouble.

MRS. R. H. Father!

MR. R. H. Yes, that's the trouble; because his giving way to her is a proof that he didn't share her views. What Flora objects to in Cedric is not what he does, but what he thinks. She seems to me to have no use for free thinking in a husband.

FLORA. I won't argue any further.

MRS. R. H. But why not? Surely that is unreasonable.

FLORA. Because, in an argument, I always begin rather well, but in the end I'm apt to get beaten. So I just stop, especially when I know I'm right. I'm a short-distance woman. All I say is — can you imagine me, *me*, running off to Ostend with a man who had sacrificed his career, and Snowdon, and all England, *unwillingly*, in order to go — What gay little suppers we should have together!

MRS. R. H. One day, perhaps when it's too late, you'll realize that a wife's first duty, and therefore her greatest joy, is to help her husband. I know *I* realized it at once. When I was married, Reach was earning only three hundred a year; he was a solicitor's managing clerk — weren't you, father? I said to myself that I ought to try to help him, and so I began to write. And, as a wife, I've been doing my best to help him ever since. After ten years, I thought it advisable for him to give up the law. How much did I pay income tax on last year, dear?

MR. R. H. Nineteen thousand four hundred pounds.

MRS. R. H. I don't boast, but you see what comes of trying to do one's wifely duty!

FLORA. Some women can do nothing but earn money. [CEDRIC *begins to play mechanically with an object on the table.*] I can only spend it. Two different talents! If I had a hundred pounds to throw away at this moment, I know what I should spend it on. [*A pause. She looks round, exerting all her wayward charm.*] Come, why doesn't some one ask me what I should spend it on?

MRS. R. H. [*gloomily perfunctory*]. What should you spend it on?

FLORA. I should erect a statue to the curate. It would be a good thing if there were a few more like him about, just to give people who've got as far as the vestry a chance of reconsidering their position.

MRS. R. H. Upon my word, Flora [*cuttingly*], one would say, from your sparkling wit, that you were quite in high spirits over the situation.

FLORA. Well, my dear, in one way I could cry my eyes out, but in another I *am* rather uplifted when I think of what the curate has saved us from.

MRS. R. H. Saved you from! [*Very courteously and quietly.*] Really, I should have thought that any woman would have been more than a little flattered at the prospect of marrying into the Haslam family, of being the wife of Cedric. No house in London is more sought after than ours. It isn't too much to say that Cedric is now one of the most celebrated men in England.

CEDRIC [*crossly*]. Look here, Mater. [*He keeps his head down; he is still playing with the object on the table.*]

MR. R. H. [*sharply*]. Cedric! [MRS. R. H. *looks at her husband, as if expecting him majestically to reprove his son.*] I wish you'd play with something else, for a change.

MRS. R. H. [*softening her manner even further*]. I speak kindly, but I speak plainly, and I'm not ashamed of doing so. I say one of the most celebrated men in England. Indeed, it wouldn't surprise me to learn that among the masses of the people Cedric is better known even than I am myself.

CEDRIC. Mater, I'm off!

MRS. R. H. [*severely, to him*]. You'll kindly stay where you are. There are times when one ought to be frank. [*Still very courteously and quietly, to* FLORA.] You know, I was not at first altogether in favour of this marriage — not what could be described as uncontrollably enthusiastic about it. I have always appreciated your excellent qualities, but ——

FLORA [*smiling*]. Please don't expose me. Comfort yourself with the thought of what the curate has saved *you* from.

[MR. R. H. *rises softly, and goes towards door.*

MRS. R. H. Where are you going, father?

MR. R. H. I thought I'd just make sure about Charlie's supper, before it slipped my memory. [*Exit.*]

MRS. R. H. [*turning to* FLORA *again, pained*]. You are forgetting the terrible scandal that will ensue if you persist in your present course, dear Flora. The honeymoon actually begun! and then — this bombshell! How shall we break it to the Bishop? How can I ever look the Bishop in the face again? How can I ever look anybody in the face again? . . . To-day, of all days, when my new book has just come out! And with my article to finish on the decline of the birth-rate among the well-to-do classes! . . . How *can* we explain to people that the marriage is broken off, when there's certain to be an account of the wedding in every paper to-morrow morning?

FLORA. That, at any rate, isn't my fault.

By the way, how *did* that paragraph get into the *Piccadilly Gazette*? [*Mischievously.*] I suppose it must have slipped in while you were looking the other way.

MRS. R. H. [*with controlled acerbity*]. When you begin to figure prominently in the life of your country, Flora, you'll understand perhaps a little better than you do now that newspaper reporters, whatever their sex, simply will not be denied. They reside on the door-step. One cannot be rude. At least, I can't.

FLORA. I hope I never shall figure prominently in the life of my country; but I do want to figure prominently in the life of my husband.

MRS. R. H. The newspapers ——

CEDRIC. Excuse me, Mater, but isn't this right off the point?

MRS. R. H. [*to herself*]. And I was looking forward to a quiet half hour with my press cuttings!

[*Silence. Enter* MR. R. H., *cautiously.*

MR. R. H. [*mildly cheerful*]. Well, where have you got to?

FLORA. I think we're gradually working back again to the importance of marriage in the life of the husband.

MR. R. H. That's better! That's better! [*Sits.*]

MRS. R. H. Flora, you'll pardon me offering my opinion, as an experienced student of human nature. When you say "the importance of marriage," I think you really mean your own individual importance. Personal vanity is very misleading.

FLORA [*with sweet emphasis*]. Oh! It is!

MRS. R. H. Your attitude might be more defensible if you were a different *kind* of woman. I don't say it *would* be more defensible, but it might be.

CEDRIC. Oh, look here, Mater ——

MRS. R. H. Cedric, may I venture to converse in my own study?

FLORA [*to* CEDRIC]. Don't you understand that this is not your act? [*Rising.*] How a different kind of woman?

MRS. R. H. [*quietly courteous*]. I mean, if you brought more to the marriage.

FLORA. Money? I'm not rich, but you see I'm rich enough to despise ten thousand pounds.

MRS. R. H. [*protesting*]. Flora. Please don't mention such a thing! Have *I* mentioned it? I think we Haslams are as capable as anybody of despising ten thousand pounds. [*Very kindly.*] No, I mean, if you had more to show in the way of — shall I say? — striking personal talent. You can have no rôle except that of wife, purely social and domestic. And yet, your attitude seems somehow to — claim the privileges of a great singer, or a great pianist, or ——

FLORA. A great novelist?

MRS. R. H. [*imperturbable*]. No, no! I was thinking more of public performers . . . genius. . . . If you had genius,— talents,— mind, I'm not blaming you for not having them; I make no reflection whatever. . . . Of course, you are good, I hope; and you're beautiful.

FLORA. So they say.

MRS. R. H. But beauty is a mere gift — from heaven.

FLORA. My dear, what's the difference between a talent . . . and a gift from heaven? I remember, not very long since, you were really quite annoyed because the *Saturday Review*, I think it was, referred to you as "Mrs. Reach Haslam, the talented novelist." Whereas you are constantly being called the "gifted novelist," and you *like* it. [*She begins to sit down.*]

MR. R. H. Pardon me. "Like" is too strong a word. My wife prefers to be mentioned as "Mrs. Reach Haslam" simply — don't you, dear? One doesn't expect to read in the papers "Mr. Balfour, the talented statesman," or "Lord Northcliffe, the talented statesman." One expects only "Mr. Balfour," "Lord Northcliffe."

MRS. R. H. [*waving him graciously into silence, to* FLORA]. I willingly admit, dear, that in its origin a talent — like mine, if you insist — *is* a gift from heaven. But what years of study are necessary to perfect it! Whereas mere beauty, charm ——

FLORA [*having sat down, and finally arranged her fan and shawl, etc.*]. It's taken me at least seven years of intense study to learn to sit down like that — and in another two years I shall do it even better. [*With a delightful smile.*]

MRS. R. H. [*graciously lenient*]. But, seriously ——

FLORA. Seriously? [*Stopping, in a different tone.*] My dear, did the Bishop say anything when I left the room?

MRS. R. H. Say anything? About what?

FLORA. About me.

MR. R. H. He remarked that you were a ravishing creature.

FLORA. Jokingly?

MR. R. H. No. He was quite serious.

FLORA. That's just it. If it was only frivolous, empty-headed boys who were serious about it — but it isn't. The most high-minded, middle-aged men are serious about it. Why, even chauffeurs and policemen are serious about it. There must be *something* in it. Wherever I go, people are more serious about me than about anybody else — even if singers and pianists do happen to be present. If I arrive late at the theatre, I'm the play for at least

Mrs. R. H. REALLY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT ANY WOMAN WOULD HAVE BEEN FLATTERED AT THE PROSPECT OF MARRYING INTO THE HASLAM FAMILY

two minutes. And, I assure you, in the street it often occurs that men I don't know hurry after me very seriously about it — even if I'm veiled. And yet, you and I have the same dressmaker! It's always been like that — ever since my first marriage. And it's getting more and more marked. I don't mind telling you, my dear, that my own secret view of my importance is perhaps as modest as yours is of yours — but what can you and I do against the universal opinion? I've begun to bow before the storm. It's the wisest course. You talk about what I bring to the marriage! [*Proudly.*] I bring to the marriage the gift of heaven cultivated by the labour of a lifetime; and as to its value, there's only one estimate except yours [*with a catch in her voice*] and Cedric's! Cedric puts an aëroplane higher.

CEDRIC. I beg your pardon ——

FLORA [*with emotion*]. Yes, you do! Yes, you do! When there came a conflict between my honeymoon and your aëroplane, you decided instantly against the honeymoon, before I'd even been asked! You didn't even consult me.

CEDRIC. Aëroplane! Aëroplane! You keep on saying aëroplane. But ——

FLORA [*calmer*]. Listen. I know you've given way. I know you've offered not to sacrifice the honeymoon. But don't you really think still, in your own mind, that the honeymoon *ought* to be sacrificed? [CEDRIC *does not*

answer; pause]. You know perfectly well it's a relief to you that I've cried off! Come, honestly, now?

MR. R. H. [*warningly, under his breath*]. Not *too* honestly.

CEDRIC [*quietly*]. Yes. I *do* think part of the honeymoon ought to be sacrificed. And I never dreamed that you would think otherwise. It's a difference of opinion that simply staggers me. It doesn't only stagger me — it frightens me. It makes me reflect, you know.

FLORA. Then you are relieved? . . . You're grateful.

CEDRIC [*moved and stammering*]. I ought to be. Of course you're the only person who *could* cry off.

FLORA. What do you mean?

CEDRIC. Some things a man can't do.

FLORA. Do you sit there and say that if I hadn't cut the knot, you'd have gone on, and you'd have let *me* go on, with a marriage you didn't believe in? Because you're a man, and there are some things a man can't do! Can't a man show as much pluck as a woman? [*Controlling herself.*] That does settle it!

MRS. R. H. Flora, you'll regret you've thrown Cedric over. You'll certainly want to come back to him.

FLORA [*disdainfully*]. Shall I! [*Politely.*] Good night, Mrs. Haslam.

MRS. R. H. But where are you going?

FLORA. I don't know. How can I stay here? My official connection with this house is ended. I shall go to a hotel. Good night. *So* many thanks!

MRS. R. H. [*rising and going to her; firmly*]. I'm sure you'll oblige me by not scandalizing the servants. You can choose a hotel to-morrow morning. I'll go with you to your room, if I may. All your trunks will be up there by this time.

[*Exeunt* FLORA, *submissive, and* MRS. R. H.

MR. R. H. *slowly prepares for work at desk.*

CEDRIC. I'm off into the garden. [*Pulls out his cigarette-case. Exit.*]

MR. R. H. [*Aside, as* CEDRIC *goes*]. Nincompoop! [*Enter* MRS. R. H.

MRS. R. H. Dear, before I go on with that article, I should like to make a few notes on Flora's demeanour, while the thing's fresh in my mind. One never knows when that kind of stuff won't come in useful.

MR. R. H. [*opening a note-book*]. Is she undressing?

MRS. R. H. Yes. I've put Machin in charge of her. Where's the boy?

MR. R. H. In the garden [*half to himself*] of all places!

MRS. R. H. [*collecting her thoughts and beginning to dictate*]. "Essentially hysterical in a crisis, but does not pull a face before weeping, probably owing to advice from toilette specialist." Yes, full stop.

Curtain

ACT III

Garden of the Reach Haslams' house in Palace Gardens. House-front to the left. At the back, shrubberies and trees. In centre, an arbour or pergola. Under the shelter of this, a table, with remains of a meal. Time, next morning, 4 a. m. Magnificent sunrise. CEDRIC *is sitting at the table, having finished eating. He is still in evening dress, and dishevelled. Enter* CHARLES *through shrubberies from back. He wears the same costume as in previous act, with hat, stick, etc.*

CEDRIC. Hello?

CHARLES. So *you're* here, are you?

CEDRIC [*wiping his mouth*]. I am.

CHARLES. Well, what's happened?

CEDRIC. What do you mean?

CHARLES. What do I mean? You and Flora, of course!

CEDRIC. Nothing more.

CHARLES. Then is it off?

CEDRIC [*with a nervous laugh*]. Right bang off. [*Pause.*]

CHARLES. You look as if you'd been up all night.

CEDRIC. [*Nods.*] What time is it? My watch has stopped.

CHARLES. About four. I'm a trifle late. [*Sits down to table.*] Well, my boy, I've got a bit of news for you. I don't know whether it'll influence you, but—— [*Startled.*] Look here, have you been eating my supper?

CEDRIC. Was it for you?

CHARLES. I must say, this really is a bit too thick!

CEDRIC. How should I know it was for you?

CHARLES. Of course you knew!

CEDRIC. It was all laid here. The fact is, I went off to sleep. I must have slept solid for about four hours. When I woke up just now, I was as hungry as a dog, so I just — I never thought ——

CHARLES. Never thought be damned!

CEDRIC. Awfully sorry. Here's some bread. What's this news?

CHARLES [*taking bread*]. What's the good of being sorry? It was entirely on account of you I had no tea yesterday, and no dinner, either,

and now I'm dashed if you haven't gone and eaten my supper, too!

CEDRIC. What's this news?

CHARLES [*eating*]. If I hadn't got some sultana at the office I don't know what I should have done. I've a good mind not to tell you! [*Taking paper from his pocket.*] Here! This is a second edition just off the machines. [*Opening paper.*] Oh, curse! Mind the ink! [*Looking at his hands, after giving paper to* CEDRIC, *who examines it.*] There you are! [*Indicating a paragraph in the paper.* CEDRIC *reads, then rises.*]

CEDRIC [*after reflection*]. See here, boy. You go to bed out of the way, and don't ever let on that you've shown me this paper or even knew what there was in it. Do you hear? [*Putting paper in his pocket.*]

CHARLES. I hear. But why?

CEDRIC. Never mind why.

CHARLES. But the news agent will deliver the mater's copy here at eight o'clock, and by half past eight, you may bet, everybody in the place ——

CEDRIC. I am going to do something long before eight o'clock.

CHARLES. What are you going to do?

CEDRIC. I'm going to see Flora, and tell her I've altered my view completely. If she knew I'd seen the paper she'd be bound to think I'd only come round because of *that*, and she wouldn't listen to me. Don't you see, idiot?

CHARLES. I see. But haven't you altered your view because of that?

CEDRIC [*coldly*]. What's that got to do with you? The point is that, at any rate, I can go honeymooning now with a free mind. That's the point.

CHARLES. And do you reckon all this'll be on the straight?

CEDRIC. I don't care whether it's on the straight or not. [*Savagely.*] *I've got to have that woman,*— confound her! — and I'm going to. I'm going to call her, and ask her to dress and come down at once. Then I shall talk to her, here. With a bit of luck I may be off with her and on the way to Colchester at six o'clock. Is there plenty of petrol in the stable?

CHARLES. Yes. I say — it's not *right*, you know!

CEDRIC. Shut up.

CHARLES. I suppose you don't want any advice from me?

CEDRIC. No. [*Turns and stops.*] What?

CHARLES. I was only going to say that you'd better change those clothes and make yourself look less of an absolute waiter.

CEDRIC. Well, of course! I expect I can dress quicker than she can, can't I? I've thought of all that.

[*He turns finally to leave. Enter* FLORA, *from house, meeting him. She is fully dressed in morning street attire, and carries a hand-bag.*

FLORA [*staggered*]. *Good* morning!

CEDRIC [*staggered*]. Good *morning!*

CHARLES. Hello, Flo! What's the meaning of this?

FLORA. Couldn't sleep.

CEDRIC [*hastily and nervously*]. I shall be down in two jiffs. [*Aside, to* CHARLES.] See you don't let her go. [*Exit* CEDRIC *into house.*

FLORA. I guessed you'd be having your supper just about now. That's why I came down here.

CHARLES [*pleased*]. That's fine. Only, I'm not having my supper. Cedric's eaten it all. He's been out here all night, and he's eaten it all — except this [*showing bread*].

FLORA. My poor boy! But here's a couple of bananas. Have you ever tried banana sandwiches?

CHARLES. No; are they any good?

FLORA. Are they any good? Never had a banana sandwich! Shall I make you some?

CHARLES. I wish you would. [*Silence, while she sets about sandwiches.*] What occurred last night?

FLORA. Oh! Terrific scenes! Terrific scenes! And I really can't face your mother this morning at breakfast. I couldn't do it. And it's quite unnecessary. So I'm going to the Great Western Hotel. I shall pretend I've arrived by a night train. And I want you to see that my trunks are brought there later. Here! [*Gives him a sandwich.*]

CHARLES. All serene! Thanks! [*After thought.*] I say, Flora, has it ever occurred to you that I'm a mere cipher in this house? I'm nobody. I'm pitched about everywhere.

FLORA. You don't mean — my trunks?

CHARLES. Not a bit. Of course I don't. I mean the way they treat me. Here Cedric's a perfect duke in his own line. But will he have me on the works? Not much. Says I must strike out for myself, and all sorts of tommy-rot. I go out and work all night. Then I come home and discover Cedric couldn't find anything better to do than eat my supper. But that's not what I meant. What I really meant was — who introduced my people to you? I did. I knew you at the Baths Club six months before his lordship Cedric and the mater kindly invited themselves to have tea with me there, and met you. And then I didn't count any more! Cedric simply shovelled me up and chucked me into a corner. In less than twenty-four hours he was in love with you. But did he ask my

permission? Did he think about me for an instant? Not much! The fact is, they simply make use of me. Of course, I'm sorry about what's happened — as far as you are concerned. But, as far as Cedric's concerned, I can't help thinking it serves him jolly well right. Cedric's much too cock-sure — in everything.

FLORA. That's quite true.

CHARLES [*besitating*]. Yes.

FLORA. What else have you got on your mind?

CHARLES. Well, I don't know if I ought to tell you.

FLORA. Certainly you ought to tell me.

CHARLES. You think so?

FLORA. Unless, of course, you agree with all the things your dear mother's been saying to me.

CHARLES. It's about Klopstock.

FLORA. About Klopstock?

CHARLES. He's had an accident.

FLORA. What?

CHARLES. Broken his leg.

FLORA. How? Came down too quickly?

CHARLES. No. Driving to his hotel last night; his motor ran into a statue of Bismarck, and he was thrown out.

FLORA. Motor-cars are really too dangerous. I wonder any aviator cares to trust himself to them.

CHARLES [*admiringly*]. Now, it's very funny. I often want to say things like that, only I can never think of them. Cedric, he can come out with them sometimes, and so can the dad. But you're the only woman I ever struck that could.

FLORA. Charlie, you're a dear. I suppose he'll be laid up for five or six weeks.

CHARLES. Who, Klopstock? You bet. You see what it means?

FLORA. Quite. What I don't see is why you should have hesitated to tell me about it. I suppose you've told Cedric?

CHARLES. Yes. I brought an early copy of the paper with it in.

FLORA. Where is it?

CHARLES. Cedric's cleared off with it.

FLORA. Well, if Cedric knows, why shouldn't I?

CHARLES. Ask me another! Look here, I'm giving the show away, but I've got my conscience to think of. This is a serious matter — I mean, really serious! I don't like it, but it's my duty to warn you.

FLORA. Well?

CHARLES. Cedric told me I wasn't to say a word. He said I wasn't to let on that I'd told *him*.

FLORA. And did you promise?

CHARLES. I should think I didn't. Not me!

FLORA. Has Cedric been out here all *night?*

CHARLES. Yes. Told me he slept like a top in that chair; then woke up and ate my supper.

FLORA. But why should he want you not to say anything about Klopstock? [*Enter* CEDRIC, *in a lounge suit, somewhat awry, with a hat.* FLORA *continues in same tone to* CHARLES.] Here, have this last one [*offering him another sandwich. To* CEDRIC.] It appears you've been eating what doesn't belong to you; so I've done my best with bananas and stale bread to fill the breach.

CHARLES [*nervous*]. You've forgotten your hair, my boy.

CEDRIC [*with a gesture; low, to* CHARLES]. Hook it! [*He repeats the gesture. Exit* CHARLES, *unwillingly, into house.*]

FLORA [*primly*]. I'm just going. I meant to leave before any of you were up. I thought that would be the wisest thing to do. But Charlie begged me to stop and look after him a bit.

CEDRIC. What's he been entertaining you with?

FLORA. Oh! His grievances. They're rather real, you know.

CEDRIC. Do you know, when I went in just now, I was meaning to knock at your door and ask you to get up at once. Curious thing, that you should have been coming downstairs at that very moment!

FLORA. Why this desire to begin the day so early?

CEDRIC. Look here. Flora, let's go, now! Fisher won't be up, but the car's cleaned and there's plenty of petrol. Come on. Just you and I.

FLORA [*innocently*]. Where?

CEDRIC. Colchester. I can wake the Bishop, and tell him we want the job done at eight o'clock instead of twelve. Any old verger and charwoman will do for witnesses. The thing will be all over before the mater's out of bed. We can telephone to 'em from Colchester with the pleasing news. [*Pause. As* FLORA *says nothing, he continues, rather less confidently.*] It'll give 'em an appetite for breakfast.

FLORA [*ironically*]. Any other details?

CEDRIC [*with rough persuasiveness*]. Come *on!*

FLORA [*ironically*]. Have you decided that we are to get married, after all?

CEDRIC. Well — a marriage can't *be* broken off like — like this! It's unthinkable. What would any unprejudiced outsider say, if he was asked? He'd say we were off our blooming heads. The thing simply won't bear examination. [*Moves towards her.*] Come —

FLORA. And I'm to be carried by storm? . . . Great saving of argument!

CEDRIC. Now, listen.

FLORA. Well?

CEDRIC. Will you talk man to man? Straight?

FLORA. As one honest Injun to another!

CEDRIC [*picking up a dish off the table*]. If you make one more joke I'll smash every darned bit of crockery on this table. [*Gesture of destruction.*]

FLORA [*coldly*]. Now, if I agree to listen quietly and talk reasonably, it mustn't be understood that I'm open to argument. [*Sits down.*]

CEDRIC. All right, all right!

FLORA. Because I'm not — I'm not — I'm not! The thing that's — that's really upset our apple-cart may seem perfectly childish to the unprejudiced outsider. But I don't propose to consult the unprejudiced outsider. Might as well take the case before a jury and engage a couple of K. C.'s. You know as well as I know that it *isn't* perfectly childish. It isn't childish at all. It's fundamental. We've been unlucky. But then, in another sense, we've been lucky. We're free. We aren't tied, thank heaven. Man to man, Cedric, it would be too much humiliation — yes, humiliation — for me to marry anybody that looks on marriage as you look on it. And as it's just as impossible for you to change your opinion as it is for me to change mine, we sha'n't exactly go down to Colchester this morning — more's the pity!

CEDRIC. Well, I *have* changed my opinion. So let's go.

FLORA. You've changed your opinion? How have you changed your opinion?

CEDRIC. I've sat there all this blessed night, thinking it over.

FLORA. Really?

CEDRIC. Yes. Do you suppose I could sleep, any more than you could? What do you take me for? The more I thought it over, the more I saw I'd been mistaken. Now — half a minute! I can't honestly blame myself for yesterday, you know, and so I won't pretend to — especially as we're talking straight. I told you what I felt right out, and then I offered to give way. I couldn't do anything else. Well, you wouldn't have that. Mind you, I think you were quite right in refusing to let me give way against my better judgment! I admire you for that, even more than I did. But I don't give way now against my judgment; I give way *with* it.

FLORA. But how has your judgment altered? Why?

CEDRIC. I don't know. How *do* people's judgments alter? I gradually saw the force of what you'd said. *Of course* a man's marriage must come in front of everything else. *Of course* the idea of letting any business matter interfere with the honeymoon is monstrous. I cannot imagine how it was I couldn't see that yesterday. The only explanation is that, up to yesterday, I'd never lived for anything except my job. Force of habit! One has to get a bit used to a new state of affairs. I suppose it was the sudden shock of the news that sent me a bit off the track. Look here, Flora. You don't want me to go on in this strain. You don't want me to grovel. I'm not the grovelling sort. . . . I was mistaken.

FLORA [*in a new, quiet tone*]. Cedric, what happened in your mother's study after I went upstairs last night?

CEDRIC. Nothing whatever. I cleared out instantly afterwards. I've been here ever since, and I haven't spoken to a soul except Charlie. Why?

FLORA. Nothing.

CEDRIC. But why do you say "Nothing" like that?

FLORA. Cedric, I was just wondering how this conversion of yours really *did* come about. It occurred to me that perhaps something might have happened — in business ——

CEDRIC [*nervous*]. How — "something" in business?

FLORA. Something — I don't know — something that would leave you free, after all, for a full month, so that in being converted you wouldn't *have* to sacrifice anything at all.

CEDRIC. But how could anything have happened?

FLORA. I don't know. But with that telephone so handy in your mother's study —— ! All manner of things happen nowadays over the telephone — especially in the middle of the night.

CEDRIC [*relieved — affecting a cheerful irony*]. What notions she does get into her head! My dear girl, nothing whatever has happened — so far as I know. Of course, nothing *could*. My conversion — as you call it — is due simply and solely to my thinking things over.

FLORA. Honour bright!

CEDRIC [*firmly*]. Certainly! . . . Then you really imagined I was capable of such — you couldn't trust me ——

FLORA. It isn't you I couldn't trust. It's the human nature *in* you that I had my doubts about. It's always so apt to get the better of people and make them play tricks they'd never dream of by themselves.

CEDRIC [*shocked but forgiving*]. Fluff!

FLORA [*somewhat coldly*]. I'm only being man to man.

CEDRIC. Look here, Flora. It's barely twelve hours since that vulgar idiot Klopstock shoved himself into our honeymoon. Barely twelve

hours. We were in love with each other up till then, weren't we? [*Silence.*] Weren't we?

FLORA [*primly*]. Yes.

CEDRIC. Very much? [*Silence.*] I say, very much?

FLORA [*more primly*]. Yes.

CEDRIC. Well, if you know as much about human nature as you make out, you know perfectly well that we must still be very much in love with each other. I mean *now, here!* Any one might think, to hear some of the talk that went on last night, and even to see us at this moment, that we didn't care twopence for each other. But a passion won't be knocked on the head like that. You can't get over it — we're still damnably in love. We've had a row — good! It's been an infernal nuisance — good! I've been an ass, if you like — good! And what then? You're in love with a man who's been an ass — that's all. But you *are* in love with him. Moreover, he's ceased to be an ass! . . . Now, Flora, one ass is enough. Are you going to listen to reason, or not?

FLORA. But your mother ——

CEDRIC [*picking up a piece of crockery and dashing it violently to the ground; then, controlling himself, after a pause, in a low, tense voice*]. My mother be blowed!

[*A pause.* MR. *and* MRS. R. H. *appear at the house door. They show surprise at the spectacle of* FLORA *and* CEDRIC.

FLORA [*advancing to meet* CEDRIC, *with an appealing, undecided gesture*]. Cedric!

[FLORA *suddenly perceives* MR. *and* MRS. R. H., *and completely changes her attitude, going towards them.*

MRS. R. H. Really ——

FLORA [*lightly*]. So we've *all* got up with the sparrows!

MR. R. H. No. These two particular sparrows have just come out for a breath of air before retiring to their nest for the day. [*Yawns.*]

MRS. R. H. Work is work, young lady, and insists on being done — [*with meaning*] whatever else happens or does not happen.

FLORA. Ah! The birth-rate article — has the poor thing been declining all this time?

CEDRIC [*anxious for his parents to depart*]. Mother, you ought to go to bed at once — you look absolutely exhausted.

MRS. R. H. Is it surprising? I was just saying to your father that if this kind of thing was likely to occur often I should have to devise some way of procuring tea at sunrise.

FLORA. But do you want some tea?

MRS. R. H. I never want what I can't have. I shall doubtless hold out till eight o'clock.

CEDRIC. Couldn't the dad make you some?

MRS. R. H. Impossible, child! At four o'clock in the morning!

MR. R. H. The cook always locks up the kitchen to keep Cuthbert and Fisher out.

CEDRIC. Seems odd that in a house like this you can't have a cup of tea whenever you happen to want it!

MRS. R. H. [*coldly, resenting this criticism of her housekeeping*]. Father, shall we go?

FLORA. May *I* give you some tea?

MRS. R. H. It's very good of you to offer me tea in my own garden, but ——

FLORA [*with great charm*]. Not at all. [*Opening her bag.*] I have my Thermos. I filled it yesterday before starting. You see, we had no programme and I didn't know where we might ultimately be landed. Besides, I never travel without it. [*She unscrews the flask and pours out the steaming tea into the patent cover, then undoes a little packet containing sugar.*] One lump, isn't it? [*Handing the cup, with a spoon, to* MRS. R. H., *who accepts it.*] Sit down and drink it. I guessed about forty places where I *might* pour that tea out — and they were all wrong! [MRS. R. H. *discovers that the tea is scalding.*] It *is* hot, isn't it?

MRS. R. H. [*sipping*]. I'm afraid you didn't sleep very well, Flora.

FLORA. Why?

MRS. R. H. You're down so exceedingly early.

FLORA. The fact is, I could *not* get off to sleep.

MR. R. H. [*half to himself*]. I put a complete set of my wife's novels in each of the spare bedrooms only yesterday [*with a faint air of being puzzled*].

FLORA. Another cup?

MRS. R. H. No, thanks. Excellent.

FLORA. I'm so glad I was here. You know, it's quite easy to have tea at any hour of the night. But, of course, with all your other work, you can't be troubled with the little details of housekeeping.

MRS. R. H. [*nettled*]. My *other* work! . . . No doubt, when you're settled down with Cedric, you will be able to show him what true housekeeping really is.

FLORA. Settled down with Cedric!

MRS. R. H. My dear, I had intended to make no comment on the singular coincidence of you and Cedric being here in the garden at four in the morning. I did not mean to enquire into the significance of this broken crockery, nor of your attitude and tone to Cedric before you caught sight of me. But I am a trained observer. You may remember that last night——

CEDRIC. Mater, why don't you go to bed?

MRS. R. H. You may remember that last night I hinted that before very long you'd

probably be throwing yourself into Cedric's arms. [*Benevolently.*] And I'm delighted to see that pride has not stood in your way. Delighted! How you got him down here into the garden I don't know, and it doesn't matter. [*Slight pause.*]

FLORA [*to Cedric*]. Anything to say?

CEDRIC. You're quite wrong, mother. The fact is, I've now come to the conclusion that Flora was perfectly right last night.

MRS. R. H. About what?

CEDRIC. In arguing that *nothing* ought to stand in the way of the honeymoon. And I've just been telling her so.

FLORA. But he forgot to tell me that there *is* nothing now to stand in the way of the honeymoon.

MRS. R. H. What do you mean?

FLORA. Klopstock has broken his leg, and can't move for at least six weeks. [*Startled movement by* CEDRIC. *Quietly gracious, to* CEDRIC.] Didn't you know? [*Silence.*] Cedric, didn't you know?

CEDRIC [*with gruff reluctance*]. Yes. . . . Of course Charlie gave me away?

FLORA. Charlie merely told me, as he told you.

MRS. R. H. Everything is all right, then.

FLORA. Do you think so? Cedric and I were supposed to be talking like honest Injuns ——

MRS. R. H. Honest Injuns?

FLORA. Well, as man to man, then. Anyway, straight! And yet, he positively assured me that nothing had happened to influence him, except my arguments. Whereas the fact was, he knew that, owing to this broken leg, he could go away with a perfectly easy conscience. My arguments hadn't influenced him at-all. His principles haven't really changed at all! But, now he's safe as regards Klopstock, he doesn't care a fig for his principles. His mind is free for pleasure now — it wasn't before; and so, in order to enjoy himself for a month, he'd sacrifice any principles. Just like a man, that is! And there's something else. He was so desperately and madly anxious to have me that he told another simply appalling, cold-blooded fib. He said that he had sat up all through the night, thinking over my arguments, without a wink of sleep. I suppose he thought that would touch me. Now, the truth is that he slept very well, and woke up with such an appetite that he ate the whole of Charlie's supper except two bananas. I won't mention his references to his mother. But I think I've said enough to show that I didn't come down at four o'clock in the morning precisely in order to throw myself into your son's arms. Can you imagine a woman silly enough to marry a man who, on the very day of the wedding, would try to deceive her as Cedric has tried to deceive me?

Mrs. R. H. I REJOICE THAT THE BREACH IS NOW DEFINITE

MRS. R. H. [*majestic*]. Father! We had better go. [*She moves towards house. After reflection, savagely to* FLORA, *over her shoulder.*] I rejoice that the breach is now definite.

[*Exit into house.* CEDRIC *moodily goes up garden out of sight.*

MR. R. H. [*protesting*]. Hannah! [*Half to himself, looking at his watch.*] An inflammable hour — four o'clock!

FLORA. We seem to be left alone together.

MR. R. H. [*cheerfully*]. Yes, but I must go.

FLORA. However do you manage to be always so calm and cheerful? I've noticed you in the most difficult situations ——

MR. R. H. You have. . . . You see, I've my own private life to fall back on.

FLORA [*interested*]. *Have* you? Where? I never ——

MR. R. H. [*tapping his forehead*]. Here!

FLORA. I see.

MR. R. H. And my collection — that always keeps me amused.

FLORA. Your collection?

MR. R. H. My collection of private opinions. [*Tapping his head.*] Here, too!

MRS. R. H. [*off*]. Father!

MR. R. H. [*with cheerful acquiescence*]. Yes, my dear. [*To* FLORA.] *Au revoir* — I hope. [*Exit into house. Vague noise of* CEDRIC *privately cursing behind, out of sight.*]

FLORA [*going up a little*]. Cedric, when you've done swearing up there, I want to apologise

to you. [*Reënter* CEDRIC. *They look at each other.*]

CEDRIC. Apologise?

FLORA. My human nature ran away with me. My human nature couldn't resist the temptation to fulfill your prayer. You demanded that your mother should be blowed — and she has been. Unfortunately, it meant your being blowed, too. Now, let's go.

CEDRIC. Go where?

FLORA [*innocently*]. To Colchester, of course. Isn't there a newspaper train about a quarter past five?

CEDRIC [*shaking his head in amaze*]. I'm dashed if I know where I am!

FLORA. I'm dashed if you are quite wide awake, my poor boy. Can't you see how amply you've proved that you look on marriage as seriously as any woman could desire — more seriously than any woman ought to desire? Last night you hesitated to sacrifice your aëroplane to me. But this morning you tell the most frightful lies on the chance of getting hold of me — although I gave you every encouragement to be truthful. You take the most frightful risks of being found out. You'll run any danger of trouble and unhappiness in the future if only you can capture me now. You smash crockery. You behave meanly, miserably. You forfeit your own self-respect. Cedric, that is what I like. It's just that that shows how much in earnest you are. Your deeds are far superior to your arguments. . . . Cedric ——

CEDRIC. What?

FLORA. After all, your dear mother's prophecy was quite correct. I *was* just going to throw myself into your arms — but, of course, I couldn't do it while she was there, could I? [*Picks up Thermos cup, to screw it on to the flask. Holding it at arm's length.*] Henceforth sacred! [CEDRIC *roughly seizes and kisses her.*]

FLORA [*after freeing herself, as she puts the flask in the bag*]. It's a good thing I like them rough.

CEDRIC. What?

FLORA. A man — and his chin.

CEDRIC [*snatching at the bag and looking at his watch*]. Let's go out by the garden. . . . Probably find a cab. Motor would make too much noise and rouse the mater. She'll never get over this.

FLORA [*calmly*]. Oh, yes, she will. We all shall. [*Stops*]. But my trunks, and yours?

CEDRIC. I'll wire to Charlie from Liverpool Street to bring them down — confound him!

Curtain

SONG OF THE DAGGER

A ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONG

(Done into English by Carmen Sylva)

THE dagger at my belt it dances
Whene'er I dance;
But when I drink the foaming wine-cup,
Then it grows sad;
For it is thirsty too, the dagger—
It thirsts for blood!

"Give, give me drink," it saith, "O Master,
For if I wear no stain of crimson,
The sunshine is ashamed to glitter
Upon my blade.
Then give, that I too may be drunken
With the warm blood that flows from wounds.
The maids will find thy kisses sweeter
When thou hast quenched my thirst,
And I shall dance, when thou art dancing,
More gaily at thy belt."

Did I but heed my dagger, now at night-time
I should find thee, love.
Beneath thy shift I should seek out so deftly
The spot where beats thy heart,
And pour thy blood's red warmth out for my dagger,
Because thy kiss, O love, thou has denied me,
And because I for that kiss have thirsted,
Even as the dagger thirsteth for thy blood.

Then will the sunshine sparkle and be merry,
Seeing the red young blood,
Yea, and the merry sunbeams they shall dry it,
Together with my tears.
My tears and thy blood shall flow together,
Mingled like rivers twain;
And though thy blood be hot, yet it can never
Be burning as my tears.
Nay, but thy blood will wonder when it feeleth
How burning are my tears.

The dagger at my belt it dances
Whene'er I dance;
But when I drink the foaming wine-cup,
Then it grows sad;
For it is thirsty too, the dagger—
It thirsts for blood!

THE NEW YORK CLOAK-MAKERS' STRIKE

BY

EDITH WYATT

FORTY million dollars is invested in New York in the making of women's cloaks, skirts, and suits. One hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of these garments are produced in New York in a year.* Between sixty and seventy thousand organized men and women in the city are employed in these industries. The union members constitute ninety-five per cent of the workers engaged in the trade, and about ten thousand of these members are women.†

It seems at first strange to find that the multitudinous fields of the metropolitan needle trades — industries traditionally occupied by sewing-women — are, in fact, far more heavily crowded with sewing-men. There is, however, a division of labor: the men doing practically all the cutting, machine sewing, and pressing, and in many cases working at hand finishing; the women almost never cutting, machine sewing, or pressing, and in all cases working at hand finishing.

A general strike, involving all these men and women in the cloak-making trade, was declared on the 8th of July, 1910. The industry had for years burdened both its men and women workers with certain grave difficulties — an unstandardized wage, the sub-contracting system, competition with home work, and long seasonal hours.

The whole cloak-making trade presents, to an outside observer, the kaleidoscopic interest of a population not static. The cutter of one decade is the employer of another decade. In the general strike of the cloak-makers in 1896 nearly all the manufacturers were German. In the strike of last summer nearly all the manufacturers were Galician or Russian.

This aspect of the New York needle trades must be borne in mind in realizing those occurrences in the last strike that led to the present joint effort of both manufacturers and workers to standardize the wage scale, to regulate seasonal hours, to abolish the sub-contracting system and home work, and to establish the preferential union shop throughout the metropolitan industry.

Dr. Henry Moskowitz, an effective non-partisan leader in achieving the settlement of the strike, was an eye-witness and student of all its crises; and the outline of its history below is mainly based upon his chronicle and observation.

Cloak-Makers Heroic in Time of War, Feeble in Time of Peace

Between the cloak-makers and the manufacturers of New York a contest, waged in numerous strikes, had continued for twenty-five years. The agreements reached at the close of these strikes had been only temporary, because the cloak-makers were never able to maintain a union strong enough to hold the points won at the close of the struggle. The cloak-makers had always proved themselves heroic strikers, but feeble unionists, lacking sustained power. Again and again, men and women who had been sincerely ready to risk starvation for the justice of their claims during the fight would in peace become indifferent, fail to attend union meetings, fail to pay union dues; and the organization, strong in the time of defeat, would weaken through the members' negligence in the critical hour of an ill-established success.

The main contestants in this struggle had been the cloak-makers on one side, and on the other the manufacturers belonging to the Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Protective Association. The majority of the manufacturers in the association control large West Side establishments, and supply fifty per cent of the New York output, though they represent only a small percentage of the cloak houses of New York. These cloak houses altogether number between thirteen and fourteen hundred, most of them on the East Side and the lower West Side, manufacturing cheap and medium-grade clothing. Such smaller houses had frequently broken the strikes of the last twenty-five years by temporary agreements in which they afterward proved treacher-

* Printed statement of the Cloak, Skirt, and Suit Manufacturers' Protective Association, July 11, 1910.

† Estimate of the Waverly Place office of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, November 20 to 30, 1910.

ous to the workers. Many small dealers had become rich merchants through such strike harvests.

On this account the cloak-makers naturally distrusted employers' agreements. On the other hand, in many instances in the settlement of former strikes, cloak-makers had made with certain dealers secret terms which enabled them to undersell their competitors. For this reason the manufacturers naturally distrusted cloak-makers' agreements. With these mutual suspicions, the strike of 1910 began in June in two houses, an East Side and a West Side house. From the first house the workers went out because of the sub-contracting system, and from the second practically on account of lockout.

Hordes of Immigrants Join the Strike

On the 3d of July a large mass meeting of 10,000 cloak-makers gathered in Madison Square Garden. It was decided that the question of a general strike should be put to the vote of the 10,000 union members. All but about 600 voted in favor of the strike, and of these 600 the majority afterward declared that they, too, were in sympathy with the action. Within the next week an army of over 40,000 men and women in the New York garment trade joined the Cloak and Suit Makers' Union.

These crowds poured into the three union offices, filling the building entries, the streets before them, reaching sometimes around the block — great processions of Roumanians, Hungarians, Poles, Germans, Italians, Galicians, and Russians, the last two nationalities in the greatest numbers, men and women who had been driven out of Europe by military conscription, by persecution and pillage: bearded patriarchs; nicely dressed young girls with copies of Sudermann and Gorky under their arms; shawled, wigged women with children clinging to their skirts; handsome young Jews who might have stood as models for clothiers' advertisements — cutters, pressers, operators, finishers, sub-contractors, and sub-sub-contractors; for these, too, struck with all the rest. In watching these sewing-men and sewing-women streaming through the union office on Tenth Street, it seemed to an onlooker that almost no economic procession could ever before have comprised elements so very catholic and various. Who could lead such a body? Indeed, no one man can be said to have led the 60,000 New York cloak-makers. In the absence of such control, the corps of more prominent union officers and their attorney, Meyer London, and through these men the multitudes of the union members, were virtually guided by an East Side Yiddish paper, the *Vorwärts*.

Small Manufacturers Forced to Capitulate

In the meantime, while these multitudes were flocking into the union early in July, the Cloak Manufacturers' Association, representing beforehand about seventy-five houses, had by the inclusion of many smaller firms extended its membership to twelve hundred establishments.*

Soon after the formation of the alliance it became apparent to the smaller firms that the larger ones felt that they could beat their opponents by a waiting game. The smaller firms, with their lesser capital, scarcely more able than their workers to exist through a prolonged beleaguering of the cloak-makers, felt that the present stand of the larger manufacturers involved not only beating the unionists, but driving themselves, the weaker manufacturers, out of the industry.

Little by little, they left the association, sought the union headquarters, and settled with the cloak-makers. By the end of July and the first week in August, six hundred smaller firms, employing altogether 20,000 cloak-makers, had settled.† In many instances the men and women marched back to their work with bands of music playing and with flying flags and banners.

In July two attempts were made, on behalf of the cloak-makers, by the State Board of Arbitration to induce the manufacturers to meet the union members and to arbitrate with them. These attempts failed because the union insisted on the question of the closed shop as essential. The manufacturers refused to arbitrate the question of the closed shop.

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*For this account of the position of different cloak manufacturers the writer wishes to acknowledge the kindness of Miss Mary Brown Sumner, of the *Survey*.

† These were the most important clauses of these early settlements as regards women workers:

I. The said firm hereby engages the Union to perform all the tailoring, operating, pressing, finishing, cutting, and buttonhole-making work to be done by the firm in the cloak and suit business during one year from date; and the Union agrees to perform said work in a good and workmanlike manner.

II. During the continuance of this agreement, operators shall be paid in accordance with the annexed price list. The following is the scale of wages for week hands: skirt-makers, not less than $24 per week; skirt-basters, not less than $15 per week; skirt-finishers, not less than $12 per week; buttonhole-makers, not less than $1.10 per hundred buttonholes.

III. A working week shall consist of forty-eight hours in six working days.

IV. No overtime work shall be permitted between the fifteenth day of November and the fifteenth day of January and during the months of June and July. During the rest of the year employees may be required to work overtime, provided all the employees of the firm as well as all the employees of the outside contractors of the firm are engaged to the full capacity of the factories. No overtime shall be permitted on Saturday, nor on any day for more than two and a half hours, nor before 8 A. M. or after 8 P. M. For overtime work the employees shall receive double the usual pay. No contracting or sub-contracting shall be permitted by the firm inside its factory, and no operator or finisher shall be permitted more than one helper.

XIII. No work shall be given employees to be done at their homes.

XV. Only members of respective locals above named shall be employed by the firm to do the said work.

Filene of Boston Ends the Deadlock

At this juncture a public-spirited retailer of Boston, Mr. Lincoln Filene, entered the controversy. Mr. Filene resolved that, as a large consumer, he and his class had no right to shirk their responsibility by passively acquiescing in sweat-shop conditions. As an intermediary between the wholesaler and the public, the retailer had an important part in the conflict, not only because he suffered directly from the temporary paralysis of the industry, but also because his indifference to the claims of the worker for a just wage, sanitary factory conditions, abolition of home work, and for a decent working day was equivalent to an active complicity in the guilt of the manufacturer. Through Mr. Filene's intervention, the manufacturers and the union officials agreed to confer, and to request Mr. Louis Brandeis of Boston to act as chairman.

Mr. Louis Brandeis Chosen as Mediator

Mr. Brandeis had, at the outset, the confidence of both parties. Each side recognized in him that combination of wide legal learning and a social economic sense which had made him an effective participant in the development of the progressive political and industrial policies of the nation. The employers welcomed Mr. Brandeis because they had faith in his sense of fairness. The cloak-makers welcomed him because of his brilliant and signal service to the entire trade-union movement in securing from the United States Supreme Court the decision that declared constitutional the ten-hour law for the women laundry workers of Oregon.

The conference that was to have determined the industrial fortunes of more than 40,000 New York workers for the following year opened on Thursday morning, July 28, in a small room in the Metropolitan Life Building. Mr. Brandeis was in the chair. On one side of a long table sat the ten representatives of the cloak-makers —including their attorney, a member of the *Vorwärts* staff, and the secretary of the International Garment Workers' Union, all three men of middle age, intellectual faces, and sociological education, keenly identified with the ideas and principles of the workers; three or four rather younger representatives of the cloak-makers, alert and thoroughly Americanized; and three older men who had fought throughout the quarter-of-a-century contest, men with the sort of trade education that nothing but a working experience can give, deeply imbued with the traditions of that struggle, a hostility to "scabs," a distrust (too often well founded) of employers, and an unshaken belief in the general panacea of the closed shop — a subject which was, by agreement, to remain undiscussed in the conference. All these men, with the exception of their attorney, Mr. London, had cut and sewed on the benches of the garment trade. On the other side of the table sat the ten representatives of the manufacturers, some of them men of wide culture and learning, versed in philosophies, and prominent members of the Ethical Society, some of them New York financiers who had come from East Side sweat-shops. Perhaps the most eager opponent of the closed shop in their body was a cosmopolitan young manufacturer, a linguist and "literary" man, interested in "style" from every point of view, who had introduced into the New York trade from abroad a considerable number of the cloak designs now widely worn throughout America. He is said at one time to have remarked, "*Le cloak c'est moi.*" One of the manufacturers had been a strike leader in 1896. "Your bitterest opponent of fourteen years ago sits on the same side of the table with you now," said one of the older cloak-makers, in a deep, intense voice, as the men took their places.

The Conference Splits on the "Closed Shop"

Mr. Brandeis opened the conference with these words: "Gentlemen, we have come together in a matter which we must all recognize is a very serious and an important business — not only to settle this strike, but to create a relation which will prevent similar strikes in the future. That work is one which, it seems to me, is approached in a spirit that makes the situation a very hopeful one, and I am sure, from my conferences with counsel of both parties* and with individual members whom they represent, that those who are here are all here with that desire."

Up to a certain point in the conference, which lasted for three days, this seemed to be true. The manufacturers agreed to abolish home work, to abolish sub-contracting, to give a weekly half holiday, besides the Jewish Sabbath, during June, July, and August, and to limit overtime work to two hours and a half a day during the busy season, with no work permitted after half past eight at night or before eight in the morning. Beyond this, the question of hours was left to arbitration. Also, the question of wages was left to arbitration.

The last subject to be dealt with at the

* Mr. Meyer London for the cloak-makers, and Mr. Julius Cohen for the manufacturers.

Brandeis conference was the general method of enforcing agreements between the Manufacturers' Association and the union. It was in this discussion that the question of the closed shop and the open shop came before the conference.

Though the union leaders had agreed to eliminate the discussion of the closed shop before they entered into negotiations, it was almost impossible for them to refrain from suggesting it as a means of enforcing agreements. As one of the cloak-makers, one of the old leaders of the labor movement of America, said: "This organization of cloak-makers in the city of New York can only control the situation where union people are employed. They have absolutely no control of the situation where non-union people are employed. They cannot enforce any rules, nor any discipline of any kind, shape, or description, and if we are to coöperate in any way that will be absolutely effective, then the . . . Manufacturers' Association, . . . it seems to me, should see that the necessary first step is that they shall run union shops." *

The union shop the speaker had in mind, the union shop advocated by the *Vorwärts* and desired, as it proved, by a majority of the workers, was a different matter from the closed shop, which constitutes a trade monopoly by limiting the membership of a trade to a certain comparatively small number of workers.

The institution of the closed shop is by intention autocratic and exclusive. The institution of the union shop is by intention democratic and inclusive. With the cloak-makers' organization, entrance into the union was almost a matter of form. There were no prohibitive initiation fees, or dues, as in other unions. They offered every non-union man and woman an opportunity to join their ranks.

The manufacturers contended that they had no objection to the voluntary enlistment of non-union men in union ranks; but they would not insist that all their workers belong to the union.

The "Preferential Shop" is Presented

This deadlock was reached on the third day of the conference. At this point Mr. Brandeis brought before the meeting the opinion that "an effective coöperation between the manufacturers and the union . . . would involve, . . . of necessity, a strong union. I realize," he said, "from a consideration of . . . general union questions, that in the ordinary open shop, where that prevails, there is great difficulty in building up the union. I felt, therefore, particularly in view of the fact that so many of the members of the Garment-Workers' Union are recent members, that to make an effective union it was necessary that you should be aided . . . by the manufacturers, . . . and that aid could be effectively . . . given by providing that the manufacturers should, in the employment of labor hereafter, give preference to union men, where the union men were equal in efficiency to any non-union applicants. . . . That presented in the rough what seemed to me a proper basis for coming together. . . . I think, if such an arrangement as we have discussed can be accomplished, it will be the greatest advance not only that unionism has made in this country, but it would be one of the greatest advances that has generally been made in improving the condition of the workingman, for which unionism is merely an instrument."

This, then, was the first public presentation of the idea of the preferential shop. Mr. Brandeis, as a result of close study of labor disputes and a rich experience in settling strikes, had reached the conclusion that the position of the adherents of the closed as well as those of the open shop was economically and socially untenable. The inherent objection to the closed shop, he contends, is that it creates an uncontrolled and irresponsible monopoly of labor.

On the other hand, the so-called open shop, even if conducted with fairness and honesty on the part of the employer, is apt to result in a disintegration of the union. It has been a frequent experience of organized labor that, even after a strike has been won, men drop out of the union and leave the burden of union obligation to the loyal minority, who, weakened in numbers, face not only a loss of what the strike has gained, but a retrogression of those union standards that have been the result of past struggles and sacrifices.

By the preferential union plan, when an employer obliges himself to prefer union to non-union men, a union man in good standing, that is, a union man who has paid his dues and met his union obligations, is insured employment to a limited extent, and the dues represent a premium paid by him for such employment.

It was not an easy task to secure assent to this idea from the manufacturers, for Mr. Brandeis made it clear that, while the plan did not oblige the manufacturers to coerce men into joining the union, it clearly placed them on record in favor of a trade-union, and obliged them to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to injure the union, and positively to do everything in their power, outside of coercion, to strengthen the union.

* Stenographic minutes of the Brandeis conference.

In Mr. Brandeis' appeal to the union representatives he referred to the history of the Cloak-Makers' Union as a telling illustration of the futility of their past policy. He pointed out that the membership of the union during a strike was no test of its strength — a union's solidity rested upon its membership in time of peace. Were they not justified in assuming that what had occurred in the past of the Cloak-Makers' Union would occur in the future, and that its membership would dwindle to a small number of the faithful? How could this organization be permanently strengthened?

Cloak-making, as a seasonal trade, offered a fair field for proving the efficiency of the preferential plan, for in the slack season the manufacturers must, by its terms, prefer union men. The industrial situation provided a test of this good faith. The union leaders could then effectively show the non-union worker the advantage of union membership.

The final formulation of the preferential union shop, as presented by Mr. Brandeis, Mr. London, and Mr. Cohen, was this: "The manufacturers can and will declare in appropriate terms their sympathy with the union, their desire to aid and strengthen the union, and their agreement that, as between union and non-union men of equal ability to do the job, the union men shall be given the preference."

New Plan Received with Suspicion by Union Men

The manufacturers were willing to make this agreement. But the representatives of the union received it with a natural suspicion bred by years of oppression. "Can the man who has ground us down year after year suddenly be held by a sentiment for the organization he has fought for a quarter of a century?" they asked. "Between union and non-union men, will he candidly give the preference to union men of equal ability? Will he not rather, since the question of ability is a matter of personal judgment and is left to his judgment, prefer the non-union man, and justify his preference by a pretense, in each case, that he considers the skill of the non-union man superior?"

Nevertheless, a majority of the leaders of the cloak-makers were willing to try the plan. A minority refused. This minority was influenced partly by its certain knowledge that the 40,000 cloak-makers would never accept an agreement based on the idea of the preferential union shop, and partly by its complete distrust of the good will of the manufacturers. The minority was trusted and powerful. It won. The conference ended.

"The Open Shop with Honey"

The *Vorwärts* printed a statement that the preferential shop was "the open shop with honey." The news of the Brandeis conference reached the cloak-makers through the bulletins of this paper; and, during its progress and after its close, frantic crowds stood before the office on the lower East Side, waiting for these bulletins, eager for the victory of the closed shop, the panacea for all industrial evils.

After the decision of the leaders, after the breaking of the conference, the cloak-makers who had settled gave fifteen per cent of their wages to support those standing out for the closed shop, and volunteered to give fifty per cent. The *Vorwärts* headed a subscription list with $2,000 for the strikers, and collected $50,000. A furore for the closed shop arose. Young boys and bearded old men and young women came to the office and offered half their wages, three quarters of their wages. One boy offered to give all his wages and sell papers for his living. Every day the office was besieged by committees, appointed by the men and women in the settled shops, asking to contribute to the cause more than the percentage determined by the union. These were men and women accustomed to enduring hardships for a principle, men and women who had fought in Russia, who were revolutionists, willing to make sacrifices, eager to make sacrifices. Their blind faith was the backbone of the strike.

This furore was continuing when, in the third week in August, the loss of contracts by the manufacturers and the general stagnation of business due to the idleness of 40,000 men and women, normally wage-earners, induced a number of bankers and merchants of the East Side to bring pressure for a settlement of the strike. Louis Marshall, an attorney well known in Jewish charities in New York, assembled the lawyers of both sides. They drew up an agreement in which the preferential union shop again appeared as the basis of future operations, formulated as at the Brandeis conference.

The *Vorwärts* printed the result of the Marshall conference with deep concern. It maintained a neutral attitude. The editorials urged that the readers consider the whole document soberly, discuss it freely in local meetings, and vote for themselves, on their own full understanding, after mature conviction on each point.

Difficult Position of the Strike Leaders

Crowds surged around the *Vorwärts* office. They almost mobbed the East Side leaders, with their voluble questioning about the pref-

erential union shop. Thousands of men and women and children called out pleas and reproaches and recriminations, in an avid personal demonstration possible only to their race. "Oh, you wouldn't sell us out?" they cried desperately. "You wouldn't sell us out? You are our hope."

Imagine what these days of doubt, of an attempt to understand, meant to these multitudes, knowing no industrial faith but that of the closed shop which had failed them absolutely, wanderers from a strange country, turning wildly to their leaders, who could only tell them that they must determine their own fates, they must decide for themselves. These leaders have been blamed at once for their autocracy and for not mobilizing and informing and directing these multitudes more clearly and firmly. Their critics fail to realize the remarkably various economic and political histories of the enormous concourse of human beings engaged in the needle trades of New York.

However that may be, when the workers and their families surged around the *Vorwärts* office and asked the leaders if they had betrayed them, Schlesinger, the business manager, and the old strike leaders addressed them from the windows, and said to the people, with painful emotion: "You are our masters. What you decide we will report back to the association lawyers. What you decide shall be done."

Terrible was the position of these men. Well they knew that the winter was approaching; that the closed shop could not win; that the workers could not hear the truth about the preferential union shop, and that the man who stood avowedly for the preferential shop, now the best hope of victory for the union, would be called a traitor to the union.

In great anxiety, the meetings assembled. The workers had all come to the same conclusion. They all rejected the Marshall agreement.

Soon after this, the tide of loyalty to the closed shop was incited to its high-water mark by the action of Judge Goff, who, as a result of a suit of one of the firms of the Manufacturers' Association, issued an injunction against peaceful picketing, on the part of the strikers, on the ground that picketing for the closed shop was an action of conspiracy in constraint of trade, and therefore unlawful.

The manufacturers were now, naturally, more deeply distrusted than ever on the East Side.* The doctrine of the closed shop became almost ritualistic. Early in September, one of the Labor Day parades was headed by an aged Jew, white-bearded and fierce-eyed,—a cloak-maker who knew no other words of English than those he uttered,—who waved a purple banner and shouted at regular intervals: "Closed shop! Closed shop!" That man represented the spirit of thousands of immigrants who have recently become trade-unionists in America. Impossible to say to such a man that the idea of the closed shop had been an enemy to the spread of trade-unionism in this country by its implication of monopolistic tyranny.

Impossible, indeed, to say anything to unionists whose reply to every just representation is, "Closed shop"; or to employers whose reply to every just representation is, "We do not wish other people to run our business." This reply the Marshall conference still had to hear for some days. It was now the first week in September. There was great suffering among the cloak-makers. On the manufacturers' side, contracts heretofore always filled by certain New York houses, in this prolonged stoppage of their factories were finally lost to them and placed with establishments in other important cloak-making centers — Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, and even abroad. Two or three large union houses settled for terms, in hours and wages, that were satisfactory to every one concerned, though lower than the demands on these points listed in the cloak-makers' first letter.

Curiously enough, wages and hours had been left to arbitration, had never been thoroughly considered, in the whole situation before. Neither the workers nor the employers had clearly stated what they really would stand for on these vital points. No one, not even the most wildly partizan figures on either side, supposed that the first demands as to wages and hours represented an ultimatum. The debaters in the Marshall conference now agreed on feasible terms on these points,* though, curiously

* This decision met with disapproval, not only on the East Side. The New York *Evening Post* said: "Justice Goff's decision embodies rather strange law and certainly very poor policy. One need not be a sympathizer with trade-union policy, as it reveals itself to-day, in order to see that the latest injunction, if generally upheld, would seriously cripple such defensive powers as legitimately belong to organized labor." And the *Times:* "This is the strongest decision ever handed down against labor."

* These are the clauses of the Marshall agreement on wage scale and hours of labor which affect women workers. The term "sample-makers" includes, of course, sample-makers of cloaks. The week workers among the cloak-makers are principally the sample-makers. But the greater proportion of the workers in the cloak factories are piece workers. This explains why there is no definite weekly wage schedule listed for cloak-workers as such. Sample-makers, $22; sample skirt-makers, $22; skirt-basters, $14; skirt-finishers, $10; buttonhole-makers: Class A, a minimum of $1.20 per 100 buttonholes; Class B, a minimum of 80 cents per 100 buttonholes.

As to piece work, the price to be paid is to be agreed upon by a committee of the employees in each shop and their employer. The chairman of said price committee of the employees shall act as the representative of the employees in their dealings with the employer.

The weekly hours of labor shall consist of 50 hours in 6 working days, to wit, nine hours on all days except the sixth day, which shall consist of five hours only.

No overtime work shall be permitted between the fifteenth day of November and the fifteenth day of January, or during the months of June and July, except upon samples.

No overtime work shall be permitted on Saturdays, except to workers not working on Saturdays, nor on any day for more than two and one half hours, nor before 8 A.M. or after 8:30 P.M.

For overtime work all week workers shall receive double the usual pay.

enough, the rates for piece work were left to the arbitration of individual shops. In spite of this fact, the majority of the workers are paid by piece work. The former clauses of the agreement relating to the abolition of home work and of sub-contracting remained practically as they had stood before.* As for the idea of the preferential union shop, it had undoubtedly been gaining ground. Naturally, at first, appearing to the *Vorwärts'* staff and to many ardent unionists as opposed to unionism, it had now assumed a different aspect. This was the final formulation of the preferential union shop in the Marshall agreement:

"Each member of the Manufacturers' Association is to maintain a union shop, a 'union shop' being understood to refer to a shop where union standards as to working conditions prevail, and where, when hiring help, union men are preferred, it being recognized that, since there are differences of skill among those employed in the trade, employers shall have freedom of selection between one union man and another, and shall not be confined to any list nor bound to follow any prescribed order whatsoever.

"It is further understood that all existing agreements and obligations of the employer, including those to present employees, shall be respected. The manufacturers, however, declare their belief in the union, and that all who desire its benefits should share in its burdens."

As will be seen, this formulation signified that the union men available for a special kind of work in a factory must be sought before any other men. The words "non-union man," the words arousing the antagonism of the East Side, are not mentioned. But whether the preference of union men is or is not insisted on as strongly as in the Brandeis agreement must remain a matter of open opinion.

This formulation was referred to the strike committee. It was accepted by the strike committee, and went into force on September 8.

How the Strike Ended

The *Vorwärts* posted the news as a great union victory. The news ran like wild-fire over the East Side. Multitudes assembled; men, women, and children ran around in Rutgers Square, in a tumult of rejoicing. The workers seized London, the unionists' lawyer, and carried him around the square on their shoulders, and they even made him stand on their shoulders and address the crowd from them. People sobbed and wept and laughed and cheered; and Roman Catholic Italians and Russian Jews, who had before sneered at each other as "dagoes" and "sheenies," seized each other in their arms and called each other brother.

Now that the men and women have returned to their shops, it remains for all the people involved — the manufacturers, the workers, the retailers, and the interested public — to make a dispassionate estimate of this new arrangement. Is the preferential shop so delicate a fabric as to prove futile? Has it sustaining power? Will the final agreement prove, at last, to be a union victory? Will both sides act in good faith — the manufacturers always honestly preferring union men, the union leaders always maintaining a democratic and an inclusive union, without autocracy or bureaucratic exclusion? Undoubtedly there will be failures on both sides. But the New York cloak-makers' strike may be historical, not only for its results in the cloak industry, but for its contribution to the industrial problems of the country.

No outsider can read the statement of the terms of the manufacturers' preference without feeling that a joint agreement committee should have been established to consider cases of alleged unfair discrimination against union workers. On the other hand, no outsider can hear without a feeling of uneasiness such an assertion as was made to the writer — that strike-breakers had been obliged to pay an initiation fee of one hundred dollars to enter the Cloak-Makers' Union.

There is undoubtedly, on both sides, need of patience and a long educational process to change the attitude of hostility and bitterness engendered by more than twenty years of a false policy of antagonism. But never before, in the cloak-makers' history, have the men and women gone back to work after a strike holding their heads as high as they do today.† It can be reasonably believed that their last summer's struggle will achieve a permanent gain for the workers' industrial future.

* There has been practically no complaint on the part of the workers or the public concerning the sanitary conditions of the larger houses. At present the strike settlement has established a joint board of sanitary control, composed of three representatives of the public, Dr. W. J. Scheffelin, chairman, Miss Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, and Dr. Henry Moskowitz of the Downtown Ethical Society; two representatives of the workers, Dr. George Price, Medical Sanitary Inspector of the New York Department of Health, 1895-1904, and Mr. Schlesinger, business manager of the *Vorwarts;* and two representatives of the manufacturers, Mr. Max Meier and Mr. Silver. The work of this committee will be the enforcement of uniform sanitary conditions in all shops, including the more obscure and smaller establishments.

† This statement is written in the last week in September.